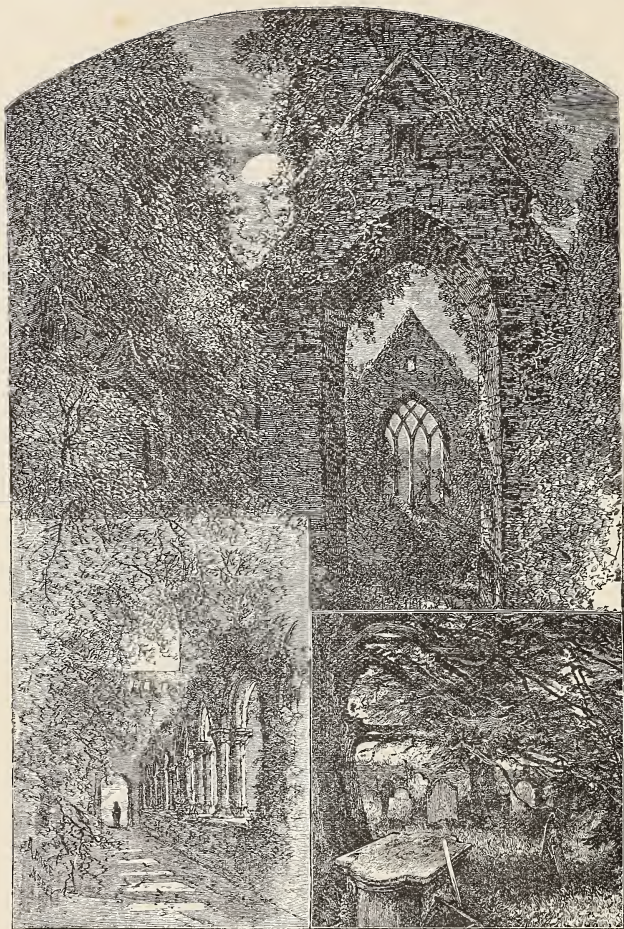


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Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

See page 343.

THE
CONTINENTAL
FIFTH READER

BY
WILLIAM A. CAMPBELL
AUTHOR OF "READING SPELLERS."

ELIZABETH A. ALLEN
VICE-PRINCIPAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, HOBOKEN, N. J.

NEW AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE.

The Continental Fifth Reader is the result of much careful labor. Neither time nor trouble has been spared to make this book meet the demands of our teachers. It is not based upon any theoretical idea, but it is the outgrowth of many years' experience, and of close observation, in the classroom.

Every selection that has a place in the book, has been considered as to its fitness in matter, form, expression, and elocutionary merit. Many of them have been suggested by successful teachers.

The transition from the Fourth Reader to this, has been regarded with great care, so as not to make it too rapid and heavy. While it is an advance on the Fourth, the lessons in thought and feeling are within the sympathy, appreciation, and experience of the youths for whom this book is designed.

The prose and poetry, making up the body of this book, comprise the finest gems of our best English and American authors.

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Many choice selections and speeches occur that are suitable for *recitation* and *declamation*.

The brief *biographical sketches* of the authors will be found a feature worthy of consideration and approval.

The *explanatory* and *literary* notes have not been too profusely extended. There is danger in this direction of diverting the attention and time from the true object of the reading period. Children who use the Fifth Reader have access to many books of reference; hence, they have the means at hand of gaining *culture* and *facts* at the same time.

The valuable aids to "Word Studies," commenced in the Fourth Reader, are continued.

Some excellent lessons have been prepared by teachers specially for this book. To these, and all others who have assisted us, we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness.

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INTRODUCTION.

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

Elocution is the science and art of expressing thought by speaking or reading.

Elocution, as commonly taught, is threefold: *cultivation of voice; cultivation of taste and judgment; the practice of graceful and expressive action.*

The **Cultivation** of the **Voice** embraces a practical knowledge of the following subjects:—

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Pronunciation. | 5. Movement. |
| 2. Emphasis. | 6. Pitch. |
| 3. Force. | 7. Quality of Voice. |
| 4. Inflection. | 8. Pauses. |

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation is the speaking of words.

It includes,

1. Articulation.
2. Accent.

Articulation is the distinct and correct utterance of the elementary sounds of a language.

Pronunciation, including *articulation* and *accent*, has been so fully treated in the Fourth Reader of this series, that it will receive no special attention in this book.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a peculiar utterance given to *words* in a sentence to draw attention to them.

Emphasis may be given by an increase of *Force*, by a change in the *Quality, Inflection, Pitch, or Movement*.

“Emphasis is in speech what coloring is in painting.”

The proper use of Emphasis in reading gives a variety of tone and expression that awakens animation and interest.

Emphasis may be given by uttering a word in a *louder* or in a *lower tone*.

LARGE CAPITALS, SMALL CAPITALS, and *Italics*, respectively indicate the *highest, medium, and lowest* degree of emphasis.

Go ring the *bells*, and fire the *guns*,
And fling the *starry banners* out;
Shout “FREEDOM” till your *lispings* ones
Give back their *cradle* shout.

Strike—till the last *armed foe* expires;
STRIKE—for your *altars* and your *fires*;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your *sires*;
God, and your *native land*!

Hurrah, HURRAH, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, HURRAH, for horse and man!

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said,
“*Captain, the ship is on fire.*”

Then was heard “*Fire! FIRE! FIRE!*” on shipboard.

Emphasis of quality is a change from the prevailing quality to that of some other.

A lowly knee to earth he bent; his father’s hand he took,
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

Whence and what art thou, *execrable* shape!

And then I cried for *vengeance*.

You souls of *geese*,
That bear the *shapes* of men, how have you run

From slaves that *apes* would beat!—Pluto and hell;
 All hurt *behind*; *backs red*, and *faces pale*
 With *fright* and *aged fear*! *Mend*, and *charge home*!
 Or, by the *fires of heaven*, I'll *leave* the *foe*
 And make my wars on *you*; look to't. Come on.

Emphasis of inflection is an upward or downward slide of the voice upon words.

The illustrations under inflection will afford examples.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.

Is thy servant a *dog* that he should do this thing?

You *say* you are a *better* soldier.

Let it *appear* so. Make your vaunting *true*,

And it shall please me *well*. For mine own

Part, I shall be *glad* to learn of *noble* men.

Yet this is Rome

That sat on her seven hills and from her throne
 Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!

Why in that elder day, to be a Roman

Was greater than a king! And once again

Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread

Of either Brutus! Once again I swear,

The Eternal City shall be free!

Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home among weeping throngs, gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and flowers! No priest stood to pronounce the burial-service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters, smoothing out every ripple, left the sea as if it had not been.

Emphasis by pitch is the degree of loudness or lowness given certain words.

He woke to die. 1 high; 2 low.

“Charge!” Trump and drum awoke,
 Onward the bondmen broke;
 Bayonet and saber stroke
 Vainly opposed their rush.

FORCE.

Force is the degree of strength or weakness of the voice.

Volume and loudness are dependent upon force.

Volume is measured by the amount of space filled with the sound. *Loudness* is measured by the distance at which a sound can be heard. The tones of the organ are examples of volume; the notes of a fife are examples of loudness.

SUBDUED FORCE; SOFT OR GENTLE.

Tread lightly, comrades! Ye have laid
His dark locks on his brow,
Like life, save deeper light and shade,—
We'll not disturb them now.

Tread lightly! for 'tis beautiful,
That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull;
Its slumber we will keep!

LOUD FORCE.

Come back, come back, Horatius!
Loud cried the Fathers, all—
Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruins fall!

Up drawbridge; groom; what warder; ho!
Let the porteullis fall.

SUPPRESSED FORCE.

Hark! James, listen! for I must not speak loud,
I do not wish John to hear what I am saying.
Step softly; speak low, make no noise.

Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim.
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O, I am so dry!
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
O give relief! and Heaven will bless your store!

INFLECTION.

Inflection is an upward or downward slide of the voice.

Inflections are of two kinds: the *rising* and the *falling*.

The *rising inflection* is a gliding of the voice upward, and is marked (').

The *falling inflection* is a gliding of the voice downward, and is marked (').

The *circumflex* is the union of the rising and falling inflections, and is marked by the caret (^).

Monotone is the sameness of tone, and it is produced by the absence of inflection and emphasis.

Will they do it'? Dare they do it'?
 Who is speaking'? What's the news'?
 What of Adams'? What of Sherman'?
 God grant they won't refuse'!

O my son Absalom'! my son', my son Absalom'! Would God I had died for thee, Absalom', my son', my son'!

If I were an American', as I am an Englishman', while a foreign troop was in my country', I never' would lay down my arms—*never*'! NEVER! NEVER!

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
 Across this stormy water;
 "And I'll forgive your Highland chief;
 My daughter! O, my daughter!"

MOVEMENT.

Movement of voice is the rate with which words are uttered.

The three principal degrees of movement are:—

1. *Moderate*; 2. *Slow*; 3. *Rapid*.

The *first* is used in the delivery of *narrative*, *descriptive*, and *unimpassioned* thought.

The *second* is used to express *grief*, *doubt*, *solemnity*, *seriousness*, *reverence*, *horror*, and *awe*.

The *third* is used to express *mirth, joy, animation, cheerfulness; hate, anger, and excited emotions.*

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet.

PITCH.

Pitch is the degree of loudness or lowness of the voice.

The three principal degrees of pitch are:—

1. *Medium*; 2. *Low*; 3. *High*.

The *first* best expresses *narration* and *description*.

The *second* best expresses *sorrow, pathos, solemnity, reverence, seriousness, devotion, awe, and grandeur*.

The *third* best expresses *joy, gayety, earnestness, animation, delight, shouting, calling, commanding, and all impassioned thought*.

HIGH PITCH.

I come! I come! Ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

LOW PITCH.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain!
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage; save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

QUALITY OF VOICE.

Quality of Voice relates to the purity or impurity of the tone.

It is that by which we distinguish one voice from another. It depends upon the size, shape, and form of the vocal organs, and upon the resonating cavities.

The five principal tones are:—1. *Pure*; 2. *Aspirated*; 3. *Orotund*; 4. *Guttural*; 5. *Nasal*.

Pure quality is tone in which all the breath is vocalized.

“This quality is made by producing a smooth, clear, even, round, liquid stream of sound, free from all impurity. It derives resonance from the chest, firmness from the throat, and clearness from the head and mouth.” This tone is free from these faults: the hollow note of the chest; the nasal twang; the harsh and grating sound produced by too forcible a use of breath; the unnecessary deep guttural sounds; the affected, mincing tones of the mouth.

Is it the chime of a tiny bell

That comes so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,

That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep?

She dispensing her silvery light,

And he his notes as silvery quite,

While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore.

Hark the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words—as they float they say:

“Passing away, passing away.”

Orotund quality imparts grandeur to the voice. It is the fullness of tone which belongs naturally to the expression of animated and determined feeling.

It is called *orotund* because of the fullness of tone, and the roundness and openness of the throat and mouth in producing the sound. It is at all times characterized by great energy and volume.

It is the quality of voice that should be used in expressing *determination, boldness, self-importance, pomp, sublimity, adoration, admiration, and delight.*

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O, sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free, I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Orotund voice is of three kinds: *effusive, expulsive, and explosive.*

Effusive orotund is a full, round, smooth voice, that is produced by a gentle, tranquil flowing of the breath.

It is used to express the feelings of *sorrow, sublimity, reverence, and solemnity.*

The curfew tolls,—the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Expulsive orotund is a full, loud, powerful voice, that is produced by forceful expulsion of breath.

It is used to express great *passion*, and in *declamatory speaking*.

The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the sound of clashing arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death.

My sentence is for open war: of wiles
More unexpert, I boast not; then let those
Contrive who need, or when they need—not now,
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of Shame—
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell's flames and fury all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot, with equal rage,
Among his angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire—
His own inventor torments.

Explosive orotund is a strong outburst of voice, that is produced usually when sudden anger, terror, or frenzy overpowers the will.

The breath is expelled irregularly and unevenly, as in coughing.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry shriek
“To arms, to arms! The Greek! The Greek!”
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan, and saber stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud
Bozzaris cheer his band.
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land !

Aspirated quality is tone in which only *part* of the breath is vocalized.

This tone is produced by forcing through the vocal organs a stream of air too rapidly to be vocalized.

This whispering quality of voice is used to express *desire, fear, hatred impatience, loathing, and doubt.*

Soldiers ! You are now within a few steps of the enemy's outpost. Our scouts report them as slumbering in parties around their watch-fires, and utterly unprepared for our approach. One disorderly noise or motion may leave us at the mercy of the advance guard. Let every man keep the strictest silence under pain of instant death.

Guttural quality is a deep undertone of a harsh, rough nature. It is produced by crowding the voice, as it were, in the lower and back part of the throat.

All the *malign emotions* seem to express themselves naturally in this manner.

Some of the most *fiendish traits* of character, as the revenge of Shylock, find full utterance in these tones.

How like a fawning publican he looks !
I hate him, for he is a Christian ;
But more, for that, in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-worn thrift,
 Which he calls interest; curst be my tribe
 If I forgive him!

Nasal quality is an impure tone. It is the tone "that is usually termed speaking through the nose."

It is produced by closing the nasal passages. It can be used, sometimes, to express great *contempt* or *derision*.

The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
 Must we give in, says he, with a grin,
 To the bluebird an' Phebe as smarter'n we be?
 Just fold our hands an' see the swaller
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler.
 Doos the leetle chattering, sassy wren,
 No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
 Jest show me that, er prove't bat
 Hez more brains than's in my hat,
 An' I'll back down, an' not till then.

TROWBRIDGE'S "*Darius Green and his Flying Machine.*"

HOW TO CULTIVATE TASTE AND JUDGMENT.

The primary aim of teachers of reading in the advanced classes should be to *awaken* the internal feeling rather than to *assume* the external language of the feeling or emotion.

The great defect of our system of instruction in reading is found in the fact that nearly the entire attention is devoted to gesture, inflection, and tone of voice from an artificial standpoint.

If pupils could be made to understand fully the matter to be read; if they could entertain the feelings, or enjoy or suffer the emotions of the author; then they would instinctively express these emotions with the right tone and gesture, and in a manner both natural and genuine.

The emotional nature, as well as the intellect,

is capable of cultivation. A pupil should not only *understand* what he reads, but he should also *appreciate* it.

It is true that emotions must be reached through the judgment; therefore, any aid to a full understanding of the subject-matter, will prove of service in determining the natural mode of its expression or rendition.

It is suggested that some of the selections in this book be made the basis of literary study. Let the teacher select those that are best suited to the minds of the pupils.

It will be found a good practice, both for reading and culture, to commit to memory many of the choice extracts.

It is strongly recommended that pupils be required to express in prose the meaning of the poetical extracts they read and learn.

Literature is thought expressed in writing. It exists in two forms:—*Prose* and *Poetry*.

Poetry is any imaginative composition written in metrical form. It consists of eight kinds:—*Epic, Dramatic, Narrative* and *Descriptive, Lyric, Didactic, Pastoral, Elegiac*, and *Humorous*.

Epic Poetry embraces only certain long poems of a historic form, in which the actors described are wholly or partly imaginary.

Examples:—Homer's "Iliad," Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Dramatic Poetry is poetry in the form of a dialogue, and it is primarily designed to be recited on the stage. It is of two kinds: tragedies and comedies.

Examples:—"Hamlet" (tragedy), "Merchant of Venice" (comedy).

A *Narrative Poem* is a tale in verse. A *Descriptive Poem* usually describes something. Narration and Description are usually combined.

Example:—Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish."

Lyric Poetry embraces all that is written to be sung. It includes Hymns, Psalms, Odes, Songs, Sonnets, and Ballads.

Examples:—"Star-Spangled Banner," Moore's "Last Rose of Summer."

Didactic Poetry is designed to instruct.

Examples:—Pope's "Essay on Man," Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

Pastoral Poetry is descriptive of country life.

Examples:—Whittier's "Snow-Bound," Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Humorous Poetry is of an amusing character; it deals with wit. Many examples may be found in the writings of Oliver W. Holmes, Thomas Hood, and John G. Saxe.

Elegiac Poetry is commemorative of the dead. Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" is the best example.

Prose is composition without meter or rhyme. It may take any of the following forms:—*Speeches, Letters, Essays, Travels, Novels, Reviews, Biography,* and *History*.

A *Speech* is a composition to be spoken or read aloud.

A *Letter* is a composition addressed to a person.

An *Essay* is a brief composition upon any subject.

A *Book of Travels* is a record of the experiences of a traveler.

A *Novel* is a fictitious story.

A *Review* is a criticism of some literary work.

A *Biography* is a record of the events of the life of a person.

History is a systematic and interesting record of past events, with their causes and effects.

PAUSES.

Pauses are suspensions of the voice between words and sentences, to make the meaning more apparent and impressive.

Pauses are of two kinds: *Grammatical* and *Rhetorical* or *Elocutionary*.

Grammatical pauses are made in writing to aid the eye in grasping clearly the sentence. Then the chief use of the points of punctuation is for the grammatical arrangement of the words. However, it frequently happens that the punctuation marks coincide with the pauses of the voice.

The old-time method of directing pupils "to stop at the several punctuation marks long enough to count one, two, four, or six," has fortunately given way to something more sensible. Also the equally misleading direction that "the voice should remain up at a comma, and should always fall at a semicolon, colon, and period," is not in honored use.

It seems reasonable that the *pause* of the voice, and its *condition* at the pause, should vary according to the varieties of feeling.

Under the influence of excited feeling, a pause at the end of a sentence would be very brief; while the reverse would be true if impressive thought, or sorrowful and solemn emotion were to be conveyed.

It is also true that many long pauses of the voice occur, usually in the utterance of great feel-

ing, when a grammatical point would not be permissible.

I maintain that the assertion is | willfully and | maliciously | false.

Habits of mental discipline | are necessary in any system of education.

They show the banners | taken, they tell his battles | won.

To be virtuous | is to be happy.

To err | is human; to forgive | divine.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die; to sleep;
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die; to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time;
The oppressor's wrong; the proud man's contumely;
The pangs of despised love; the law's delay;
The insolence of office; and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

The above is an example of solemnity and sublimity, and should be read with *very long pauses*.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good-speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the light sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

The above is a good example of animated description, and should be read with *very short pauses*.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

A *Simile*, or *Comparison*, is a statement of likeness between two things.

Life, *like the olive*, is a bitter fruit; then grasp both with the press, and they will afford the sweetest oil.

A *Metaphor* is an implied comparison.

Virtue is a *Jewel*.

Antithesis is contrasting two objects of thought that differ in some particulars, and agree in others.

Cæsar died a violent death, but his empire remained; Cromwell died a natural death, but his empire vanished.

Personification is a figure of speech in which a lifeless object is represented or addressed as though it had life.

Science can not work with a halter about *her* neck.

Apostrophe is a sudden turning away from the current of thought to address some absent person or thing, as if present.

Synecdoche is a figure of speech by which a part of a thing is put for the whole of it, or the whole for a part.

He employs fifty *hands*.

Metonymy is a figure of speech by which the name of one object is used to represent some related object.

He drank a *glass* of milk.

Irony is the use of language that will convey a meaning precisely opposite to the literal signification of the words.

Brutus is an *honorable* man!

Ellipsis is the omission of words necessary for grammatical construction, but supplied by the thought.

FIFTH READER

LESSON I.

in hēr'ent, *inborn; natural.*
 su pēr'flu oūs, *more than is*
wanted.

seŭlp'tor, *one who engraves.*

seŭlp'tŭre, *carved work.*

dīs'in tēr', *to take out of the*
grave.

ōb'sti na ċy, *unyielding fixed-*
ness in opinion or resolution.

sŭl'len ness, *state of being*
gloomy.

fi dĕl'i ty, *faithfulness.*

ĕl'e gan ċy, *that which is pleas-*
ing by grace and beauty.

EDUCATION COMPARED TO SCULPTURE.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and re-

moves the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am, therefore, much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason.

It is, therefore, an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

LESSON II.

plăn'et a ry, <i>relating to the planets.</i>	in erēd'i ble, <i>impossible to be believed.</i>
In'ti mā'tion, <i>hint ; suggestion.</i>	pōn'der oūs, <i>very heavy ; important.</i>
ū'ni fōrm, <i>of the same form.</i>	

THE EARTH'S JOURNEY ROUND THE SUN.

One, two, three, four, five ! Does the reader know that while he has been counting these five beats, five seconds, he has actually been conveyed through space a distance of more than a hundred miles ? Yet so it is. However incredible it may seem, no fact is more certain than that the earth is constantly on the wing, flying around the sun with a velocity so prodigious, that for every breath we draw we advance on our way forty or fifty miles.

If, when passing across the waters in a steam-boat, we can wake, after a night's repose, and find ourselves conducted on our voyage a hundred miles, we exult in the triumphs of art, which has moved so ponderous a body as a steam-ship over such a space in so short a time, and so quietly, too, as not to disturb our slumbers ; but, with a motion more quiet and uniform, we have, in the interval, been carried along with the earth in its orbit more than half a million of miles.

In the case of the steam-ship, however perfect the machinery may be, we still, in our waking hours at least, are made sensible of the action of the forces by which the motion is maintained,—as the roaring of the fire, the beating of the piston, and the dashing of the paddle-wheels ; but in the

more perfect machinery which carries the earth forward on its grander voyage, no sound is heard, nor the least intimation afforded of the stupendous forces by which this motion is achieved.

The distance of the sun from the earth is about ninety-five millions of miles. No human mind can comprehend fully what this vast distance means. But we may form some conception of it by such an illustration as this: A ship may leave Liverpool and cross the Atlantic to New York after twenty days' steady sail; but it would take that ship, moving constantly at the rate of ten miles an hour, more than a thousand years to reach the sun.

And yet, at this vast distance, the sun, by his power of attraction, serves as the great regulator of the planetary motions, bending them continually from the straight line in which they tend to move, and compelling them to circulate around him, each at nearly a uniform distance, and all in perfect harmony.

We shall afterward explain the manner in which the gravity of the sun acts in controlling the planetary motions. For the present, let us content ourselves with reflecting upon the wonderful force which the sun must put forth to bend out of their courses into circular orbits such a number of planets, some of them more than a thousand times larger than the earth.

Were a ship of war under full sail, we can easily imagine what a force it would require to turn her from her course by a rope attached to the bow,—especially were it required that the force should remain stationary—and the ship be so held as to be made to go round the force as round the center. Somewhat similar to this, but on a much grander

scale, is the action which is exerted on the earth in its journey around the sun.

By an invisible influence, which we call gravitation, the sun turns all the planets out of their course, and bends them into a circular orbit round himself, though they are all many millions of times more ponderous than the ship, and are moving many thousand times more swiftly.

Spell and pronounce :—stupendous, achieved, interval, orbit, machinery, controlling, velocity, piston, gravitation, similar, conception, invisible.

Synonyms.—*comprehend*—apprehend; conceive; understand; contain; include; embrace; comprise; imply. *controlling*—restraining; ruling; governing; directing; checking; curbing; overpowering; counteracting. *achieve*—accomplish; effect; fulfill; complete; execute; perform; realize; obtain.

Explain :—"Ship of war," "under full sail," and "triumphs of art."



LESSON III.

mŷr'i adŷ, *great numbers.*

ā'phis, *a plant-louse.*

dī vē'r'sī fīed, *having various forms.*

gra tū'i toūs, *free; given without a recompense.*

ry'mi nāte, *to chew over again.*
In'fi nīte ly, *without limits.*

THE HAPPINESS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

This world is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing. Swarms of new-born flies are trying their

pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place, testify their joy, and the exultation they feel in their lately discovered faculties.

A bee, amongst the flowers in spring, is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life with which we are better acquainted than that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments.

But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it would seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted that this is a state of gratification. What else should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes covered with these brisk and sprightly creatures.

If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. They are so happy they do not know what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess.

The young of all animals appear to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end

to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertions.

A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few sounds, or perhaps of a single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first endeavors to walk, or rather to run (which precedes walking), although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose.

A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say, and with walking, without knowing where to go. Before learning to walk or speak, the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, learning to see.

The great Parent of creation has shown His care for others beside the young. Happiness is found in the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in the sprightliness of the dance, and the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardor of pursuit, succeeds what is in no inconsiderable degree an equivalent for them all, perception of ease. Herein is the exact difference between the old and the young. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasures. The old are happy when free from pain.

Old age has been well described as an interval of repose between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, we cannot say with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as

their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms.

What is seen in different stages of the same life is still more exemplified in the lives of different animals. Animal enjoyments are infinitely diversified. The modes of life to which the organization of different animals respectively determines them are not only of various, but opposite kinds. Yet each is happy in its own. For instance, animals of prey live much alone, animals of a milder kind in society. Yet the herring which lives in shoals, and the sheep which lives in flocks, are not more happy in a crowd than is the pike or the lion in the deep solitudes of the pool or the forest.

How many myriads of animals are at this moment eating their food, gratifying their appetites, ruminating in their homes, accomplishing their wishes, pursuing their pleasures, taking their pastimes? In each individual how many things must go right for it to be at ease; yet how large a proportion out of every species is so in every assignable instant!

PALEY.

Spell and pronounce:—testify, ardor, equivalent, vivacity, shoals, assignable, alacrity, incessant, pinions, exemplified, exult, appetites, exultation, exertion, gratification, and reference.

Synonyms.—*alacrity*—cheerfulness; gayety; sprightliness. *exertion*—attempt; endeavor; effort; trial. *faculties*—talents; gifts; endowments; dexterity; adroitness; ability; knack. *incessant*—unceasing; uninterrupted; unintermitted; ceaseless; continual; constant; perpetual. *vivacity*—liveliness; gayety; animation; sprightliness.

Explain:—"Swarms," "shoals of the fry of fish," and "flocks."

LESSON IV.

eough, to express ; phrase ; state.	spûrt, casual effort.
hěad, topic ; subdivision.	tóngue, language.
in dif'fer ent, unheeding ; unin- terested.	trans lāte', to express in other words.

HOW TO WRITE.

Whenever I am going to write anything, I find it best to think first what I am going to say. This is a lesson which nine writers out of ten have never learned. The people who write leading articles for the newspapers do not, half the time, know what they are going to say when they begin.

I remember a very worthy gentleman who sometimes spoke to the Sunday-school when I was a boy. He would begin without the slightest idea of what he was going to say, but he was sure that the end of the first sentence would help him to the second. This is an example:

“My dear young friends, I do not know that I have anything to say to you, but I am very much obliged to your teachers for asking me to address you this beautiful morning.—The *morning* is so beautiful, that as I walked to church, and breathed the fresh air, I felt more than ever what a privilege it is to live in so wonderful a world.—For the *world*, dear children, has been all contrived and set in order for us by a Power so much higher than our own, that we might enjoy our lives and live for the happiness and good of our brothers and sisters.

“*Our brothers and our sisters* they are indeed, though some of them are in distant lands, and parted from us by the broad oceans.—These *oceans*,

indeed, do not so much divide the world as they unite it. The winds and the currents all are ruled by a higher law, that they may contribute to the good of man.—And *man*, my dear children,” etc., etc.

You see there is no end to it. It is a sort of capping verses with yourself, where you take up the last word or the last idea of one sentence, and begin the next with it, quite indifferent where you come out, if you only “occupy the time” that is appointed. It is very easy for you; but, my dear friends, it is very hard for those who read and who listen.

The vice goes so far, indeed, that you may divide literature into two great classes of books. The smaller class of the two consists of the books written by people who had something to say. They had in life learned something, or seen something, or done something, which they really wanted and needed to tell to other people. They told it. And their writings make, perhaps, a twentieth part of the printed literature of the world. It is the part which contains all that is worth reading. The other nineteen-twentieths make up the other class.

In learning to write, our first rule is: *Know what you want to say*. The second rule is: *Say it*. That is, do not begin by saying something else which you think will lead up to what you want to say. I remember, when they tried to teach me to sing, they told me to “think of eight and sing seven.” That may be a very good rule for singing, but it is not a good rule for talking or writing.

Thirdly, and always: *Use your own language*. I mean the language you are accustomed to use in daily life. If your every-day language is not fit for

a letter or for print, it is not fit for talk. And if, by any series of joking or fun, at school or at home, you have got into the habit of using slang in talk, which is not fit for print, why, the sooner you get out of it the better.

Remember that the very highest compliment paid to anything printed is paid when a person hearing it read aloud thinks it is the remark of the reader made in conversation. Both writer and reader then receive the highest possible praise.

A short word is better than a long one. Here is a piece of weak English. It is not bad in other regards, but simply weak:

"Entertaining unlimited confidence in your intelligent and patriotic devotion to the public interest, and being conscious of no motives on my part which are separable from the honor and advancement of my country, I hope it may be my privilege to deserve and secure, not only your cordial co-operation in great public measures, but also those relations of mutual confidence and regard, which it is always so desirable to cultivate between members of co-ordinate branches of the government."

Take that for an exercise in translating into shorter words. Strike out the unnecessary words, and see if it does not come out stronger. I think this sentence would have been better if it had been couched in thirty-five words instead of eighty-one. I think we should have lost nothing of the author's meaning if he had said:

"I have full trust in you. I am sure that I seek only the honor and advance of the country. I hope, therefore, I may earn your respect and regard, while we heartily work together."

I am fond of telling the story of the words which a distinguished friend of mine used in accepting a hard post of duty. He said:

"I do not think I am fit for this post. But my friends say I am, and I trust them. I shall take it, and when I am in it, I shall do as well as I can."

It is a very grand speech. Observe that it has not one word which is more than one syllable. As it happens, also, every word is Saxon,—there is not one spurt of Latin. Yet this was a learned man, who, if he chose, could have said the whole in Latin.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

LESSON V.

lōws, *bellows.*

sleek, *smooth; glossy.*

rōan, *a dark color with spots of gray.*

fāsh'ion, *style of dress.*

lŭx'ŭ rŷ, *extravagant indulgence in diet or dress.*

mōrt'gāge, *a conveyance of property as security for the payment of a debt.*

FARMER JOHN.

Home from his journey, Farmer John

Arrived this morning, safe and sound;

His black coat off, and his old clothes on,

"Now I am myself," said Farmer John;

And he thinks, "I'll look around."

Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!

Are you so glad you would eat me up?"

The old cow lows at the gate, to greet him;

The horses prick up their ears, to meet him.

“Well, well, old Bay!

Ha, ha, old Gray!

Do you get good feed when I'm away?

“You haven't a rib!” says Farmer John;

“The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!

We'll wean the calf in a week.”

Says Farmer John, “When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!”

And he pats old Bay,

And he slaps old Gray;

“Ah! this is the comfort of going away.

“For, after all,” says Farmer John,

“The best of a journey is getting home:
I've seen great sights, but would I give
This spot and the peaceful life I live,

For all their Paris and Rome?

These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels and bustle and glare,
Land all houses and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?

Would you, old Bay?

Would you, old Gray?

That's what one gets by going away.

“There Money is king,” says Farmer John,

“And Fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,

Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.

 "You see, old Bay,
 You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away.

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,—
 "That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
 And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and few good friends,
 Like you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,—
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John,—
 O, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
 And fruit on vine and tree;
The large kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo:
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,—
 And you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away."

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Spell and pronounce:—mortgage, trough, foreheads, bustle, pumpkins, worry, clutched, and Babylon.

Give the synonyms of journey, peaceful, comfort, bustle, and content.

Write these contracted forms in full:—I'll, haven't, we'll, I've, that's, it's, I'm, and isn't.

LESSON VI.

ter rîf'ie, *causing terror, fear.*

ġaunt'let, *a glove of mail; a challenge.*

eôr'tege, *a train of attendants.*

měn'a ġing, *threatening.*

eăv'al eăde, *a parade of horsemen.*

sûrġe, *to press or roll like a wave.*

BURNING THE STAMPS.

All Williamsburg is in terrific commotion; a moral storm is raging there, and men look about them, measuring one another with doubtful eyes.

This very day the trial comes, for Governor Fauquier will open the House of Burgesses, and officially communicate to that body the intelligence of the passage of the act, and they must at once make submission or throw down the gauntlet of defiance. The commotion ever rises higher, and the great wave, extending from the governor's palace to the capitol, the whole length of Gloucester Street, surges to and fro, and breaks into a foam of cries and furious gestures everywhere.

The bell tolls mournfully, and ever and anon rise shouts that mount to the gathering clouds above.

But now another sound startles the multitude. A cannon roars from the palace, sending its hoarse, somber voice upon the wind, which now begins to rise. And then a drum is heard. The governor has

set out from the palace for the capitol, there to open the House of Burgesses. Before him ride his body-guard with drawn sabers, and the face of the old man is seen through the window of his splendid chariot, which is drawn slowly onward by six glossy horses, tossing their rosetted heads and pushing aside the crowd with their chests.

The crowd mutters inarticulately, gazing sideways at the slowly passing cortège. The governor raises his head, and pointing with his white jeweled finger through the window of the chariot, says to one of the gentlemen with him:

“What is that bell?”

“They began tolling it upon the intelligence this morning, Your Excellency.”

The governor shakes his head and sinks back in his chariot, muttering, “Well, well, the die is thrown!”

The crowd mutters too, and with ever increasing rage: the cavalcade is followed by groans and menacing murmurs. So it continues all day; the chariot goes slowly back again under the now threatening sky, and disappears within the palace gates.

Night draws on, lurid and tempestuous; the sky is dark with clouds, from which issue thunder and lightning. The wind moans. The crowd has not moved, and is almost silent, until a light appears approaching from the side of York. They shout then, and surge backward and forward, tumultuously going to meet the light.

Through the press comes slowly onward a wagon, whose six horses foam at the mouth and pant, covered with sweat. They have galloped all the way from Yorktown. The wagon pauses in the middle of the square, and is almost buried beneath the

surges of men who throw themselves upon it. The horses, unhitched hastily, are lashed, and disappear, like shadows, but shadows which overthrow men as they plough their furious way into the darkness.

The wagon is instantly rifled. The boxes containing the blank stamps are hurled out and piled into a mass. The crowd utters a hoarse shout, and the torch is applied. The flame, winding round and through the pile, licks and clasps the half-broken boxes. Then it soars aloft, and throws its glare upon the crowd, whose faces but now were concealed by the darkness,—faces full of rage.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Spell and pronounce:—intelligence, hurled, rosetted, lashed, rifled, buried, chariot, tumultuously, inarticulately, governor, and Burgesses.

LESSON VII.

a quăt'ie, *belonging to the water.*
tărns, *small lakes among mount-*
ains.

ehăşm, *a yawning hollow.*
jüt'ting, *projecting beyond.*

ex hıl'a ră'tion, *making cheer-*
ful.

gey'ser, *a boiling spring.*

stu pěn'dous, *wonderful for*
size.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

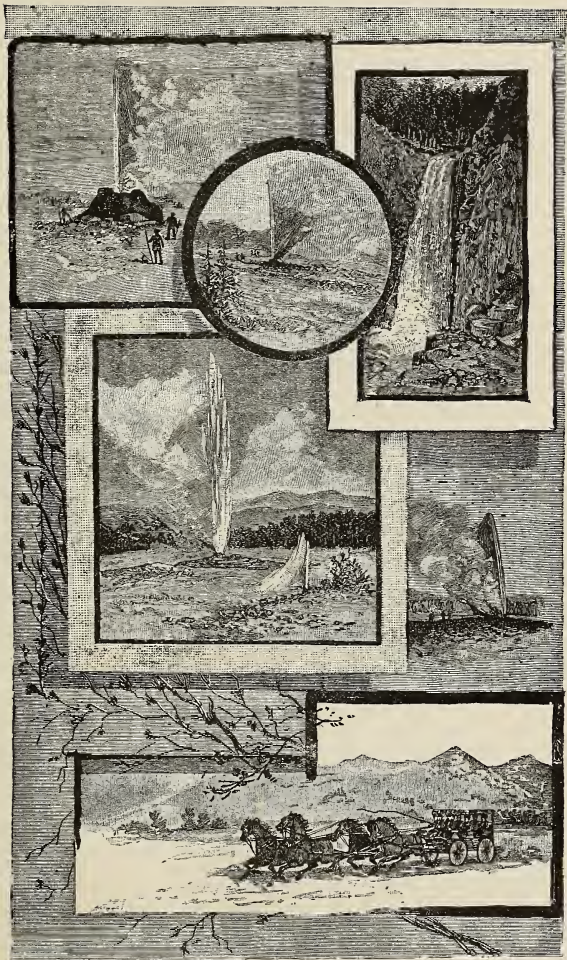
The Yellowstone National Park is one of the most wonderful regions in the world. It is elevated some six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is hemmed in by mountains whose summits are perpetually covered with snow. Its length from north to south is nearly six hundred miles; its width from east to west, between fifty and sixty.

The natural wonders with which the territory abounds led the government to pass an Act in 1872, setting it apart for all time to come as a great national park or pleasure-ground for the enjoyment of the people. No element is wanting in the landscape to excite interest and pleasure. The most contrasted scenes are constantly being presented to the traveler.

The entire region exhibits traces of its having once been the scene of the violent and prolonged action of fire. In some parts it is wooded with towering evergreens of fir and pine; in others it is bare and desolate as a desert. Here the air is bracing, and imparts a remarkable exhilaration both to body and mind; in another place it is so mixed with the vapors of salt, soda, sulphur, and other minerals that depression of spirits cannot be escaped.

Objects of interest of the most opposite character arrest the traveler at every point: there are stupendous precipices and brilliant water-falls; lakes of mud and tarns as clear and smooth as the surface of a mirror; dark sooty streams; and rivers that abound with fish and aquatic birds. Some of the springs are pure and cold as ice; others will cook an egg in less than five minutes. Sparkling fountains gleam in the sunshine, and geysers hurl the water into the air to a height of from fifty to two hundred feet.

The two Yellowstone Falls are the finest in this land of wonders, and both in altitude and volume of water are not inferior to any in the world. They are a quarter of a mile apart. The river of which they are the product rises in one of the snow-capped peaks which encircle the region, and for a time, flows through a peaceful, meadow-like valley.



SCENES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

When it reaches the precipice, "it breaks into fierce, roaring rapids, and makes a sudden bound of one hundred and forty feet into the chasm below."

A jutting ledge interrupts the vast volume of water about the middle of its descent and carries it forward to a distance of nearly thirty feet beyond the perpendicular base of the canyon, producing a very singular effect. When the day is bright, the foaming water and clouds of spray that rise from it are spanned by brilliant rainbows. The deep green of the abundant vegetation, we are told, forms "a charming contrast to the glaring white of the falls and the somber aspect of the dark walls of the precipice."

The course of the river for a time is now smooth and rapid. The bed through which it flows spreads out to almost double its breadth above the fall, then suddenly contracting to a width of about one hundred and fifty feet, it piles the stream together in a solid, powerful body which defies all obstacles, and rushing forward with greatly increased velocity, makes a sudden and unexpected bound down the sheer face of the precipice, a distance of three hundred and fifty feet.

Spell and pronounce:—desert, ledge, velocity, somber, rapids, altitude, obstacle, canyon or cañon, exhibits, perpendicular, spanned, opposite, desolate, descent, and precipice.

The Yellowstone River is an affluent of the Missouri.

Canyon or *Cañon*, a name given to the deep rocky defiles, formed by rivers, chiefly on our Pacific Coast.

Questions on the Lesson.—Where is the region described in the lesson? Its elevation? What is it surrounded by? Why called a Park? Mention some of the contrasted scenes to be met with—wood—air—lakes—springs. What is said of the Falls? Where does the river rise? What is the height of the first fall? How is the fall broken? What is the effect of that?

LESSON VIII.

ex hāle', *to breathe out.*
 eal'dron, *a kettle of hot liquid.*
 ôr' i fiçe, *opening or mouth.*
 ter rēs'tri al, *earthly.*

prîș măt'ie, *having rainbow colors.*
 trans pâr'en çy, *clearness.*
 u nîque', *without an equal.*

GEYSERS AND HOT SPRINGS.

In the Yellowstone region, described in the former lesson, hot springs are unusually numerous. It has been computed that in all there are about ten thousand of them. They vary in size from a well to a small lake. Some of the springs deposit lime, others silica or flint, and their temperature occasionally rises to more than two hundred degrees. In the early morning the hot mist which exhales from them is resorted to as a grateful relief by those who have spent the night on the ground and been chilled by the icy atmosphere of the elevated valley.

The deposits around these great terrestrial caldrons are of singular beauty. Near the east fork of Madison River there is a basin comprehending more than a hundred springs, any one of which, were it alone, would be worthy of detailed description. The most beautiful of the group is distinguished by the name of the Prismatic Spring. Nothing, it has been said, devised by human art ever could equal the peculiar vividness and delicacy of coloring of these remarkable springs.

Another, called the Rainbow Spring, is a basin six feet in diameter, having a thin ornamental border of silica, and filled to the brim with water of exquisite transparency. When its surface is rippled by a passing breeze, the reflected sunlight is broken

by innumerable prisms, producing a most brilliant effect.

Not less interesting are the geysers with which this region is thickly studded. One group of them extends along both banks of the Fire Hole River for a distance of three miles. Their temperature ranges from one hundred and six degrees to nearly two hundred. Old Faithful, as one of them is designated, spouts regularly every hour. The column of water which it throws up measures six feet in diameter and rises to a height of one hundred and thirty feet. By a series of successive impulses this column is held aloft for several minutes, after which the water falls back into the basin and flows over the edges and down the sides in streams. When the eruption ceases the water sinks out of sight, and nothing is heard but the occasional hiss caused by the steam, until the time approaches for another effort.

On the opposite side of the river are two famous geysers, the Beehive and the Giantess. The former is described as a cone three feet high, with a circumference at the base of about twenty feet, and an oval orifice at the top having a diameter of three feet by two.

The geyser is active about once in twenty-four hours. The column which it throws, and which completely fills the orifice, was found to rise to a height of two hundred and nineteen feet. The eruptions last from four and a half to fifteen or eighteen minutes. The stream, as seen by Professor Hayden, was fan-shaped. No water fell from it, as it was resolved into spray, which evaporated as soon as it was formed.

Still more interesting, perhaps, than the Beehive

is its companion geyser, the Giantess, which is not more than two hundred yards distant. Its opening is also oval, but it measures eighteen by twenty-five feet in diameter. When the geyser is at rest, gurgling sounds are heard far below, but no water is visible in the basin.

When it is preparing to spout, "the water rises upward, spluttering, heaving, and hissing, and sending off immense clouds of steam. Before the final bound is made, it sometimes stands for several minutes within a few feet of the surface, foaming and gurgling and spouting jets of steam and hot water nearly to the top.

"When it finally bursts forth, it hurls a column fully the size of the mouth to a height of sixty feet, and through this half a dozen smaller jets, ranging from six to fifteen feet in diameter, rise to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. The eruptions are irregular, and usually last from fifteen to twenty minutes, so that one is able to enjoy to the fullest extent the grand and unique spectacle."

Spell and pronounce:—silica, geysers, vividness, successive, column, diameter, impulse, regularly, brilliant, irregular, resolved, terrestrial, delicacy, evaporate, ornamental, and gurgling.

Synonyms.—*devise*—invent; contrive; discover; imagine; plan; scheme; project. *exquisite*—nice; delicate; exact; accurate; refined; matchless; consummate; perfect. *spectacle*—show; sight; exhibition; representation; pageant. *relief*—alleviation; mitigation; aid; help; succor; assistance; remedy; redress. *volume*—mass; bulk; quantity; dimensions.

Questions on the Lesson.—What number of hot springs in the Yellowstone region? What is their size? How is the mist from them used? What is the peculiarity of the Prismatic Spring—of the Rainbow Spring? How high does the water rise in the various geysers described? What volume of water is lifted up by the Giantess? How high?

What heats the water?

LESSON IX.

felled, *chopped down.*

eöm'pe tençe, *money sufficient
to live upon.*

sűe'eor (kûr), *aid ; help.*

grī māçe', *a distortion of the
face, from pain or in jest.*

me ehăn'ie al ly, *without tak-
eon çēal', hide. [ing thought.*

A GOOD JOKE.

A certain German nobleman provided his son with a tutor, who was to attend closely to him at all hours and improve his mind. One day these two came to the side of a wood, and there they found a tree half felled, and a pair of wooden shoes. The woodman was cooling his hot feet in a neighboring stream. The young nobleman took up a couple of pebbles and said to his tutor, "I'll put these in that old fellow's shoes, and we'll see his grimaces."

"Hm!" says the tutor, "I don't think you'll get much fun out of that. You see he's a poor man, and probably thinks his lot hard enough without having stones put into his shoes. I can't help thinking that if you were to put a little money in, instead,—and you have plenty of that, you know, more than I should allow you if I were your father,—the old fellow would be far more astonished, and his grimaces would be far more entertaining."

The generous youth caught fire at the idea, and put a dollar into each shoe. Then they hid behind a hedge, and watched the result of their trick. They had not long to wait. An elderly man came back to his hard work,—work a little beyond his years,—and slipped his right foot into his right shoe.

Feeling something hard in it, he took it off again, and discovered a bright silver dollar. His grave face wore a look of amazement, and the spies behind the hedge chuckled. He laid the coin in the palm of his hand, still gazing at it with wonder. He mechanically slipped his foot into the other shoe. There he found another coin.

He took it up, and, holding up both his hands, stared at the coins with astonishment. Then he suddenly clasped his hands together, and fell upon his knees, crying out, in a loud voice: "O God! this is Thy doing. No mortal knows the state we are in at home,—my wife in her bed, my poor grandchildren, who have none but me to care for them, starving, and I hardly able to earn a crust with these old hands. It is God who has sent me these blessed coins, or one of His angels."

Then he paused, and another idea struck him. "Perhaps it is not an angel from heaven. There are angels even in this world,—human angels,—kind hearts that love to feed the hungry and succor the poor. One of these may have passed by, like sunshine in winter, and seen the poor old man's shoes, and dropped all this money into them, then gone on again, not even waiting to be thanked.

"But a poor man's blessing flies fast, and shall overtake him, and be with him to the end of the world, and to the end of his life. May God and His angels go with you, keep you from poverty, protect you from sickness, and may you feel in your own heart some of the warmth and the joy you have brought into mine.

"I'll do no more work to-day. I'll go home to my wife and little ones, and they shall kneel and

bless the hand that has given us this comfort, and then gone away and thought nothing of it."

He put on his shoes, shouldered his ax, and went home.

Then the spies had a little dialogue. "Now, this I call really good fun," said the tutor, in rather a shaky voice. "What are you sniveling at?"

"It isn't I that am sniveling; it is you."

"Well, then, we are both sniveling," said the tutor; and with that, being foreigners, they embraced, and did not conceal their emotions any longer.

"Come on!" said the boy.

"Where next?" asked the tutor.

"Why, follow him, to be sure. I want to know where they live. Do you think I will let his wife be sick, or his grandchildren starve, after this, if I can help it?"

"Dear boy, I don't for a moment think you will. Yours is not the age nor the heart that does things by halves."

So they dogged their victim home, and the young nobleman secured a modest competence to a very worthy and poverty-stricken family.

CHARLES READE.

Spell and pronounce:—nobleman, wooden, tutor, amazement, dialogue, angels, embraced, foreigners, emotions, shouldered, dogged, poverty, provided, mortal, couple, he's, generous, and sniveling.

Synonyms.—*entertaining*—amusing; pleasing; diverting. *dialogue*—conversation; discourse. *mortal*—human being; *mæn.* *generous*—liberal; magnanimous; bountiful.



LESSON X.

eŭl'prit, <i>a person accused of a crime.</i>	splûrġ'es, <i>splashes with great</i>
chârm, <i>a magic spell.</i>	wěl'kin, <i>the sky.</i> [effort.
sŷlph'id, <i>a little fairy.</i>	whîst, <i>hushed ; silent.</i>
	ěv'a nēs'ċent, <i>likely to vanish.</i>

THE CULPRIT FAY.

"The Culprit Fay" arose out of a conversation in the summer of 1816, in which Drake, De Kay, Cooper, the novelist, and Halleck were speaking of the Scottish streams and their adaptation to the uses of poetry by their numerous romantic associations. Cooper and Halleck maintained that our own rivers furnished no such capabilities, when Drake, as usual, took the opposite side of the argument; and, to make his position good, produced in three days "The Culprit Fay." It is a poem of exquisite fancy. The opening scenery is a beautiful moonlight view of the Highlands of the Hudson.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night—
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
 Naught is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
 And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
 A river of light on the welkin blue.

The moon looks down on old Cronest,
 She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw
 In a silver cone on the wave below;
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
 By the walnut bough and the cedar made,

And through their clustering branches dark,
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelfy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail or woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

The Culprit has been guilty of the great crime
of falling in love with an earthly maid.

And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.

For this, he is put on trial and sentenced at
once. For the damage done to his wings, in order
to repair their purity, he is to seize a drop from
the glistening vapory arch in the moonlight of

the leaping sturgeon. His flame-wood lamp, too, has been extinguished; this he is to light again from the last sparks of a falling star.

The Fay splurges into the wave in quest of the sturgeon, but is met by a host of

* * * * Spirits of the waves,
From sea-silk beds in their coral caves.

* * * * * * * *
They cut the wave with the living oar
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

* * * * * * * *
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side.
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin;
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,
He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
Hopeless is the unequal fight:
Fairy! naught is left but flight.

He turned him round, and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again.

* * * * * * * *
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise;
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes;

And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,
With the porpoise heave, and the drum-fish croak.
O! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree.

Next time he embarks in the shell of a purple
muscle-shell, meets the sturgeon, and catches the
evanescent luster. Now, he must go in quest of the
star; he mounts a fire-fly steed, and is carried
safely through the air.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.

Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

He wins his way to the palace of the sylphid
queen, who, though he rejects her love, kindly
speeds him on his errand with a charm. The star
burst, his flame-wood lamp is relighted, and there
is a general jubilee on his return to the scenery
of Crow Nest.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high,

The sentry elf his call has made.

A streak is in the eastern sky,

Shapes of moonlight flit and fade!

The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,

The skylark shakes his dappled wing,

The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,

The cock has crowed—and the Fays are gone!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

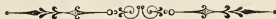
Spell and pronounce:—spiral, fairy, sturgeon, seize, cedar, muscle, nestling, shrieks, gauze, giant, javelin, scallops, shield, gnarls, pierced, and whip-poor-will.

Synonyms.—*behest*—command; mandate; injunction. *errand*—message; commission; mission. *luster*—splendor; distinction; glimmer.

Explain:—"plumed," "acorn helmet," "fire-fly steed," "rocket-star," and "embarks."

Questions on the Lesson.—Who was Cooper? Name something that he wrote. Where and what are the Highlands? What is meant by "*the quarl's long arms*," "*the squab has thrown his javelin*," and "*the gritty star*."

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795—1820) was born in the city of New York, August 7, 1795. In his childhood he was a poet, composing "*The Mocking Bird*" when he was but a mere boy. He loved best to pore over works of the imagination, and his favorite poets were Shakespeare, Burns, and Campbell. Drake and Halleck were intimate personal friends, and both gained celebrity by the poetical contributions which appeared during the year 1819 in the "*Evening Post*," over the signature of *Croaker & Co.* Among Drake's most popular contributions is the poem—"The American Flag." In September of the following year, 1820, Drake, smitten with consumption, died at the early age of twenty-five. His untimely death was mourned by a large circle of friends, and profoundly regretted by many more, who felt the literary loss of one so promising. Among the tenderest tributes of friendship that were ever written are the beautifully simple lines by Fitz-Greene Halleck in the next lesson.



LESSON XI.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

“The good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket.”

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold earth steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts, nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Fitz-Greene Halleck (1795—1867) was born at Guilford, Connecticut, July 8, 1795. At the age of twenty-one he came to New York City, where he was for some time engaged in a banking-house. Subsequently, he became book-keeper in the private office of the millionaire John Jacob Astor. After the death of Mr. Astor, Halleck returned to his birthplace, where he died in 1867, at the age of seventy-eight years. Halleck's poems are so musical, their versification is so perfect, and there are so few of them, that it has been a matter of general regret that he did not write more. Probably among the best war-lyrics ever written is that of "*Marco Bozzaris*."

LESSON XII.

bris'tling, *standing thick, like
bristles.*

in vād'ed, *took possession; en-
croached upon.*

to pōġ'ra phy, *the description
of a place.*

dīs'em barked', *landed from
a ship.*

vī'cious, *wicked; corrupt.*

phī lǎn'thro pīsts, *persons who
work and give for the general
good.*

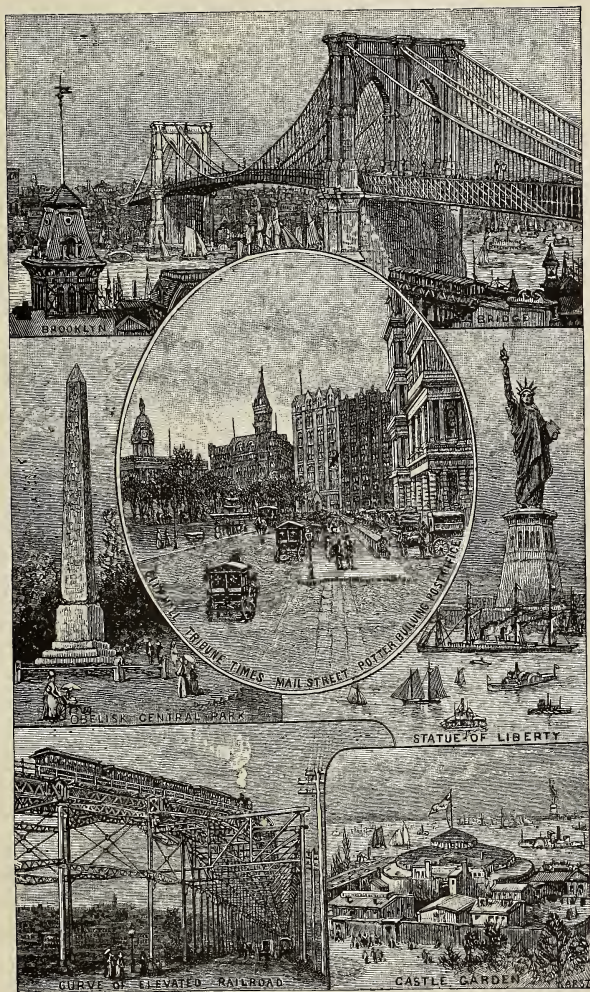
NEW YORK CITY.

Let us begin our study of the city with the harbor and its surroundings. To the south and west of the city is the North River.

THE HARBOR.

Stretching out until the shores of the farther sides are almost obscured by the distance, is the harbor, large enough to hold the commerce of the world. The Statue of Liberty is seen on the right in the middle distance; Staten Island and Fort Wadsworth are beyond, with the Narrows, between Staten Island and Long Island, dimly visible through the haze.

To the left, and slightly nearer, is Fort Hamilton; and still nearer, bristling with masts and



NEW YORK CITY.

spars, and black with the smoke of countless chimneys, is the Brooklyn shore, presenting an almost solid front of piers, custom stores, and warehouses.

Almost directly in a line with the channel at the mouth of the East River, and situated about three-fourths of a mile from the main-land, is Governor's Island, an emerald in a dark setting, with a living rim of diamond spray, made by the ever-dashing, beating waters of the ebbing and flowing tide.

Governor's Island has been one of the most important military posts in the State, and is still so occupied.

BATTERY PARK.

On the main-land, in the foreground is Battery Park, the eastern portion of which has been invaded by the elevated railway, to the detriment of its beauty. The elevated railway-lines from both sides of the city converge to a point directly at the doors of the Brooklyn and Staten Island ferries. They also connect with excursion steamboat lines to Rock-away, Coney Island, and other points of popular resort in and about the lower portion of the bay and coast. The ferry which connects Staten Island with New York furnishes a most delightful sail.

Of course, you are sufficiently well acquainted with the topography of New York City to be aware that it is situated on a long, narrow island between the Hudson and East rivers; the lower end of the island terminating in a point washed by the restless currents of the bay, which, with its clear, blue waters, the islands that dot its wide expanse, the shipping that represents almost every known country, and the fleet of white-winged yachts anchored

to the left beyond Governor's Island, makes a scene that is not excelled in the world.

The offices of the Associated Press, the Barge Office, which is the head-quarters of the Surveyor of the Port of New York and the Marine Service, and several minor buildings fill the space on the south-east curve of the water-front.

Battery Park is a landscape garden, with walks, trees, fountains, and flowers. Several free swimming-baths are anchored off the Battery wall, and during the heated term there is a continuous line of warm and weary men, women, and children going in for a plunge or a splash in the salt water.

WATER FRONT.

The water front of New York City, including the North River, and the East River and its islands, many of which are used for Charities and Correction, is about sixty miles in extent, three-eighths of which belong to the city, and five-eighths to private individuals.

Almost the entire river frontage is occupied by piers; the majority of the great steamship lines owning their own property, and others leasing it from the Department of Docks, under whose jurisdiction are all the docks, piers, bulkheads, and river-front improvements. Private individuals make their own improvements, subject to the approval of the Dock Commissioners. Most of the ferries are leased from the city, and yield an enormous revenue.

CASTLE GARDEN.

Castle Garden was originally a fort, and portions of the old walls still remain. They are, however, so covered and surrounded by boardings and

buildings, that the casual observer would not suspect the original purpose of the structure.

It was not until the year 1856 that Castle Garden was used as a landing-place for emigrants. Previous to this date, they disembarked at the piers of the various lines, and were, through their inexperience and confiding dispositions, an easy prey for vicious and avaricious persons of all sorts.

The attention of philanthropists was attracted to these abuses, and, after a time, a commission was appointed to investigate the condition of the emigrants, and, if possible, devise some system for their protection.

The interior of Castle Garden accommodates three thousand emigrants, and gives space sufficient for the offices and rooms necessary for the transaction of business. All incoming passenger-vessels are boarded by a commissioner, who investigates the condition of the steerage passengers, and of all sick or diseased persons, and receives complaints of any ill-treatment from officers on board the vessel. The baggage is examined by the custom officers, and the emigrants are brought by barge or steamboat to the landing at Castle Garden, where they find all facilities for cleanliness and for supplying their immediate wants.

All emigrants are registered, and, as far as possible, kept track of, so that inquiries made many months, and sometimes years, after their arrival can be promptly answered.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Spanning the East River, suspended, as it were, in the air, is the great bridge. This is one of the greatest wonders of modern times. It seems im-

possible for a thoughtful person to cross it without being impressed with the magnitude of the enterprise, the unprecedented difficulty of the engineering problems, and the vast amount of careful, skillful supervision assumed in its construction.

The bridge, from entrance to exit, is about six thousand feet in length, and one hundred and thirty-five feet above high water, at the center. The weight of the bridge is borne by four cables; each cable is made of 5,296 parallel wires, closely wrapped to a solid cylinder.

It took about thirteen years and fifteen millions of money to build the bridge.

CENTRAL PARK.

A visitor to the city should not fail to see Central Park. Its lawns, its groves, its walks, its drives, its rugged spots, its arbors, its lakes,—its general naturalness in the midst of a great city offer sights of interest.

The lake occupies the site of an old swamp. It covers an area of twenty acres, and is filled with Croton water from the reservoir.

There are always plenty of boats on the lake to carry visitors about. In the winter, the ice of the lake is thrown open to the public, and throngs of merry skaters occupy it.

Its monuments, especially the obelisk, afford interest to the intelligent observer. This obelisk is a huge stone column nearly seventy feet high and about eight feet square at the base. It was a gift, and brought from Egypt. The difficulty of transporting this large stone was immense. These Egyptian obelisks were chiseled and placed by the ancients several thousand years ago. Upon their

surfaces are found curious inscriptions, which, in many cases, is the record of their successful generals, great kings, and memorable events.

THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

This is one of the greatest conveniences for rapid travel of modern times. Like the Brooklyn Bridge, it is the result of wonderful engineering skill. The cars are long and commodious; they move without fear or danger of obstruction.

Trains are run during the busy hours of the day at intervals of two and three minutes. These roads extend on both sides of the city, nearly the entire length of the island.

New York City, in the truest sense of the word, is cosmopolitan. Let one walk the streets at any hour of the day, and he will meet representatives of all nationalities, of all conditions, and of all creeds. In architecture, the houses have a monotonous sameness, block after block repeating its rows of substantial, practical, but not beautiful "brown stones." The palatial residences upon the fine avenues are the rare exceptions to this rule. Churches of every denomination, and of every style of architecture, however, adorn the city. The Cathedral of St. Patrick is, perhaps, the finest in the United States, while "Old Trinity," on Broadway, is the most interesting on account of its historical associations.

Standing on Broadway opposite the City Hall Park, one may take in at a view the City Hall with its surrounding buildings, and several imposing edifices dedicated to "THE PRESS"; while at his right, towers the grand structure which serves

as the post-office of the metropolis. Columbia College is the oldest educational institution in the city, and Cooper Institute is only one of the many monuments bearing testimony to the noble philanthropy of the citizens of New York.

Spell and pronounce:—harbor, stretching, distance, visible, commerce, chimneys, emerald, diamond, ebbing, excursion, Coney Island, delightful, sufficiently, terminating, currents, *currents*, yachts, surveyor, eighths, and emigrants.

What two bodies of water does the East River connect?

LESSON XIII.

lee'ward, <i>toward that part to which the wind blows.</i>	spěe'ta ěle, <i>a remarkable sight.</i>
eoûrt'e siēs, <i>acts of civility or respect.</i>	bōat'swain, <i>an officer who has charge of a ship's boats, sails, and rigging.</i>
ap pār'ent, <i>visible to the eye.</i>	ef fěct', <i>impression produced.</i>

A DAY AT SEA.

The day has passed more pleasantly than usual. The man at the helm cried, "A sail," while we were at breakfast; and we gradually overtook a large ship, standing on the same course, with every sail set.

We were passing half a mile to leeward, when she put up her helm and ran down to us, hoisting the English flag. We raised the "star-spangled banner" in answer, and "hove to"; and she came dashing along our quarter, heaving most majestically to the sea, till she was near enough to speak to us without a trumpet.

Her fore-deck was covered with sailors, dressed

all alike and very neatly; and round the gangway stood a large group of officers in uniform; the eldest of whom, a noble-looking man with gray hair, hailed and answered us.

She was a man-of-war sailing as a king's packet between Halifax and Falmouth, and had been out from the former port nineteen days. After the usual courtesies had passed, she bore away a little, and then kept on her course again, the two vessels in company at the distance of half a pistol-shot.

I rarely have seen a more beautiful sight. The fine effect of a ship under sail is entirely lost to one on board; and it is only at sea, and under circumstances like these, that it can be observed.

The power of the swell, lifting the huge body as lightly as an egg-shell on its bosom, and tossing it sometimes half out of the water without the slightest apparent effort, is astonishing. I sat on deck watching her with undiminished interest for hours.

Apart from the spectacle, the feeling of companionship, meeting human beings in the middle of the ocean after so long a deprivation of society, was delightful; for we had passed five days without seeing a sail, and nearly three weeks, unspoken from land.

Our brig was the faster sailer of the two; but our captain took in some of his canvas for company's sake. All the afternoon we heard her half-hour bells, the boatswain's whistle, and the orders of the officers of the deck; and I could distinguish very well with a glass, the expression of the faces, watching our own really beautiful vessel as she skimmed the water like a bird.

We parted at sunset, the man-of-war making northerly for her port, and we stretching south for

the coast of France. I watched her till she went over the horizon; and I felt as if we had lost friends when the night closed in, and we were once more "alone on the wide, wide sea."

N. P. WILLIS.

Give synonyms of observed, apparent, delightful, gradually, huge, alike.

Explain:—"standing on the same course," "hove to," "man-of-war," "ship under sail," "brig," "skimmed the water," "over the horizon."

What colors in the English Flag? How are they arranged? How many stripes in the "Star-spangled banner"? How many stars?

LESSON XIV.

sēre, *dry; withered.*
fröl'ie, *gay; merry.*

| prōmpt, *ready and quick to act.*
| un lāde', *to unload.*

AUTUMN.

Autumn once more begins to teach;
Sere leaves their annual sermon preach;
And with the southward-slipping sun,
Another stage of life is done.
The day is of a paler hue,
The night is of a darker blue,
Just as it was a year ago;
For time runs fast, but grace is slow!

Life glides away in many a bend,
In chapters which begin and end;
Each has its trial, each its grace,
Each in life's whole its proper place.
Life has its joinings and its breaks;
But each transition swiftly takes
Us nearer to, or farther from
The threshold of our heavenly home.

Years pass away; new crosses come;
Past sorrow is a sort of home,
An exile's home, and only lent
For needful rest in banishment.
It narrows life, and walls it in,
And shuts the door on many a sin;
'Tis almost like a calm fireside,
Where humbled hearts are fain to bide.

Thou comest, Autumn, to unlade
Thy wealthy freight of summer shade,
Still sorrowful as in past years,
Yet mild and sunny in thy tears,
Ripening and hardening all thy growth
Of solid wood, yet nothing loath
To waste upon the frolic breeze
Thy leaves, like flights of golden bees.

Have I laid by from summer hours
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?
Hath my past year a growth to harden,
As well as fewer sins to pardon?
Is God in all things more and more
A king within me than before?
I know not, yet one change hath come,—
The world feels less and less like home.

My soul appears, as I get old,
More prompt in act, in prayer less cold;
Crosses from use, more lightly press;
Mirth is more purely weariness;
With less to quarrel with in life,
I grow less patient with its strife;
I wish more simply, Lord! to be,
Ailing or well, always with Thee!

F. W. FABER,

Explain.—"bend," "chapters," "grace," "joinings," "breaks," "threshold," in (2) stanza; "crosses," "exiles," in (3).

Questions on the Lesson.—To what is autumn compared? Is this poem written by one who is old, or young? What questions do the ripened fruits, and leaves, and flowers suggest to his mind? What changes have the years brought in his emotions, and in his thoughts of life and death? Does the autumn make you glad, or sad? Who wrote "The melancholy days are come"? Was Longfellow's poem, "*A Rainy Day*," written of a day in spring, in summer, or in autumn?

LESSON XV.

œon'gre gāt ed, *assembled.*
 phe nôm'e nôn, *a remarkable*
 or unusual appearance.
 im mênse', *very great; huge.*
 přěç'i pīçe, *a very steep or over-*
 hanging place.
 ġī gān'tie, *enormous; mighty.*
 vīš'aġe, *countenance, face, or*
 look of a person.

prōph'e çý, *a declaration of*
 something to come.
 in tēl'li ġençe, *understanding;*
 general information.
 věn'er ā'tion, *respect mingled*
 with awe.
 diš çērnēd', *perceived with the*
 mind.
 em boğ'omed, *nearly concealed.*

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed among a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or

level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birth-place in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories.

The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance.

It seemed as if an enormous giant, or Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder-accent from one end of the valley to the other.

True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until,

as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly, that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest: a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a

story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain-streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops.

The purport was, that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not appeared.

"O, mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy; so she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him; it was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart.

In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught in famous schools.

Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Spell and pronounce :—simplicity, although, aspect, imagine, unobtrusive, recognized, sun-browned, labor, assisting, ardor, brightening, affectionate, neighbors, inhabited, dutiful, and illuminating.

Give the synonyms of generous, discourage, pensive, dim, thoughtful, concluded, appeared, affirmed, purport, intact, populous, difficult, and resemble.

“What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives and fights and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is all he gets.”

THOMAS CARLYLE,



LESSON XVI.

băt'tle ment, *tower; fortification.*

mōat'ed, *surrounded by a ditch for defense.*

en dūed', *supplied; endowed.*

fiēnd, *the devil; an infernal being.*

re prēss'ing, *checking.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-arm ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No! *Men*—high-minded *men*—

With powers as far above dull brutes endued,

In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men, who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.

These constitute a state;

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,

O'er thrones and globes elate

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

Smit by her sacred frown,

The fiend discretion like a vapor sinks;

And e'en the all-dazzling crown

Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle;

Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!

No more shall Freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Spell and pronounce:—navies, starred, wafts, brake, Lesbos, discretion, Cretan, Britons, Britains, Briton's, and Britons'.

LESSON XVII.

eon tĕmpt'ũ oũs, *scornful.*

prĭn'çi pal, *chief; head.*

õ'men, *sign of some future event.*

çĕm'e tĕr y, *a grave-yard.*

çĕr'e mo ny, *external form in religion.*

lõath'sòme, *odious; exciting great disgust.*

mys tĕ'ri oũs, *difficult or impossible to understand.*

a mǎze'ment, *a feeling of surprise and wonder.*

THE DWARF AND THE INVISIBLE CAP.

Shepherd Jacob's greatest pleasure was his bagpipes. Almost before the morning dawned he was puffing upon them, and he puffed away at night when all honest people were in bed. Though this afforded much pleasure to Jacob, it was not so well relished by his neighbors.

In a cavern of the mountain upon which Jacob generally took his seat, lived a dwarf, who, at the christenings and weddings of the surrounding country, made himself very useful by lending the people knives and pewter plates. Wherever he found a good reception, the dwarf proved very friendly, and was well liked by all. Now, to this dwarf, the eternal puffing that went on above his head became

very tiresome; he, therefore, one day took his way up the mountain, and with much politeness requested the shepherd to give up his music for a little; but Jacob, casting a contemptuous look on the diminutive figure before him, insolently answered, "What right have you to command me? And what does it signify to me though your head should ache again when I blow my pipes?" And, from this time, Jacob blew away more furiously at his bagpipes than ever.

The dwarf resolved on revenge, but concealed his anger under the mask of friendship, and strove to win by degrees the confidence of the shepherd. He soon succeeded in this; for he had wit enough to praise the exquisite melody of his pipes, and gradually wrought himself into his full confidence, entertaining him with a thousand merry stories; for the sake of listening to which, the shepherd would sometimes forget his darling pipes for half a day. At last the dwarf invited the shepherd to a party, at which he promised him a great deal of pleasure.

"Knight Fegesack, who lives in yonder castle," said he, "celebrates his wedding to-morrow; he once set his dogs after me to hound me from his court when carrying some plates to his servant to help at a christening. There will be gathered together those great people of the country who look with such contempt upon us and our acorns; we will go thither, and give them a little sauce to their mirth. Here, Jacob, is an invisible cap; if you put it on your head nobody will be able to see you, though you see everything that is going on around you. Try its virtues at home, and leave the rest to me; only clean out that bag you have there,

for, unless I am sadly deceived, you will soon have occasion to fill it with something better."

Jacob took the wonderful cap from the dwarf, and made an attempt to try its virtue even before he reached his hut. Well, the sheep came running against him, and not even his own children could find him out, when he called them by name, with the cap on his head. He now gave himself implicitly up to the direction of the dwarf.

The day afterwards, Jacob and the dwarf set out with their caps on their heads, and two empty wallets under their arms, to the castle of the knight. During the bridal ceremony they placed themselves on the large round table, around which the bridegroom and bride and the principal guests were to sit. The dwarf then instructed the tittering shepherd in the part he was to perform.

In the course of an hour, the whole company entered the room in pairs; and all took the places which were pointed out to them according to their several dignities, little suspecting the presence of any other guests.

And now the frolic began. The invisible dwarf pulled out the pins which fastened the myrtle garland on the bride's head, and Jacob pushed a large dish out of the hand of the butler, which splashed the gravy over the scolding guests. Meanwhile, the bridal wreath fell from the head of the bride—a bad omen, which might well wrinkle the brow of the old ladies, and set the younger ones a whispering.

A pause ensued, in which the guests, who waited the filling of the bumpers to resume the conversation, set their jaws briskly in motion.

But, good saints defend us! What was the surprise of the whole company when, on the appear-

ance of the second course, they stretched their hands out toward the delicacies; scarcely had they got a morsel on their forks and raised it to their mouths, ere it was snatched away by the dwarf or by Jacob, who crammed it, with much laughter, into their invisible wallets. The guests opened their eyes wider and wider—their faces lengthened more and more—a silence, like that of midnight in a cemetery, reigned throughout the whole room; knives, mouths, jaws were laid at rest, while each gaped in blank astonishment upon his neighbor. Flagon after flagon, cup after cup, now disappeared from the table, and still the thief remained invisible! Well might the hair of the guests now begin to rise on end; everywhere all was silent as death—not a sound was heard but the chattering of teeth.

How they might best make their way out of the enchanted room, or hide themselves under the table, became now a question with the horror-stricken guests. Most of them were about to adopt the latter alternative, when, the dwarf having suddenly snatched the cap from the head of his companion, all at once the culprit stood revealed to their astonished sight, sitting upon his heels, with each arm supported by a well-filled wallet.

The death-like silence now gave place to the most outrageous uproar; every arm and every tongue was again in motion; while Jacob, with his head hanging down like a broken reed, was dragged away, under a thousand curses, toward a dark dungeon, where serpents and newts crawled about, there to starve by his emptied wallets.

They were just about to lower the unfortunate shepherd into this loathsome place, and all around

stood the guests mocking and jeering the trembling rustic, when lo! the invisible dwarf approaches the half dead shepherd, claps the cap again on his head, and in the twinkling of an eye the prisoner disappears.

The spectators stood there as if changed into as many stones, with faces as long as a yard, for the full space of an hour, without bethinking themselves either of eating or drinking or the merriment of the wedding. And, there they might have been standing to this hour had not the dwarf, compassionating their blank amazement, taken off his cap and revealed himself for a minute's space in his true form. "Now, Sir Knight," said he, "do not hound me again with your dogs out of your castle yard; and you, Jacob, I hope you will in future put your bagpipes a little while aside when I politely ask that favor of you."

The guests now tumbled over one another, and scrambled out of the house where the mysterious dwarf had appeared.

G. G. CUNNINGHAM.

Spell and pronounce:—shepherd, cavern, pewter, insolently, tiresome, contemptuous, answered, christening, implicitly, wrought, acorns, invisible, deceived, wallets, tittering, and dignities.

Give synonyms of relished, eternal, reception, diminutive, revenge, concealed, occasion, virtue, attempt, and jeering.

Let pupils give reasons for the use of all capitals in this lesson.

"What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

LESSON XVIII.

pa pŷ'rus, *a reed from the pith
of which the Egyptians made
paper.*

mo nŏp'o ly, *sole right in a
thing of sale or profit.*

trans vērse'ly, *cross-wise.*

es pār'to, *a rush in Spain of
which cordage, shoes, baskets,
paper, etc., are made.*

făb ri eă'tion, *manufacture.*

PAPER.

Egypt, China, and Japan are the countries in which the earliest manufacture of paper is known to have been carried on. The Egyptian paper was made of the plant called papyrus, a kind of grass. According to the information handed down to us, the delicate inner skins were separated from the blade of the grass, and spread upon a table in such a manner that the strips overlapped one another. The table was sprinkled with water from the Nile, which, no doubt, had the effect of moistening the natural gum of the plant so as to make the strips adhere. When this first layer of papyrus skin was complete, succeeding layers were laid upon it transversely, until the paper was sufficiently thick. These layers were then pressed together, and the sheet of paper was dried in the sun.

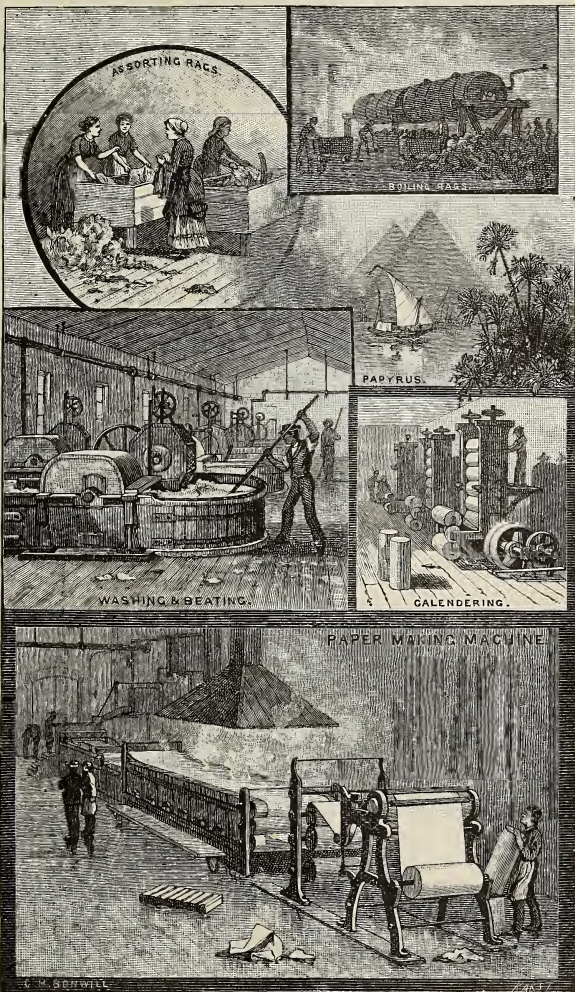
The best quality was reserved for religious uses, and not allowed to be exported. The Romans, however, discovered a process of cleansing this kind of paper from the marks of writing; and, after this discovery, they imported from Egypt sacred books written on this material, which they used for their own purposes after the original writing had been removed.

Besides the papyrus, there are remnants of ancient paper of the inner bark of trees. Egyptian

paper was in general use in Europe until the eighth or ninth century of our era. It then began slowly to give place to paper manufactured from cotton and other materials, the art of making which, was apparently learned by the Arabs in Asia, and introduced by them into Europe. This manufacture had probably spread to Western Asia from China, where it is known to have existed at a very remote period. Paper was made by the Chinese from some materials at least as early as the beginning of the Christian era; and, according to their own account, the fabrication of paper from cotton appears to have been invented about 200 A.D.

The earliest paper manufactory that is known to have been set up in England is that of John Tate, which was established at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, in the reign of Henry VII., about 1495. The next celebrated paper manufactory in England is that established by Spilman, a German, at Dartford, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, from whom he received a monopoly of the manufacture, and of the right of buying linen rags for the purpose. Even after the introduction of the manufacture into England, it long remained in a backward state, so that until late in the eighteenth century the finer qualities of paper were imported from France and Holland.

The materials that have been used for the manufacture of paper are very numerous. In China, where much of the paper made is of very excellent quality, different materials are used in different provinces. Hemp and linen rags are used in one part of the country; the inner bark of the mulberry in another; and, in other parts, the bark of the elm, straw, bamboo, etc.



PAPER-MAKING.

The Japanese make use, principally, of the bark of a kind of mulberry, and the paper manufactured by them is unequaled for strength and softness; which enables it to be used for many purposes for which leather is commonly employed elsewhere, such as the making of ladies' reticules. The natives of Mexico, before the Spanish conquest, made their paper from the leaves of the agave or American aloe, in a manner resembling the ancient mode of preparing papyrus.

After the introduction into Europe of cotton and linen rags as materials for paper-making, other vegetable fibers were for many centuries entirely, or almost entirely, given up; not so much, however, on account of their unfitness, as because rags, besides being admirably adapted for the purpose, were cheaper than any other material. It was only about the close of the eighteenth century that paper-manufacturers again began to turn their attention to the possibility of using vegetable fibers as substitutes for rags. In 1772, a German published a work containing sixty specimens of paper made from different vegetable materials.

From this time, serious attempts were made to find out a process, by which some of these vegetable materials could be used with success to replace rags. The difficulty did not consist in the mere conversion into paper of the materials on which experiments were made—for any vegetable fiber with a rough edge can be made into paper—but in making paper out of them of such quality, and at such a price as would enable the manufactured product to compete with that made from rags. Straw, wood, and esparto grass are the chief vegetable fibers, besides rags, that have hitherto been found

to answer these conditions; and all of these are now used more or less in paper-making.

The combination of flexible fibers by which paper is produced, depends on the minute subdivision of the fibers, and their subsequent cohesion. The rags used are chiefly cotton and linen. Woolen rags are no longer used for the purpose, on account of their increased value for making into shoddy, and for manure. Cotton is used in the manufacture of paper, not only in the form of rags, but also in the form of waste or sweepings from spinning-mills.

Before the rags or other materials can be made into paper, they must be torn or cut into minute particles, so small that they form a pulp with water. A sheet of paper is a thin layer of this pulpy matter, mixed with some kind of glue or size to give it firmness, and then dried.

Paper is made either by the hand or by machinery. When it is made by the hand, the pulp is placed in a stone vat, in which revolves an agitator, which keeps the fibrous particles equally diffused throughout the mass; and the workman is provided with a mold, which is a square frame with a fine wire bottom, resembling a sieve, of the size of the intended sheet. These molds are sometimes made with the wires lying all one way—except a few which are placed at intervals cross-wise to bind the others together—and sometimes with the wires crossing each other as in a woven fabric.

Paper made with molds of the former kind is said to be laid, and that made with those of the latter kind, wove. The two kinds can easily be distinguished by the difference of their appearance when they are held up to the light.

Spell and pronounce:—aloe, admirably, era, mold, adhere, agitator, pulp, cleansing, conversion, sieve, reticule, fiber, cohesion, fabrication, subsequent, and Japanese.

Synonyms.—*apparent*—visible; distinct; plain; obvious; clear; certain; evident; manifest; indubitable; notorious. *diffuse*—expand; spread; circulate; extend; scatter; disperse; publish; proclaim. *remnant*—residue; rest; remains; remainder. *unequaled*—unrivalled; surpassing; unparalleled.

LESSON XIX.

hā'lō, a circle of light.

to tāl'i tŷ, the whole sum.

qui'ēs'cent, still; not moving.

dīsk, flat circular surface.

eo rō'nà, a crown-like margin.

in'ean dēs'cence, a white heat.

THE SUN.

A total eclipse of the sun was visible in the United States in the year 1878. Astronomers gathered from all parts of the world to witness it. Instruments were made use of which were unknown on similar occasions before. Moreover, every man had a limited share of work assigned him to do in the few minutes during which the totality lasted; and thus a more complete series of observations was obtained than ever before from a single eclipse.

During a total eclipse, the sun appears surrounded by a red envelope, from four to five thousand miles in height, consisting of hydrogen and other gases, from which vast masses of glowing vapor are given off with more or less frequency. These masses, or prominences as they are called, rise like huge jets, sometimes to a height of eighty thousand miles. Then they bend back and fall like water from a fountain on the surface of the sun.

The prominences are regarded as true solar eruptions, as if from a gigantic volcano, and during

periods of their greatest activity, have been known to eject matter to a height of two hundred thousand miles. The ejected material, or at least its outer coating, consists of glowing hydrogen gas.

Beyond this vast envelope, lies the halo of light, or corona, which, during a total eclipse, is seen to radiate in all directions from the black disk of the moon. This halo has been shown to be a true appendage of the sun; and consists chiefly of minute solid or liquid particles in a state of incandescence.

In 1878, the red envelope of the sun was seen to be remarkably quiescent. Solar eruptions were few and insignificant; while the corona, instead of having the ruddy appearance which it presented in the eclipse of 1869, shone with a faint white light. A similar quiescence was observed on the surface of the sun, as indicated by the scarcity of sun-spots; so that it seems certain that a close connection exists between the condition of the sun's surface, as indicated by its spots, and these great appendages.

The spectroscope, which ranks next to the telescope in the service which it has rendered to astronomy, has made us aware of the presence in the sun of a large number of the same elements with which we are familiar on our earth. Thus, traces have been found of the presence in the sun of iron, copper, zinc, nickel, and other metals; while it seems certain that the gas hydrogen appears to exist in enormous abundance both in the sun and its immediate surroundings.

The substances hitherto found to be constituents of the sun are all metals; and it has now been proved that hydrogen also is a metal existing in the gaseous state, just as mercury, although liquid,

is certainly metallic. More recently, traces of oxygen also have been found in the great source of light. How surprising that science has bridged over the distance of more than ninety millions of miles, which separates us from the sun, so far as to enable us to know what is passing on its surface, and the elements of which its body is composed!

Spell and pronounce:—gigantic, metallic, particles, eclipse, prominence, appendage, liquid, frequency, insignificant, traces, minute, constituent, gaseous, scarcity, ejected, and astronomer.

Synonyms.—*total*—whole; entire; complete; integral. *assigned*—appointed; allotted; apportioned; designated; specified. *appendage*—addition; adjunct; concomitant. *enormous*—huge; vast; immense; excessive; prodigious. *abundance*—exuberance; plenteousness; plenty; copiousness; overflow; riches; affluence; wealth.

LESSON XX.

dō'tage, *childishness of old age.*
de tē'ri o rā'tion, *state of grow-*
ing worse.

ē'go tist, *one who repeats the*
word "I" too frequently.

ex tēm'po rā'ne oūs, *com-*
posed without previous study.

pār'a dōx'ie al, *contradictory;*
seeming to be absurd though
true.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six-and-twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most, one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes; and the faculties which God had given me, I had reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some boisterous spirits, sitters-up a-nights, disputants, drunken;

yet they seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy, I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a professed joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment of speech.

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue, disposing you to that sort of a conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly to your greatest destruction.

If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it; give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description—but not, as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty; to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure, and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine which are to be distilled into airy breaths to tickle vain

auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

I have seen a print after Correggio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance, at the same instant of time, is applying a snake to his side.

In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past, rather than the perception of present pleasures; languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good; a Sybaritic effeminacy; a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock; the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this is represented in one point of time. When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand; if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance, that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? If the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?

Recovering!—Oh, if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats

which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit! In my dreams, I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way between total abstinence, and the excess which kills you? For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none; none that I can find.

In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential), in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing, apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one: and what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial.

He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive at that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, reason shall only visit him through intoxication; for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties, by repeated acts of intemperance, may be driven from their ordinary sphere of action, their clear daylight ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestations of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.

My favorite occupations, in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application, for ever so short a time, kills me.

This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connection of thought, which is now difficult to me. The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage.

My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before anything great and admirable. I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

I am a poor nameless egotist, who has no vanity to consult by these confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he finds his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

CHARLES LAMB.

Spell and pronounce:—disputants, confirmed, swerve, malice, mortgage, effeminacy, imbecility, apoplectic, preternatural, jovially, buffoonery, repugnance, premeditation, sensuality, sobriety, and egotist.

Synonyms.—*devastation*—desolation; ravage; waste; havoc; destruction; ruin; overthrow. *derision*—scorn; mockery; ridicule; insult. *divert*—please; gratify; amuse; entertain; exhilarate; delight. *faculty*—talent; gift; endowment; ability; knack. *effeminacy*—womanish; weak; tender; unmanly; voluptuous; delicate; cowardly.

Charles Lamb, poet and essayist, was born in London, 1775, and died 1834. His reputation rests almost entirely upon his essays and criticisms. The author's whims, wit, charity, and oddities are reflected in his writings. He was in the employ of the East India Company for thirty-three years. He retired from the India office with a pension of £450.

LESSON XXI.

re flēet', *think ; consider.*

grōg, *a mixture of spirits and
water.*

blāst'ed, *blighted.*

li' bel, *injury ; a kind of con-
tempt.*

elās'sie, *of first rank.*

prōs'i est, *dullest ; most tedious.*

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp!

Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!

Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—

The rogue is growing a little old ;

Five years we've tramped through wind and
weather,

And slept out-doors when nights were cold,

And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,

A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow!

The paw he holds up there has been frozen);

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,

(This out-door business is bad for strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,

And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank you, Sir,—I never drink ;

Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—

Aren't we, Roger? See him wink!

Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.

He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head!

What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk!

He understands every word that's said,—

And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect,
(Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, Sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance!
Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, Sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy—thank you—there—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;

But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,

And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;

And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out Heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;

The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—

You needn't laugh, Sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;

I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,

Whose head was happy on this breast!

If you could have heard the songs I sung

When the wine went round, you wouldn't have
guessed

That ever I, Sir, should be straying

From door to door with fiddle and dog,
Ragged, and penniless, and playing

To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife;

'Twas better for her that we should part;—
Better the soberest, prosiest life

Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I've seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped:

But little she dreamed, as on she went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry;

It makes me wild to think of the change!

What do you care for a beggar's story?

Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me!

'Twas well she died before—Do you know

If the happy spirits in Heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden

This pain; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,

Aching thing, in place of a heart?

He is sad, sometimes, and would weep, if he could,

No doubt remembering things that were,—

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,

And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.—

You rascal! limber your lazy feet!

We must be fiddling and performing

For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,

And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—

The sooner the better for Roger and me.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Write these words in full:—Roger's, we've, there's, aren't, won't, he's, can't, that's, I've, here's, he'll, is'n't, we'll, I'm, night's, that's, stomach's, need n't, would n't, and she's.

Explain:—"a bit of rosin," "nice buckwheats," "water-and-chalk," "through thick and thin," "God's creatures," "ragged and penniless," "broken heart," "five yelps," "where lodgings are free."

LESSON XXII.

wōe, *grief; misery.*vān'ished, *disappeared grad-
ually.*sōotheſ, *softens; assuages.*răpt'ūreſ, *extreme joys or pleas-
ures.*

GOD THE TRUE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.

O, Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown,
 And he who has but tears to give
 Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe,

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And e'en the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished, too,

O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy wing of love,
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above!

Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright,
 With more than rapture's ray,
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore, one of the most celebrated Irish poets, was born in Dublin in 1779, and died in 1852. The works for which he is chiefly remembered, are his "*Irish Melodies*," and his "*Lallah Rookh*." The latter is a dazzling picture of Eastern life.

LESSON XXIII.

pēs'ti lençe, *contagious disease ;
plague.*

fō'li āge, *leaves of trees.*

gnāw'ing, *biting off ; corroding.*

pā'tri āreh, *the head of a fam-
ily.*

fēs'tive, *gay ; mirthful.*

ex pā'ti at ed, *commented at
large.*

glīs'ten ing, *sparkling with a
mild light.*

e lāpsed', *passed away.*

DESOLATING EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array, than exterminating drunkenness.

I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs, like a flowering tree covered with green and healthy foliage.

I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the scathed and ruined shaft stood desolate and alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that, too, in the dust.

On one of those holy days when the patriarch, rich in virtue as in years, gathered about him the great and the little ones of the flock—his sons with their sons, and his daughters with their daughters—I, too, sat at the festive board. I, too, pledged them in the social wine-cup, and rejoiced with them round the hospitable hearth, and expatiated with delight on the eventful future; while the good old man, warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped the tear of joy from his glistening eye. He was happy.

I met with them again when the rolling year

brought the festive season round. But they were not all there. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt upon the then unoccupied seat. But joy yet came to his relief, and he was happy.

A parent's love knows no diminution,—time, distance, poverty, shame, but gives intensity and strength to that passion, before which all others dissolve and melt away.

Another year elapsed. The board was spread; but the guests came not. The old man cried,—“Where are my children?” And echo answered,—“Where?” His heart broke; for they were not. Could not Heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? Alas! the demon of Drunkenness had been there! They had fallen victims to his spell. And one short month sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young men's shame. They are all dead!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Spell and pronounce:—devastating, exterminating, scathed, suffused, unoccupied, diminution, intensity, sufficed, dissolve, and oblivion.

Synonyms.—*diminution*—decrease; decay; abatement; deduction; decrement. *devastate*—to waste; ravage; desolate; destroy; demolish; plunder; pillage.

Washington Irving (1783—1859) is sometimes called the Goldsmith of America; for, like Goldsmith, there are few departments of literature that his pen has not adorned, and to which he has not contributed a wealth of humor, pathos, wisdom, and fine judgment. His language charms by its beautiful simplicity; his style is forcible, and his powers of description are unsurpassed. “*The Sketch Book*,” “*Annals of Diederich Knickerbocker*,” “*Bracebridge Hall*,” “*Tales of a Traveler*,” “*Life of Columbus*,” and “*Life of Washington*,” are some of his contributions to our standard literature. He died at his beautiful home, “*Sunny-side*,” on the banks of his loved Hudson, in 1859.



LESSON XXIV.

con'fer ence, *conversation ; discussion.*

prun'ing, *to cut off ; to trim.*

grant'ed, *admitted ; conceded.*

sloth, *slowness ; laziness.*

hu'mor (yu'mur), *mood ; disposition of mind.*

ex_ăet', *precise ; correct.*

ON STUDY.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and, perhaps, judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those who are learned.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies, themselves, do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them, and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that there is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted; others to be swallowed; and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts;

others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

FRANCIS BACON.

Spell and pronounce:—contemn, privateness, diligence, weigh, memory, contradict, swallowed, digested, curiously, business, judgment, discourse, particulars, observation, experience, and ability.

Synonyms.—*crafty*—cunning; sly; artful; wily; fraudulent; deceitful; subtle; shrewd. *counsel*—advice; consideration; consultation; purpose; scheme; opinion. *confer*—counsel; advise; discourse; converse. *contemn*—despise; scorn; disdain; spurn; slight; neglect; underrate; overlook. *ready*—prompt; expeditious; speedy; unhesitating; dexterous; apt; skillful; handy; expert; facile; easy; opportune; free; fitted; prepared; disposed; willing; cheerful. *refute*—confute; disprove; repel.

Francis Bacon, or *Lord Bacon*, was born in London, 1560, and died 1626. "He was famous as a scholar, a wit, a lawyer, a judge, a statesman, a politician, but chiefly as a philosopher."

LESSON XXV.

çhiv'al rŷ, <i>knights; cavaliers.</i>	věrd'ûre, <i>greenness.</i>
măr'shal ینگ, <i>placing in order.</i>	ăught, <i>anything.</i>
rěv'el ry, <i>noisy festivity.</i>	hăl'lōw, <i>to make holy.</i>

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thundér, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips,—“The foe! They
come! they come!”

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops; as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn, the marshaling in arms;—the day,
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent!

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine,
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly, that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young,
gallant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking hearts for
thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;

But when I stood beneath that fresh green tree,
Which, living, waves where thou didst cease to
live,
And saw around me the fresh fields revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
Come forth, her works of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could
not bring.

LORD BYRON.

Spell and pronounce :—fertile, blend, Ardennes, loftier, cease, lowered, grieving, deadliest, squadron, revive, magnificently, Belgium, voluptuousness, signal, molden, and citizen.

Synonyms.—*contrive*—invent; discover; plan; concert; project; plot; hatch. *impetuous*—forcible; rapid; hasty; precipitate; furious; boisterous; violent; raging; fierce; passionate. *inanimate*—lifeless; dead; inert; soulless; spiritless. *mutual*—reciprocal; interchange; common. *valor*—courage; heroism; bravery; intrepidity; prowess; gallantry; boldness; fearlessness.

Select the passages requiring *orotund* tones of delivery. Those requiring light, gay, and natural tones. Those representing *haste*, and requiring rapid and hurried utterance. Two marked examples of *climax* occur; indicate them. In which stanzas is the poet's *personality* expressed?—(It is a characteristic of Byron to weave into his poetry much of his own personal feelings and private affairs. He has been condemned for so doing.)

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788—1824), has called himself "The Napoleon of the Realm of Rhymes," and not unlike the meteoric career of the great conqueror was the sudden and almost absolute attention which Byron commanded from the literary world. His "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*"—a fierce lampoon against his critics in the "Edinburgh Review"—brought him into notoriety, while the publication of the first canto of "*Childe Harold*" made him immediately famous. Young, handsome, noble—he was the idol of society. Dissolute, however, in his morals, his marriage was unhappy, and he soon left England, never to return. His death in a noble effort to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence, closed his brief but remarkable career.

LESSON XXVI.

tar p̄au'lin, <i>a piece of tarred canvas made water-proof.</i>		chāf'ing-dīsh, <i>a portable grate for coals.</i>
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GASES.

The air that we breathe is a mixture of gases. One of these is a gas that would kill us, if there was much of it in the air. But in good, pure air there is very little of it. And yet there is a great deal of it made all the time, and what is made mixes up with the air. Every fire makes it, and so does every burning candle and lamp, and gas-light. Your lungs are making it. Every time that you breathe out, you send forth some of this gas from your lungs into the air.

All animals are doing this, the smallest as well as the largest. The big elephant breathes out a good deal from his large lungs. The insect, that is so small that you can hardly see it, does its share. And though each little insect makes so little of this gas in its lungs, there are so many of them that they all together make a great deal more than all the elephants do. There are not many elephants, and they are found only in a few countries, but insects swarm everywhere.

What a quantity of this gas, then, goes into the air, from all the fires and lights, and breaths of animals! "Why does not the air become full of it?" you will ask. I will tell you. This gas flies about everywhere, and gets out of the way. But how? Does it fly up above the air, and so get away from the earth? O, no. It is taken out of the air as fast as it becomes mixed with it; and by what do you think this is done? Look at a little leaf,

trembling in the breeze. It is drinking in some of this gas from the air that makes it tremble. It is not the sap alone that makes the leaf grow. It would not grow, unless it was fed, too, with gas by the air.

Every little pore in the leaf is sucking in some of this gas. All the leaves on plants and bushes and trees are doing this. Every spire of grass is doing it. A great many of these pores or mouths there are on every leaf. They are so small that you cannot see them, but they are large enough to suck in the fine gas.

This gas, after it is taken in by the leaves, is a gas no longer. It becomes a part of the solid leaf. Some of it goes down in the sap, and helps to make the stalk grow, if it is a plant, or the trunk, if it is a tree. So when you look upon a plant or a tree, you may think that perhaps some of your breath helped to make it grow. And when you see a stick of wood burning, you may think that some of your breath may be locked up in that wood, and will fly off into the air again in the flame.

But suppose that this gas when it is made is kept from flying off to the leaves. See what it will do to us. Sometimes people in their carelessness show what it will do. A woman once set a kettle of water over an open furnace, in which there was charcoal burning. The gas that I have told you about was pouring forth from the fire. This would do no harm if it were out of doors. But she had it in a close room, and the gas had no chance to escape. She soon became dizzy, and then fell down; and she would have died, if some one had not heard her fall, and opened the door and windows, to let the gas fly off to the leaves, and the pure,

fresh air come in to take its place. The good air soon brought her to herself; but it took a long time for her to get rid of all the poisoning effect of the gas.

A great many persons have been killed by this gas, by burning charcoal in an open furnace or a chafing-dish, to make a room warm. This has happened most often when a chamber has been warmed in this way, and persons have lain down to go to sleep. The gas makes them sleep more, and they sleep to death. If the furnace, instead of being in the middle of the room, were set in a fire-place, so that the gas could go up the chimney, no harm would be done.

But this gas, I have told you, comes from lungs as well as from fires. Now, suppose that you had an air-tight India-rubber bag tied over your head, so that you would have to breathe the same air over and over again. What would happen? You would die in a very short time, even if the bag were a big one, and held a large quantity of air. But what is it that would kill you? This gas that your lungs would keep making all the time. There would be more and more of it in the bag every time that you breathed out; and when you breathed in, it would go back into your lungs. By going back into them, it would poison your blood, just as the same gas would if you were in a close room with burning charcoal.

I will tell you about some persons that were killed by the poison of their own breaths. Some years ago, a ship, called the Londonderry, set sail from Ireland, with a large number of poor emigrants on board. It was crowded very full, so that many of the passengers were most of the time on

deck. A heavy storm arose, and the emigrants were all ordered to go below into the cabin. The waves dashed over the vessel, and poured down into the cabin through an opening in the deck. The captain therefore ordered a tarpaulin to be nailed down over the opening. The air could not get through this tarred cloth; and so no fresh air could go down to the poor emigrants, and the poisonous gas, made in their lungs, could not escape.

Here they were, huddled together, breathing their own breaths over and over again. They were in great distress, and soon some of them died. They tried to make the captain and sailors hear their cries; but the noise of the wind and waves was too much for this. At length, one strong man punched a hole through the tarpaulin, and called for the captain and told him what was going on. The tarpaulin was pulled up, and the poor emigrants, men, women, and children, were found lying on one another in heaps. Many were dead, and many dying; but the fresh air coming in and driving out the gas, saved most of them.

Did you ever hear of the Black Hole of Calcutta, as it was called? This was a sort of cellar, with only a very small opening to let in the air and light. A long time ago, there were as many persons put in it as could possibly stand there. None but those who were close to the opening, could get any fresh air, and most of the prisoners died, poisoned by the gas that they breathed out from their lungs.

These are terrible examples of the bad effects of this gas, when there is too much of it in the air. They happen only once in a great while. But there is much mischief done by this gas in a small way

every day. Most people have their healths injured, and their lives shortened, by not taking enough care to have the gas from their lungs escape from their rooms, to fly away to the leaves. In this way, they have it acting upon them as a slow poison the most part of their lives.

WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

Spell and pronounce:—breathe, chimney, Calcutta, mixture, solid, dizzy, emigrants, cellar, tarred, asleep, breaths, gases, huddled, punched, instead, and furnace.

Synonyms.—*effect*—consequence; result; issue. *help*—assist; succor; aid; serve; relieve. *chance*—opportunity; way. *mischief*—harm; injury; hurt; damage.



LESSON XXVII.

ău'to măt'ie al, <i>not voluntary ; self-acting, like a machine.</i>	rēm'nant, <i>remainder ; residue ; rest.</i>
tôr'por, <i>loss of motion ; numb- ness.</i>	ob liv'i on, <i>forgetfulness.</i>
	ō'pi ūm, <i>a narcotic.</i>

GOLD ON THE HEARTH.

There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew; her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure: she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child, that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the squire as his eldest son's wife.

It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Mollie knew that the cause of

her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium, to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child.

She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched, benumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness toward her husband. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights, she would be well off, too.

She had set out at an early hour; but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed, the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-ridden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirits from failing.

She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter—the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment, the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion—pleaded to be left in aching weariness, rather than to have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment, Mollie had thrown something away, but it was not the black remnant—it was an empty vial.

And she walked on again under the breaking cloud. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom. Slowly the demon was working his will, and cold and weariness were his helpers. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme

immediate longing that curtained off all futurity—the longing to lie down and sleep.

She sank down against a straggling furze bush, under the growing starlight, and the bed of snow was soft. But her arms had not yet relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last: the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first, there was a little peevish cry of “Mammy,” and an effort to regain the pillowing arm and bosom.

Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother’s knees, all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and, with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright, living thing running toward it, yet never arriving.

That bright, living thing must be caught; and in an instant the child had slipped on all fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner’s cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas’s great-coat) spread out on the bricks to dry.

The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands toward the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate half-transparent lids.

Spell and pronounce:—existence, believe, benumbed, futurity, dingy, encircling, gurgling, inflicted, hesitated, immediate, consciousness, grimy, wretched, transparent, relaxed, Silas's, and vindictive.

Synonyms. — *regarding* — considering; observing; remarking; heeding; respecting; esteeming; minding; valuing. *vindictive*—revengeful.



LESSON XXVIII.

eať'a lěp sy, *a sudden suspension of the senses and of the will, the body and limbs keeping their position.*

wańd, *a rod used by magicians.*
pre sěnt'i ment, *foreboding; anticipation of evil.*
ǵriěv'anče, *trouble.*

GOLD ON THE HEARTH—Continued.

But where was Silas Marner while this strange visitor had come to his hearth? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. During the last few weeks, since he had lost his money, he had contracted the habit of opening the door and looking out from time to time, as if he thought that his money might be somehow coming back to him. Since the on-coming twilight, he had opened his door again and again. The last time he opened

it, the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it—but he did not close it: he was arrested, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven image, with wide, sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or evil that might enter there.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action that had been arrested, and closed his door unaware of the chasm in his consciousness. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out.

Turning toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart and sent forth only a red, uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fire-side chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away!

He felt his heart beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand to grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward, at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls.

In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft, yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for

a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings?

Was it a dream? Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. He had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life:—it stirred fibers that had never been moved in Raveloe—old quiverings of tenderness, old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life.

But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with “Mammy,” by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with, if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide, quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about; but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her, lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her.

But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face, as if the boots hurt

her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull, bachelor-mind that the wet boots were the grievance pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery, too.

But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow; and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered, and been brought into his house. Under the promptings of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door.

As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of "Mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow; and he followed their track to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him—that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze, and half-covered with the shaken snow.

GEORGE ELIOT—from "*Silas Marner*."

Spell and pronounce:—invisible, chasm, marvel, unawares, porridge, blurred, fibers, bachelor, posture, coin, primary, furze, suggested, chuckling, examine, and presiding.

Synonyms.—*mysteriously*—obscurely; secretly; occultly; darkly. *agitate*—move; excite; rouse. *conjecture*—surmise; idea; notion. *discern*—perceive; distinguish; discriminate.

LESSON XXIX.

ad vēnt'ūr oūs, *bold ; enter-
prising.*

fleet'est, *swiftest in motion.*

přet'ūr ěsque', *forming a pleas-
ing picture.*

mŭf'fled, *indistinct ; inaudible.*

A RACE FOR LIFE WITH A TIDE IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

The long winter passed. March blew down warm gales that thawed the ice; the snow melted away; in April the bare willow boughs reddened like flames; spring came early across the fields. It was "Good Friday." After church, Miss Yuler walked on an errand to the village beyond, and the day being balmy, took her way along the shore.

Miss Yuler had seldom followed this path, and, on this occasion, except to watch the picturesque tides of the Bay of Fundy, she had no fancy for looking over its stretches of color and foam. The tide was out; she walked rapidly, reached the village, and performed her errand.

It was about two hours past noon when Van Voorst came down-stairs. Looking into the drawing-room where his grandmother was sitting, he exclaimed: "Where is Miss Yuler? Has she got home?" "Not that I know of," was the reply. "Why, what is the matter?" "What time does the tide full?" "About four." "It wants a quarter. She'll be overtaken!" And he dashed out to the stable. Madame Van Voorst followed quickly. "What are you about?" she cried, as he flung the saddle on Fautour. "You are not going to cross the sands now? Van! Van! you will be drowned!"

He flung her off, sprang to the saddle, and was away like the wind. As is very well known, it is

impossible for any one to cross the head of the bay when the roar of the distant tide has once been heard: the rushing tide overtakes the adventurous runner, and the fleetest horse cannot escape its speed. As Van's Fautour leaped down the rocks to the sand and began a hard gallop along the edge, a whisper like the rustle of wind in the pine-tops shivered through the air. Van's eyes grew fiercer: he pressed the spurs into the horse's sides and flew forward.

The whisper crept hoarsely on his ear; it became voluminous; it gathered and swept its swift sighs and swelled and broke into a low roar. Still Van bounded on; he stood in the stirrup and strained his sight along the shore; the wind of the advancing tide blew in his uncovered hair. Suddenly, at a third of the distance across, Fautour stood still.

Miss Yuler was standing quietly before him on the beach, her bonnet in her hand. She appeared to have been running, but must now have been motionless for several minutes. She had found it useless to make any further effort, and had abandoned the idea of life. On her face shone the awful pallor of those who confront death and await his approach.

She saw Van; the color rushed up again into her cheek and lip. He gave his foot for a step without a word, seized her hands, lifted her before him, turned the horse about with a savage rapidity, and flew back. Neither spoke. It was now a race for life. On, spear's length by spear's length, bounded the horse; on, rushing and seething, chased the tide. Its chill breath stole across them; its damp swathed them; white wreaths of mist curled over

their heads. On the right, the banks and crags seemed awaiting its flood. On the left, a narrow line of low waves crept on, peering into the bay, and tossing their snowy crests like troops of wild horses.

Fautour felt the danger and did not need the spur: with his double burden he doubled his strides. On they raced. The dull and muffled tone of the sea broke full and sonorous. The separate hiss and splash became distinct. Scenting their prey, the waves came leaping in, three feet at a time, receding and foaming, and eddying up again. Off from the trembling sand to the rocks sprang Fautour. Up he clambered from steep to steep. One moment more, and they must have perished. The tide was full.

Spell and pronounce:—thawed, exclaimed, gallop, perished, fiercer, errand, runner, stirrup, pallor, rapidity, doubled, separate, scenting, peering, sonorous, and clambered.

Bay of Fundy, a long, narrow arm of the sea that stretches up between the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It is noted for its high tides, the waters sometimes rising to a height of sixty feet.

LESSON XXX.

fī'er y, *resembling fire*.
tīnge, *slight color*.

pāl'lor, *paleness*.
hūr'ly, *confusion*.

FARRAGUT'S BAY FIGHT.

How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip!
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship!

And how the enemy's shell
Came crashing, heavy and oft,
Clouds of splinters flying aloft
And falling in oaken showers;—
But ah, the pluck of the crew!
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
You had seen what men may do.

Never a nerve that failed,
Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor;—
There was bold Kentucky's grit,
And the old Virginian valor,
And the daring Yankee wit.

There were blue eyes from turfy Shannon,
There were black orbs from palmy Niger,—
But there, alongside the cannon,
Each man fought like a tiger.

Right abreast of the fort
In an awful shroud they lay,
Broadsides thundering away,
And lightning from every port;
Scene of glory and dread!
A storm-cloud all aglow
With flashes of fiery red,
The thunder raging below,
And the forest of flags o'erhead.

So grand the hurly and roar,
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
The regiments fighting ashore
Forgot to fire as they gazed.

Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
 Worth all the weary time,
 Worth the woe and the peril,
 To stand in that strait sublime.

BROWNELL.

Henry Howard Brownell (1820—1872) was the intimate friend and private secretary of Admiral Farragut during the war. Having been with Farragut in that famous fight in Mobile Bay, the above poem gave the title to a volume of War Lyrics afterward published. He was gifted as a poet; but of his fame, a brother poet, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, touchingly wrote:—

“They never crowned him, never knew his worth,
 But let him go unlaureled to the grave.”

LESSON XXXI.

äg'o nized, <i>suffered great pain.</i>	in dīs'pu ta ble, <i>too evident to</i>
sŭm'moned, <i>called; notified.</i>	<i>be denied.</i>
çhāise, <i>a two-wheeled carriage</i>	děp'ŭ ty, <i>an assistant.</i>
<i>with a top.</i>	sleek, <i>smooth; glossy.</i>
In'ter pōsed', <i>interrupted; in-</i>	ĭm pět'ŭ ōs'i ty, <i>rushing for-</i>
<i>truded.</i>	<i>ward with great speed.</i>

MR. WINKLE'S RIDE.

“Now, about Manor Farm,” said Mr. Pickwick.
 “How shall we go?”

“We had better consult the waiter, perhaps,”
 said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned
 accordingly.

“Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentle-
 men—cross-road—post-chaise, sir?”

“Post-chaise won't hold more than two,” said
 Mr. Pickwick.

“True, sir—beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-
 wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in

front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir,—that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir!" suggested the waiter, looking toward Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle-horses, sir—any of Mr. Warde's men coming to Rochester bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

"Certainly. I should enjoy it of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. A hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir? He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbons." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo-o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo-o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head hostler, encouragingly; "jist kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that all was wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler,—“Hold him in, sir,” and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in a most mysterious manner—side first, with his head toward one side of the way, and his tail toward the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, which displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly, every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, then, rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this maneuver for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

“Woo!” said that gentleman; “I have dropped my whip.”

“Winkle,” said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his eyes, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, “pick up the whip, there’s a good fellow.” Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and, grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now, whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than the horse slipped them over his head, and darted backward to their full length.

“Poor fellow,” said Mr. Winkle, soothingly—“poor fellow—good old horse.” The “poor fellow” was proof against flattery; the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from each other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity; he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing toward him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and a kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

CHARLES DICKENS.

LESSON XXXII.

măn'i fôld, <i>many ; numerous.</i>	quăff, <i>to drink freely.</i>
eôn'sta ble, <i>an officer whose duty</i>	ru' bi eund, <i>red.</i>
<i>it is to preserve the peace.</i>	fěr'ule (il), <i>a flat piece of wood.</i>
sũl'try, <i>very hot and close, as air.</i>	tũr'bid, <i>muddy ; not clear.</i>

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

Noon by the north clock! noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a rough time of it! And among all the public characters chosen at the March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed upon the Town Pump?

The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has.

I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health.

As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post.

Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and to keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice, "Here it is, gentlemen! here is the good liquor! Walk up—walk up, gentlemen! walk up! walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price. Here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen! walk up, and help yourselves!"

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come! A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat! You, my friend, will

need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish! Drink, and make room for that other fellow who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations—which he drained from no cup of mine.

Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye, and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

Who next?—Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child! put down the cup, and yield your place to this

elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir! no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant tintillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump.

This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences.

In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept the whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch-bark.

Governor Winthrop drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-

place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made.

On Sabbath-days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast its waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets.

In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and, when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you, with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed!

The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

LESSON XXXIII.

fleet'ing, *not durable.*

il lū'sion, *an unreal image.*

de çëit'ful, *trickish.*

wan'der ers, *those who ramble.*

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,

For man's illusion given;

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—

There is nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,

As fading hues of even;

And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,

Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—

There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!

From wave to wave we're driven,

And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,

Serve but to light the troubled way—

There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOMAS MOORE.

LESSON XXXIV.

plăṣ'id, *calm ; quiet.*

trib'ū tā rŷ, *a smaller stream
flowing into a larger.*

spāwn, *eggs of fish.*

teem, *to abound ; to be full.*

eār nŷ'o roŷs, *flesh eating.*

ŷim'me mō'ri al, *beyond mem-
ory.*

de tăch'ments, *separate bodies
of men.*

THE SALMON OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

The salmon is the characteristic fish of the North Pacific Ocean. In all fresh water which communicates with the sea, from California to Alaska, it is found in countless millions.

About the month of April the salmon begin to enter the great Columbia River and its tributaries in such numbers that the water fairly boils with them. Within a fortnight they are so dense that they crowd each other ashore, and hundreds die from exhaustion.

Carnivorous birds and quadrupeds feed on their bodies for four or five months together ; but it is only a fraction of the throng wrecked on the beach for a distance of hundreds of miles, that is in this way consumed.

The finest specimen of salmon, and the first to arrive in April, is the "spring silver salmon." This species enters the rivers in vast multitudes, and keeps pouring in for three or four months without much apparent diminution in numbers.

The larger and older fish are at the head of each school, and lead their teeming hosts over endless obstacles, until they finally reach the ground where they are to deposit their spawn. When water-falls oppose their progress, few sights are more interesting than to see scores of them hurling them-

selves into the air at the same time, in their efforts to surmount the obstacle; then falling back with a loud thud into their native element, only to renew their efforts, if the numerous shocks and collisions have not killed them.

Salmon always escape currents if possible, and the Indians of the north-west avail themselves of this peculiarity to lead them to their destruction. They build small walls of stone a few inches in height, and extending ten feet or more into the stream at several points along the shore.

This breaks the force of the current, and produces "dead water" for some distance below it. The fish during their upward course follow the line of obstruction, desiring to keep in the placid water; and there the Indians capture them in thousands, either by spearing them or by using nets.

So dense are the salmon in some places that the dusky fishermen merely put their paddles into the water, and with a sudden jerk hurl three or four at a time on the banks. The number of salmon destroyed in a year by the red men may be inferred from the fact, that all the tribes along the Columbia and its tributaries, for over a distance of four hundred miles, live almost exclusively on salmon, and have done so from time immemorial.

The fishing season lasts from early in April until the beginning of August. During that time the Columbia River presents a scene of ceaseless activity. Fisheries are stationed along its shores for a distance of nearly one hundred miles, and they are always the center of a fleet of boats, engaged either in discharging their cargo, or preparing for the fishing grounds.

The usual mode of fishing is to place the net

in the stern of the boat, one of the ropes attached to it being left with a man on shore. The boat is then pulled out into the river, paying out the net all the way until the current is reached, when it is swung round in a semicircular fashion and the boat returns again to the shore. The net is then carefully pulled in and emptied of its contents.

When a boat discharges its finny cargo at a fishery, detachments of experts stand ready to attend to it. The fish are first counted and sorted, then handed over to the cutters, who chop off their heads with the greatest dexterity by means of large knives worked by a lever; another set cuts open the fish and clips off the tails; a third attends to the washing of the fish, and cutting them into pieces, while a fourth is engaged in cooking them and packing them into cans.

To prepare the salmon for market, a piece weighing one or two pounds is put into a can, and to this some spices are added. The can is then covered, but a small hole is left in the top to allow the air to escape. It is next put into a boiler filled with boiling salt water, then into a boiler of hot fresh water, and when the fish is so thoroughly cooked that it is deemed fit to stand any climate, the can is soldered air-tight, and is now ready for market.

The amount of salmon prepared for shipment along the Columbia River alone, reaches annually about fifteen million pounds, and is valued at more than \$2,500,000.

Spell and pronounce:—deposit, expert, diminution, salmon, destruction, inferred, fisheries, soldered, collision, weighing, obstruction, specimen, species, exhaustion, quadruped, and Columbia.

Synonyms.—*apparent*—visible; distinct; plain; obvious; clear; certain; manifest; indubitable; notorious. *expert*—adroit; dexterous; skillful; ready; prompt. *current*—stream; course. *dexterity*—skill; adroitness; activity; expertness; art; ability; address; tact; cleverness; facility; aptness; aptitude; faculty. *diminution*—decrease; lessening; abatement; deduction; diminishing.

Where are Alaska and California? Find the Columbia River on a map and trace its course. How may a salmon be distinguished from other fish?

LESSON XXXV.

mū'ti nŷ, *rebellion*.
im pôrt'ū nate, *very urgent*.
lāve, *bathe; wash*.
seru'ti nŷ, *careful search*.

çĕrē'ment, *a cloth enfolding the
dead when embalmed*.
ău'burn, *reddish brown*.
eôn'tu me lŷ, *proud contempt*.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly;
Loving, not loathing.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,

Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly;
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast;
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

Spell and pronounce:—pitiful, spurred, meekness, fashioned, stiffen, brink, staring, charity, estranged, rashly, clammy, behavior, oozing, Saviour, eminence, and decently.

Synonyms. — *dissolute*—licentious; lewd; rakish; debauched; uncurbed; wanton; luxurious; wild; vicious; lax; disorderly. *charity*—love; benevolence; good-will; affection; tenderness; liberality; indulgence; alms-giving.

Thomas Hood (1798—1845) was the son of a London publisher. Although noted as a humorist, there is, even in his most fantastic pieces, a vein of genuine pathos. The three most famous of his serious poems are "*The Bridge of Sighs*," "*The Song of the Shirt*," and "*The Dream of Eugene Aram*." Among his humorous publications are:—"Miss Killmansegg and Her Wooden Leg," "*Whims and Oddities*," "*The Comic Annual*," and "*Hood's Comic Album*;" in these, the skill with which he plays upon words amounts almost to audacity.



LESSON XXXVI.

a mĕn'i ties, agreeable qualities.	ġĕn'ius, great talent.
buġ fōōn', a clown.	ū'ni vērs'al, general; total.

THOMAS HOOD.

Let us be grateful to those beneficent authors who, in their works, have taught us to be cheerful—men who have written "*Pickwick Papers*," and "*Punch Papers*," and "*Sparrowgrass Papers*," and all other kinds of papers, to make us laugh and be happy together. "To everything there is a season," says the best of books; and I am very glad "a time to laugh" is especially enumerated among those seasons.

But there is a kind of humor abroad in the world, which is to be avoided everywhere. Indelicacy is never funny. Vulgarity is always out of place. The man who implants in my memory a

coarse story, or a broad jest, does me an injury for life, and is forever odious in my recollection.

I thank no one for trying to make me laugh at the expense of decency. Who would not like to go out of the world as Hood did, feeling sure that he had never given pain to any one's sense of refinement, but that he had added smiles, not tears, to human life?

Thomas Hood's unsullied pages are as nutritious and comforting as they are amusing. When you have a rebellious tooth, or a wicked headache, or an extra screw of rheumatism, or a stab in the back by a false friend, overhaul your "Tom Hood," and, my word for it, you will feel better for the operation. One day I heard this order given from a sick bed: "Bring me a bowl of gruel, and the second volume of 'Hood's Own';" and it sounded most sensible and encouraging. I once asked a friend, who had long and dangerous illnesses, what he took when the spasms were severest; and he replied, "'Pickwick Papers' and 'Pagsley Papers' mixed."

Blessings, I say, on all who have contributed to the harmless laughter and simple amusement of mankind; who have aided and abetted in the cause of human love and charity,—the "week-day preachers," as Thackeray calls them, who have done what they could to help a universal good-will to man.

How to make people happier is one of the noblest employments of man or woman kind; how to be generous and forgiving to human frailty; how to be helpful to the poor; how to encourage the weak and suffering; how to be neighborly and considerate toward young persons, and very tenderly disposed toward the feelings of little children,

who have a difficult time of it, poor things! for lack of sympathy, and are shoveled off to bed at eight o'clock, while everybody else is having a good time down-stairs.

Now, all these amenities of life Tom Hood came on a special mission to teach us in his cheerful pages. He was a wit, a humorist, a satirist, but never a buffoon. Great artists in fun, like Shakespeare, and Dickens, and Hood, are always masters of the revels, but are never mastered by them.

Ill health followed poor Hood through his whole career. Longfellow, who called to see him one day in 1843, with Dickens, described the poet to me as a small, thin man, looking very pale and worn, not saying much himself, but listening to Dickens with evident affection and interest. A perfectly-well day Hood never experienced for twenty-five years; but his good spirits never deserted him, and his most humorous productions were composed when disease was preying most severely upon him. When the doctor told him that many of his pains came from the fact, that, anatomically, his heart was placed lower down than is usual, he replied: "The more need for me to keep it up, then."

One day, he said to his wife, "Never let us meet trouble half-way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains."

His energy and good spirits triumphed always over all oppositions to health and personal comfort. His famous poem of "Miss Killmansegg" was written under the most adverse circumstances, when he was suffering from weakness occasioned by loss of blood, and when he was kept alive only by the doctor's utmost skill.

In one of his prefaces, written after a long and severe illness, Hood tells his readers, "As to my health, which is the weather of the body, it hails, it rains, it blows, it snows, at present; but it may clear up by and by. Things may take a turn, as the pig said on the spit." His fortitude and fun under trouble never deserted him. He never repined or uttered a complaint.

When they were getting up a subscription in London for his monument, some of the most distinguished names in England were prominent on the list; but to my thinking, those small sums that came up from the working-people of Manchester and Bristol and Preston, far outweighed the piles of guineas poured out by the great ones.

Some of those little packages that were sent in from the working districts, were marked, "From a few poor needle-women;" "From seven dressmakers;" "From twelve poor men in the coal-mines." The rich gave of their abundance, to honor the wit; the Englishmen of genius, the great author; but the poor women of Britain remembered who it was that sang the "Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs"; and, down there in their dark dens of sorrow and poverty, they resolved to send up their mite, though coined out of heart's blood, for the good man's monument.

They had heard all about their dying friend, who had been pleading their cause through so many years. They knew that he had been sending out of his sick-chamber lessons of charity and forbearance; reminding Wealth of Want, Feasting of Fasting, and Society of Solitude and Despair.

Hood's breath of life—so fitful for years—went out at last without a struggle or a sigh. The month

of May was always an eventful month to him. He was born in May, married in May, and was laid to rest under the pink and white blossoms of May.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

Spell and pronounce:—Thackeray, gruel, unsullied, guinea, nutritious, beneficent, neighborly, rheumatism, enumerate, repined, overhaul, vulgarity, indelicacy, decency, solitude, and society.

Synonyms.—*odious*—hateful; detestable; abominable; disgusting; loathsome; invidious; repulsive; forbidding; unpopular. *abetted*—aided; assisted; supported; encouraged; sustained; connived at. *fortitude*—courage; resolution; endurance; bravery. *frailty*—frailness; infirmity; imperfection; failing; foible.



LESSON XXXVII.

bal'drie, a richly ornamented belt worn over one shoulder, across the breast, and under the opposite arm.	här'bin ġer, a forerunner. ea reer'ing, moving or running rapidly. [heaven. wěl'kin, the sky; the vault of
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THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light.
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven

When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven!
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke;
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,—
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,—
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And, when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,

And cowering foes shall fall beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,

When Death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back,
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to Heaven and thee;
 And smile to see thy splendors fly,
 In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to Valor given!
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in Heaven!
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?*

J. R. DRAKE.

EXERCISE IN FIGURES OF SPEECH.

Select the passages in which you find the figure of *personification*, name the thing personified, and describe the attributes and actions with which it is represented. Recite the instances of *apostrophe*, and name the objects addressed. To what figures of speech belong the following:

"That lovely messenger of death."

"And gory sabers rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall."

"And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war."

"The harbingers of victory."

* The last four lines were written by Halleck.

LESSON XXXVIII.

vět'er an, *one who has been long
in service.*

phăn'tom, *a specter ; a ghost.*

im'po tent, *wanting strength or
vigor.*

rěv'er ençe, *solemn respect.*

DEATH OF LONG TOM COFFIN.

Lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest. "God's will be done with me," he cried; "I saw the first timber of the 'Ariel' laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer." But his shipmates were far beyond the sounds of his voice before these words were half uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more, its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks.

The coxswain, Tom, still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves; some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable, the commander whom Tom had forced into the boat, issue from the surf, where one by one, several seamen appeared also, dripping and exhausted.

Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the coxswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood, in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene; but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly to his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

"When the tide falls," he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, "we shall be able to walk to land."

"There was One and only One to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck," returned the coxswain; "and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands." The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added, with reverence: "Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest."

"Do you still think there is much danger?" asked Dillon.

"To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?"

"'Tis the wind driving by the vessel!"

"'Tis the poor thing herself," said the affected

coxswain, "giving her last groans. The water is breaking upon her decks, and in a few minutes more the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her in framing!"

"Why, then, did you remain here?" cried Dillon, wildly.

"To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God," returned Tom. "These waves are to me what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they shall be my grave."

"But—I—I," shrieked Dillon, "I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!"

"Poor wretch!" muttered his companion, "you must go like the rest of us; when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster."

"I can swim," Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. "Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?"

"None; everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If you are about to strive for your life, take with you a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God."

"God!" echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy. "I know no God; there is no God that knows me!"

"Peace!" said the deep tones of the coxswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; "blasphemer, peace!"

The heavy groaning, produced by the water in the timbers of the "Ariel," at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea. The water, thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach, was necessarily returned to the ocean in eddies,

in different places favorable to such an action of the element.

Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the "under-tow," Dillon had unknowingly thrown his person; and, when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome.

He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands:—

"Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! Sheer to the southward!"

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned toward the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon.

Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look of despair he encount-

ered; and when, a moment afterward, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation.

"He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!" murmured the coxswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the "Ariel" yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept toward the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted coxswain among the ruins.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Spell and pronounce:—vestige, trough (trawf), blasphemer, interval, visible, inured, bowsprit, tolerable, participation, allotted, probation, occupant, coxswain, adjoining, and curdled.

Synonyms. — *vestiges*—traces; marks; signs; tokens; remains. *universal*—general; all; whole; total. *reluctant*—averse; unwilling; loth; disinclined; backward; coy. *reverence*—awe; honor; veneration; adoration.

James Fenimore Cooper (1789—1851) has been called "The Walter Scott of America," his tales of pioneer life having thrown over American scenery a charm hardly inferior to that wrought over Scotland by its great necromancer. Cooper was equally successful in depicting sea-life. His novels, therefore, consist of two classes:—those descriptive of American scenes, manners, customs, and ideas, of which "*The Spy*," "*The Pioneer*," and "*The Last of the Mohicans*" are notable examples; and sea-stories,—the most noted of which are "*The Pilot*" and "*The Rover*." Cooper was the first American novelist that received general recognition in Europe. He "describes to the eye," his scenes standing out before the mind with absolute distinctness.

"For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude."

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

LESSON XXXIX.

e elipsed', *thrown into the shade.*

lŭll'a bĭeş, *songs to quiet babes.*

eon fŭ'şion, *shame.*

vā'ri e ġāt'ed, *diversified.*

ăn'çes torş, *forefathers.*

măn' ŭ făet' ŭre, *to make from
raw materials.*

tŏm'a hăwk, *an Indian war
hatchet.*

ġrăt' i tŭde, *thankfulness.*

BENJAMIN WEST.

Benjamin West was born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, in the year 1738. Some of his ancestors had won great renown in the old wars of England and France. But their fame was destined to be eclipsed by his, since he has gained a more lasting name in the world of art than they did on the field of battle.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand, and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe that lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved his fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they came near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

It was indeed a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet, as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!" Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had heard but little of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what have you been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face. At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face, and putting it on a sheet of paper.

However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and great joy.

"Bless me!" she cried; "it is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms around our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature.

For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal-flowers of early autumn.

In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk on barn doors or on the floor.

In those old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces.

His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he now had three colors—red, blue, and yellow—and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

Spell and pronounce:—ancestors, England, France, seventh, asleep, buzzing, gazing, personage, slumbered, seized, hastily, lullabies, performances, and indigo.

Give the synonyms for renown, destined, eclipsed, ripe age, distant, peacefully, blissful, vanishes, invented, observing, insisted, and hues.

Explain:—"world of art," "field of battle," "marks of confusion in his face," "wigwams of their ancestors."

LESSON XL.

in ġēn'ioŭs, *skillful to invent.*
re spēet'a ble, *worthy of re-*
spect.

rue'ful, *mournful.*

ôr'di na ry, *common.*

ġiv'il ly, *politely.*

ma tē'ri alſ, *the substances of*
which things are made.

děx'ter ous, *skillful; handy.*

en vėl'oped, *surrounded as a*
covering.

ex hīb'it ed, *showed; displayed.*

BENJAMIN WEST—Continued.

All this time the young artist had no paint-brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself.

With this design, he laid hold upon—what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, which was sleeping quietly by the fireside. “Puss,” said little Ben to the cat, “pray give me some of the fur from the tip of your tail?”

Though Ben addressed the black cat so civilly, yet he was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush.

This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing! she was forced to creep close to the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful look. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that puss should be warm.

About this period Ben's father received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was an old and esteemed friend of the West family. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs and of birds of beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the house of an ordinary farmer.

"Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed you to cover your walls with all these pictures? Where did you get them?" Then Ben's father explained that all these pictures were painted by his little son, with no better materials than red and yellow ocher and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

"Indeed," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy has a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as childish; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter; and Providence is wiser than we are." The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently considered him a wonderful boy.

When his parents saw how much their son's performances were admired, they could not help being proud of him; and they began to hope that some day he might have an opportunity to cultivate the genius which he displayed at so early an age.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed to our little friend Ben. "What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped it, behold, there was a paint-box with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were, likewise, several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening this was for the little artist! At bed-time he put the paint-box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness. In the morning, he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner-hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again.

The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until, at last, his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She, accordingly, followed him to the garret.

On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes, was our friend Benjamin giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow looking as natural as life.

"My dear child, you have done wonders!" cried his mother. The good lady was in an ecstasy of

delight. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of. Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

Spell and mark the pronunciation of civilly, scissors, received, dexterously, comfortable, visitor, ornamented, opportunity, merchant, ocher, cultivate, canvas, *cavass*, landscapes, garret, and accordingly.

LESSON XLI.

per plēx'i tŷ, *an uncertain state
of mind; doubt.*

kīn'dred, *relatives by blood.*

dis eūssed', *examined by argu-
ment.*

sim plīç'i ty, *artlessness.*

īn'çi dent, *circumstance; event.*

a bīl'i ties, *talents.*

fāme, *renown.*

æ quīred', *gained; earned.*

BENJAMIN WEST—Continued.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about their son.

According to their ideas, it was not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures?

This was a difficult question; and in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult their kindred and their most intimate neighbors. Accordingly, they all assembled with their friends and neighbors, and discussed the matter in all its aspects.

Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that every one resolved not to oppose his wishes. They even acknowledged that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind, and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse.

They, therefore, committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that He best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go forth into the world, and learn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good people of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors; he left all the places and persons that he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, and afterward to Europe. Here he was noticed by many great people, but he retained all the sobriety and simplicity which he had learned in childhood.

When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III., and president of the Royal Academy of Arts.

When the people of Pennsylvania heard of his

success, they felt that the early hopes of his parents as to little Ben's future eminence were now accomplished. It is true they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the death of Wolfe, thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

But they approved of the great paintings in which he represented the miracles and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. He was afterward employed to adorn a large and beautiful chapel near London with pictures of these sacred subjects.

He likewise painted a magnificent picture of "Our Lord Healing the Sick," which he gave to the hospital at Philadelphia. It was exhibited to the public, and produced so much profit, that the hospital was enlarged so as to accommodate thirty more patients.

If Benjamin West had done no other good than this, yet it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever. At this very day there are thirty poor people in the hospital, who owe all their comforts to that same picture.

We shall mention only a single incident more. The picture of "Our Lord Healing the Sick" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a multitude of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger

transformations than that of a little unknown farmer's boy, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities, as Benjamin West did; and, with the blessing of God, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame, it matters but little whether we acquire it or not.

HAWTHORNE.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject: BENJAMIN WEST.

1. Where was he born? When?
2. What occupation did his father follow?
3. How old was Ben when his mother used him as nurse?
4. Tell how he first showed his talent.
5. Was his mother pleased?
6. What did he use for paints and brushes?
7. Whose visit aided Ben? How?
8. Why did not the parents consent readily to his becoming a painter?
9. Where did Ben finally go to develop his taste and talent?
10. With what success did he meet?
11. What was Ben's first drawing?
12. Name some of his last and most famous pictures.
13. Draw a lesson from his life.

LESSON XLII.

bāne, *ruin.*

pār'ent āge, *extraction.*

fāin, *gladly; disposed.*

dēs'ti tūte, *in want; needy.*

MONEY.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,

Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and
fine?

I know thy parentage is base and low:

Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didst so little contribute

To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:

Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transfer'd our right.
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert, an English poet, was born in Montgomery Castle, Wales, in 1593. He was educated at Trinity College, where he made the acquaintance of Lord Bacon. He died in 1632. After his death, his principal poetical work, "*The Temple, or Sacred Poems*," was published. He owes his popularity to Izaak Walton, who wrote his life.

LESSON XLIII.

spā'ciōus, *vast in extent.*

ethē'real, *celestial; exceedingly*
light or airy.

ter rēs'tri al, *pertaining to the*
earth.

rā'di ant, *emitting rays of light.*

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison was born at Milston, England, in 1672. He was educated at the University of Oxford, where he became acquainted with Dryden. In 1699, he received a pension of £200 a year, and then he commenced to travel. His fame is inseparably associated with the "*Spectator*," a periodical of short life. Addison's writings cover a great variety of subjects, and the witty and pleasant manner in which he treated them has a fascination for the reader of to-day. No one who reads carefully the admirably written essays of Addison, can fail to attain a purer diction. His style is familiar, pleasing, elegant, humorous, and moral. He died in 1719.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

PSALMS XIX., 1, 2.



LESSON XLIV.

erŷpt, *a subterranean vault or cell used for burial.*

ěp'i thět, *an adjective expressing some quality or relation.*

frēs'coes, *paintings on walls; the colors unite with the lime and are thus made durable.*

lăb'y rinth, *an edifice, or place formed of winding passages, difficult to traverse.*

ěx'e eũ'tion er, *one who inflicts capital punishment, death.*

rěs'ur rée'tion, *the rising again from the dead.*

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

This morning we drove in an open barouche along the Appian Way to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. The view was superb, and the air delicious. We drove on as far as the great round tomb of Cecilia Metella, which Byron has thus described :

“There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone.

* * * * *

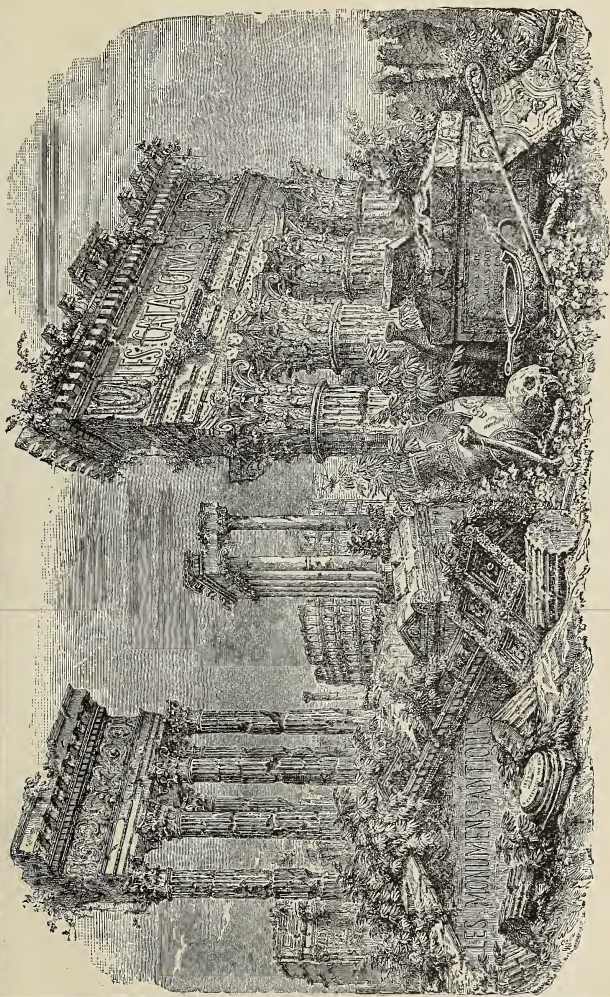
What was this tower of strength? Within its cave,
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—A woman's grave.
But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tombed in a palace?

* * * * *

Thus much we know,—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife. Behold his love or pride!”

After inspecting the great tomb, we turned again toward Rome, and the carriage paused before a gateway. We descended a steep flight of steps, and found ourselves in the first story of the Cemetery of St. Calixtus; for these subterranean labyrinths descend continually, and double upon themselves. There are sometimes three or four strata of the long galleries, lined on each side with tombs cut in the rock like berths in a steamer.

The passages are generally narrow, so that we



THE CATACOMBS.

walked in single file, each carrying in his hand a lighted candle, and following an old man with a torch. We saw the small earthenware lamps which the Christians used. We entered first the Crypt of Lucina. This Lucina is supposed to be the Christian name of Pomponia Græcina, the wife of Plautus, a noble Roman lady of whom Tacitus wrote: "She was accused of having embraced the rites of a foreign superstition, and though, after investigation, pronounced innocent, she lived to a great age in continued sadness."

Next, we visited the Papal Crypt, where all the early bishops of the Church were buried, and traced the scribblings on the wall. These notes by the wayside were made by visitors at the beginning of the Christian Era. Some were only names; but one individual had come in search of the tomb of a certain Sofronia, and, at the very entrance, he had written in Latin, "Sofronia, mayest thou live with thine own!" All along the passage this was repeated, a prayer for the soul of the departed; but, as he walked, the faith of the pilgrim grew stronger, and on the very tomb he scratched the triumphant realization: "Dear Sofronia, thou wilt ever live in God!"

This joyful confidence of the Christians has been contrasted with the gloom of the Pagan epitaphs. The Pagan epitaphs could only compliment the departed by enumerating his graces and accomplishments; while the earlier Christian inscriptions are characterized by a stern simplicity, and only later appear endearing epithets. The word "Martyr," inscribed after the name, was considered a crown of glory beyond all eulogy.

The tombs, or cells, are hollowed in tiers, one

above another, usually three or four, and sometimes as many as eight, between the floor and ceiling. At intervals, the passages widen into chapels and rooms. It was here that the hunted Christians met for worship; these chambers are, many of them, decorated with attempts at carving and rude frescoes.

In the Catacomb of St. Agnes, there are pictures from Bible stories,—Jonah sleeping beneath his bower of gourds, and other scenes from the Old Testament; but the favorite design, often repeated, is that of Christ as a shepherd:

“And in the Catacombs,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head mid ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd’s hasty image drew,
And, on his shoulders,—not a lamb—a kid.”

We noticed the firm belief in the resurrection implied by the inscriptions: the bodies are “deposited,” not buried. Sometimes, a coin was pressed into the mortar which sealed the tomb, as a means of recognition, and occasionally this was the only marking of the spot. There are places where the coin has dropped away, or has been stolen, leaving its impression in the mortar.

Robert Browning has expressed best the spirit of the Catacombs in one of its epitaphs, which he has thrown into his grand verse:

“I was born sickly, poor, and mean,
A slave; no misery could screen
The holders of the ‘pearl of price’
From Cæsar’s envy; therefore twice
I fought with beasts, and three times saw
My children suffer by his law.
At last, my own release was earned;
I was some time in being burned:

But, at the close, a Hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
Sergius, a brother, writes for me
This testimony on the wall.
For me—I have forgot it all.”

We drove back to Rome, still on the Appian Way, past a little church, of which the legend is a pretty one,—how Peter, fleeing from Rome to escape the persecution of Nero, met the Lord Jesus at this spot, and asked, in awe-struck surprise, “Lord, whither goest thou?” “To Rome,” replied the vision, “to suffer again, since my followers flee from martyrdom.” Stung by the rebuke, Peter turned about and joyfully confessed Christ by his death.

We visited the Mamertine Prison, where, it is said, both Peter and Paul were confined, and where hundreds of other Christians awaited their death-sentence. It is a terrible dungeon, in two stories. Prisoners were let down into it by ropes. In the lower cell, they were strangled; and we saw here a walled-up door-way communicating with a secret passage by which the executioners came. In the upper cell, is an altar with roughly-carved busts of St. Peter and St. Paul.

I never saw a more gloomy prison; and yet, it was possibly here that Paul wrote the Second Epistle to Timothy,—that loving farewell to his dear friend. I have read it through to-night, every line illumined with new light. Did the jailer allow him a torch and writing material? or was it dictated to the faithful Luke, and by him written from memory?

How his great heart yearned for his friend! “Do thy diligence to come shortly to me!” And

how glorious is the declaration which he makes in the face of death!—"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Adapted from "Three Vassar Girls in Italy."

Spell and pronounce:—cemetery, subterranean, earthenware, galleries, berths, enumerating, simplicity, inscribed, ceiling, fiers, gourds, shepherd, ignominy, mortar, screen, Cæsar's, altar, dungeon, and jailer.

Synonyms.—*labyrinth*—maze; confusion; intricacy; windings. *yearn*—to long; desire. *imply*—involve; include; comprise; import; mean; denote; signify. *rebuke*—reproof; reproach; reprimand; chastisement; punishment; rebuff.

SUGGESTIONS FOR COMPOSITION WORK.

Subject: BURIAL PLACES.

1. Describe ancient, historic, burial places, and discuss their supposed origin, date, and purpose.—The Catacombs of Rome, Egypt, and Paris; the Pyramids of Egypt and Alaska; the celebrated tombs of India and China; the great cemeteries of the modern civilized world.

2. Locate and describe the last resting places of some of the world's great men and women:—Columbus; Napoleon; Washington; Lincoln; Grant; Longfellow; Irving; Hawthorne; Shakespeare; Goethe; Mrs. Browning; George Eliot; Alice and Phoebe Cary.

3. If there is some modest little "church-yard" familiar to you by associations, tender and near, describe it, mingling with your description much of *your* thought and feeling. (Read Gray's "Elegy.")



LESSON XLV.

eal eā're oūs, *containing carbonate of lime.*

sī lī'çious, *containing silica.*

a mōr'phoūs, *irregular in form; without crystals.*

ġlōb'ū lar, *globe-shaped.*

spěç'i menş, *parts or portions of substances.*

sta lăe'tites, *a pendant of carbonate of lime, like an icicle.*

sta lăġ'mītes, *a deposit of calcareous matter.*

A PIECE OF CHALK.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the globe, which has precisely the same general character, and is found in detached patches, some less and others more extensive than the English.

Chalk occurs in North-west Ireland; it stretches over a large part of France; the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact, a continuation of that of the London basin, runs through Denmark and Central Europe, and extends southward to North Africa; while eastward, it appears in Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral in Central Asia.

If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about 3000 miles in long diameter, the area of which would be as great as that of Europe. What is this widespread component of the surface of the earth? and whence did it come?

If we burn chalk, the result is limestone. Chalk, in fact, is a compound of carbonic-acid gas and lime, and when it is made very hot the carbonic

acid flies away and the lime is left. By this method of procedure we see the lime, but we do not see the carbonic acid. If, on the other hand, we were to powder a little chalk, and drop it into strong vinegar, there would be a great bubbling and fizzing, and finally a clear liquid in which no sign of chalk would appear. Here we see the carbonic acid in the bubbles; the lime, dissolved in the vinegar, vanishes from sight.

There are a great many other ways of showing that chalk is essentially nothing but carbonic acid and quicklime. Chemists enunciate the result of all the experiments which prove this, by stating that chalk is almost wholly composed of "carbonate of lime."

Carbonate of lime is a widely spread substance, and is met with under various conditions.

All sorts of limestones are composed of more or less pure carbonate of lime. The crust which is often deposited by waters which have drained through limestone rocks, in the form of what are called stalactites and stalagmites, is carbonate of lime; or, to take a more familiar example, the fur on the inside of a tea-kettle is carbonate of lime.

To the unassisted eye, chalk looks simply like a very loose and open kind of stone. But it is possible to grind a slice of chalk down so thin that you can see through it—until it is thin enough, in fact, to be examined with any magnifying power that may be thought desirable.

When examined under a microscope, the general mass of it is seen to be made up of very minute granules; but imbedded in this matrix are innumerable bodies, some smaller and some larger, but, on a rough average, not more than a hundredth

of an inch in diameter, having a well-defined shape and structure. A cubic inch of some specimens of chalk may contain hundreds of thousands of these bodies, compacted together with incalculable millions of the granules.

The examination of a transparent slice gives a good notion of the manner in which the components of the chalk are arranged, and their relative proportions. But, by rubbing up some chalk with a brush in water, and then pouring off the milky fluid, so as to obtain sediments of different degrees of fineness, the granules and the minute rounded bodies may be separated from one another, and submitted to microscopic examination. Each of these rounded bodies may be proved to be a beautifully constructed calcareous fabric, made up of a number of chambers, communicating freely with one another.

The chambered bodies are of various forms. One of the commonest is like a badly-grown raspberry, being formed of a number of nearly globular chambers of different sizes congregated together. This rounded body is a globular shell, and some specimens of chalk consist of little else than shell and granules. What is the origin of these shells?

It is a strange circumstance that calcareous skeletons similar to the shells of the chalk are being formed at the present moment, by minute living creatures, which flourish in multitudes, literally more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore, over a large extent of that part of the earth's surface which is covered by the ocean.

The history of the discovery of these living animals, and of the part which they play in rock-building, is singular enough. It is a discovery

which, like others of no less scientific importance, has arisen, incidentally, out of work devoted to very different and exceedingly practical interests.

In 1853, Lieut. Brooke, of the American navy, obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic Ocean, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, by the help of an ingeniously constructed sounding apparatus. This mud was submitted to a microscopic examination, and it was discovered to be almost entirely composed of the skeletons of living organisms, the greater portion of them being just like those already known to occur in the chalk. Examined chemically, it proves to be composed chiefly of carbonate of lime. Thus this deep-sea mud is substantially chalk.

Shells of every size, from the smallest to the largest, are associated together in the Atlantic mud, and the chambers of many are filled with a soft animal matter. This soft substance is the remains of the creature to which the shell, or rather skeleton, owes its existence, and which is an animal of the simplest imaginable description. It is a mere particle of living jelly, without defined parts of any kind; without a mouth, nerves, muscles, or distinct organs; and only manifesting its vitality to ordinary observation by thrusting out and retracting, from all parts of its surface, long filamentous processes, which serve for arms and legs.

Yet this amorphous particle, devoid of everything which in the higher animals we call organs, is capable of feeding, growing, and multiplying; of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate which is dissolved in sea-water; and of building up that substance into a skeleton for

itself, according to a pattern which can be imitated by no other agency.

A small percentage of the chalky mud is of a different nature, and consists of shells and skeletons composed of silex or pure flint. These silicious bodies belong partly to lowly vegetable organisms, and partly to minute and extremely simple animals.

It is quite certain that these creatures do not live at the bottom of the ocean, but at its surface, where they may be obtained in prodigious numbers by the use of a properly constructed net. Hence, it follows that these silicious organisms, though they are not heavier than the lightest dust, must have fallen in some cases through 15,000 feet of water before they reached their final resting-place on the ocean floor.

Thus, not only is it certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea-bottom, but it is no less certain that the chalk-sea existed during an extremely long period; though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Spell and pronounce:—granules, globular, extremely, matrix, microscope, components, prodigious, incalculable, apparatus, fabric, enunciate, ingenious, circumscribed, occupied, cubic, formation, experiment, vinegar, carbonic, and acid.

“Who led mankind as little child
To Nature’s gospel undefiled,
Her rock, her sky, her wood, her field,
Where God in Nature stands revealed.”

LESSON XLVI.

mū'ti lāte, *to cripple; maim.*
 te nā'cioūs, *inclined to hold fast.*
 vī'tal, *necessary to life.*

īm'mi nent, *immediate; threat-*
 nau'se āte, *to sicken.* [ening.
 quāḍ'rū ped, *having four feet.*

THE CALIFORNIAN GRIZZLY.

The grizzly bear is the largest and most formidable of the quadrupeds of California. He grows to be four feet high and seven feet long, with a weight, when very large and fat, of two thousand pounds, being the largest of the carnivorous animals. He is much heavier than the lion or tiger ever get to be, but ordinarily, he does not exceed eight or nine hundred pounds in weight.

In color, the body is a light grayish-brown, dark brown about the ears and along the ridge of the back, and nearly black on the legs. The hair is long, coarse, and wiry, and stiff on the top of the neck and between the shoulders.

The "grizzly," as he is usually called, is more common in California than any other kind of bear, and was, at one time, exceedingly numerous for so large an animal; but he offered so much meat for the hunters, and did so much damage to the farmers, that he has been industriously hunted, and his numbers have been greatly reduced.

He ranges throughout the State, but prefers to make his home in the bushes; whereas the black bear likes the heavy timber. The grizzly is very tenacious of life, and he is seldom immediately killed by a single bullet. His thick, wiry hair, tough skin, heavy coats of fat, when in good condition, and large bones, go far to protect his vital



THE BEAR.

organs; but he often seems to preserve all his strength and activity for an hour or more after having been shot through the lungs and liver with large rifle balls.

He is one of the most dangerous animals to attack. There is much probability that, when shot, he will not be killed outright. When merely wounded, he is ferocious; his weight and strength are so great that he bears down all opposition before him; and he is very quick, his speed in running being nearly equal to that of the horse.

In attacking a man, he usually rises on his hind legs, strikes his enemy with one of his powerful fore-paws, and then commences to bite him. If the man lies still with his face down, the bear will usually content himself with biting him for awhile about the arms and legs, then go off a few steps; and after watching him a short time, will go away. But let the man move, and the bear is upon him again; let him fight, and he will be in imminent danger of being torn to pieces. About half a dozen men, on an average, are killed yearly in California by grizzly bears, and as many more are cruelly mutilated.

Fortunately, the grizzly bear is not disposed to attack man, and never makes the first assault, unless driven by hunger or maternal anxiety. The dam will attack any man who comes near her cubs, and on this account it is dangerous to go in the early summer afoot through bushes where bears make their home.

Usually a grizzly will get out of the way when he sees or hears a man, and sometimes, but rarely, will run when wounded. It is said that grizzlies, in seasons of scarcity, used to break into the huts

of Indians and eat them. No instance of this kind, however, has been reported for some years past.

The greater portion of the food of the grizzly is vegetable, such as grass, clover, berries, acorns, and roots. The service, salmon, and whortleberries, are all favorites with him. The roots which he eats are of many different species, and it was from him that we learned the existence of the California truffle, very similar to the European tuber of the same name.

The grizzly is very fond of fresh pork, at least, after he knows its taste, which he soon learns if swine come within his reach. The farmers, in those districts where bears are abundant, shut up their hogs every night in corrals, or pens, surrounded by very high fences, which the bears frequently tear down. After having killed a hog, if any part of the carcass is left, the grizzly will return at night and feast upon the remains until it becomes putrid. He prefers, however, the fresh pork, if it can be had.

Not unfrequently the grizzly discovers the carcasses of deer, elk, and antelope, killed by hunters, who have gone off for horses to carry their game home. In such cases, the hunter usually finds little left for him when he gets back.

They do not like climbing, and rarely attempt to ascend trees. The grizzly, though he often moves about, and feeds in the day, prefers the night; and almost invariably selects it as the time for approaching houses, as he often does, in search of food.

The cub is one of the most playful, good-humored, and amusing of animals. He will tumble somersaults, sit up on his haunches and box; and, in some of his pranks, will show a humor and intelligence scarcely inferior to that of very young

children. The grizzly may easily be tamed, and he becomes very fond of his master.

Adams, a Californian mountaineer and bear-hunter, trained several grizzlies so that they accompanied him in his hunting excursions, defended him against wild animals, and carried burdens for him.

The meat of the young grizzly resembles pork in texture and taste, exceeding it in juiciness and greasiness; but the meat of the old he-bear is extremely strong, and to delicate stomachs it is nauseating.

J. S. HITTELL.

Spell and pronounce:—carcass, greasiness, wiry, haunches, ferocious, texture, stomach, ordinarily, grizzly, somersault, invariably, and formidable.

Synonyms.—*assault*—attack; onset; onslaught; charge; invasion; incursion; storm. *excursion*—journey; tour; expedition; ramble; jaunt. *formidable*—dreadful; fearful; terrible; frightful; shocking; horrible; terrific; tremendous. *imminent*—threatening; impending; near. *probability*—likeliness; likelihood; chance; credibleness.

LESSON XLVII.

pre dīet'ed, *foretold*.
 gāle, *wind blowing at the rate of*
about fifty miles an hour.
 āp'pre hēn'sion, *alarm; dread*.
 te nāç'i ty, *firmness*.

en cōunt'ered, *confronted; op-*
 cōrd'age, *ropes*. [*posed*.]
 pre çēdes', *goes before*.
 trēp'i dā'tion, *a state of fear or*
terror.

A SHIP IN A STORM.

The calm which began about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, continued till about nine in the evening. The captain predicted that we should encounter a "gale" from the south-east.

The gale came on at about eleven o'clock; not

violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship.

It was still quite dark. Four of the sails were already in ribbons; the winds whistling through the cordage; the rain dashing furiously and in torrents; the noise and spray scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niagara.

And in the midst of all this, the captain with his speaking-trumpet, the officers and the sailors screaming to each other in efforts to be heard; this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of day, and with the fury of the hurricane, combined to form as much of the terribly sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

The passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of the danger, and how all this would terminate, were questions which rose in my own mind, although I was unconscious of fear or trepidation. But to such questions there are no answers, for this knowledge resides only with Him who "guides the storm and directs the whirlwind."

We had encountered, however, as yet, only the commencement of a gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by the darkness, and by the confusion.

It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and when it was impossible to walk the decks without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet, and arms with mysterious tenacity to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail.

On deck, the officers and men made themselves safe by ropes; but how the gallant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging, was equally a matter of wonder and admiration.

However, about seven o'clock they had taken in what canvas had not been blown away. At nine o'clock the hurricane had acquired its full force. There was no more work to be done.

The ship lay to, and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever disaster might occur. The breakfast hour came and passed, unheeded, though I found my appetite quite equal to the spare allowance of a fast day.

By this time, the sea was rolling up its hurricane waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray; and in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all around me, and in safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together.

Our ship rode out the whirlwind without damage and in triumph. True it is, she was made to whistle through her cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear, to tremble

and reel and stagger. Still, she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its very summit, until, as it rolled onward from beneath her, she descended gently on her pathway, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave.

At such a moment, it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire, the majesty of God in the winds and waves or His goodness and wisdom in enabling His creatures to contend with and overcome the elements even in the fierceness of their anger! To cast one's eye abroad on the scene that surrounded me at this moment, and to think man should have said to himself, "I will build myself an ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage; nay, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up, and ye winds shall waft me onward!" And yet there we were in the fullness of this fearful experiment.

Spell and pronounce:—encounter, confused, furiously, voyage, whistling, hurricanè, unconscious, whirlwind, commencement, gallant, canvas, *cavass*, fierceness, and indomitable.

Explain:—violent, "sails already in ribbons," "speaking trumpet," spray, "kept aloft," "watery mountain," majesty, experiment, profound and stagger.

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
 Humanity, with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 * * * * * *
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale.
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON XLVIII.

shiv'er ing, *trembling.*
 ghāst'ly, *hideous.*
 re mōrse'less, *pitiless.*
 ās'pect, *appearance.*

wīst'ful ly, *longingly.*
 dis elōse', *reveal; show.*
 eon vūl'sive, *spasmodic.*
 dārk'led (ld), *grew dark.*

THE SHIPWRECK.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view;
 But he died early: and when he was gone,
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
 One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be
 done!
 I can do nothing;" and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate:
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
 As if to win a part from off the weight
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,
 With the deep, deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed:
 And when the wished-for shower at length was
 come,
 And the boy's eyes, with the dull film half glazed,
 Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,

He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth;—but in vain!

The boy expired. The father held the clay,
And looked upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully until away

'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sank down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And the dim, desolate deep; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the
brave—

Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her, like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling
wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean—like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash

Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied by a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LORD BYRON.

Mess'mate, a mate or companion, who eats at the same table with another.

Famil'iar, a demon or evil spirit, who was supposed always to be within call, like a servant or attendant.

Death, like *Fear* in the preceding line, is personified.

LESSON XLIX.

týp'ie al, <i>showing by a form;</i> <i>emblematic.</i>	in eüm' brance, <i>a load; an</i> <i>impediment.</i>
fèt'ter, <i>to bind; to impose a limit</i> <i>upon one.</i>	pois'ing, <i>balancing in weight.</i> chāin-māil, <i>armor.</i>

RESTRAINT.

As the plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation—either literally, for its evil-doers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men.

You have to choose between this figurative and literal use; for, depend upon it, the more laws and just restraint you accept, the fewer penalties you will have to endure, and the fewer punishments to enforce. For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain-mail; strength and defense, though something also of an incumbrance.

And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honorable to man as the necessity of labor. You hear every day great numbers of foolish people

speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honorable thing; so far from being that, it is, on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonorable, and an attribute of the lower creatures.

No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be invented, are not so easy as fins.

You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his restraint which is honorable to man, not his liberty; and what is more, it is restraint which is honorable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honor the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honorable.

It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters, you never can reason finally from the abstraction; for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen: but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature and betters the lower creature; and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labor of the insect, from poisoning of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom.

The sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty.

Its liberty will come with its corruption; and, therefore, I say boldly, though it seems a strange thing to say in England, that as the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the fetter.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Explain:—industry, restraint, penalties, liberty, chain-mail, freedom, planets, gravitation, and archangel.

LESSON L.

văn' ish ĭng, *passing from sight.*
 re veil'le, *a sound of drums at*
day-break.
 dis pērse' *scatter; separate.*

scrū'pu loŭs, *cautious; care-*
ful; hesitating.
 dis pǎr'i tŷ, *inequality; dispro-*
portion.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party of British soldiers, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm-guns were fired, and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and, in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers, and the protector of their privileges! How often, on that village green, hard by the burial-place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of Liberty!

There they now stood, side by side, under the

provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, and as yet unsuspicious of immediate danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of Freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm-guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise the advance party hurried forward at double-quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front; and, when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out, "Disperse, ye villains! ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?"

The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression,—too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close, and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, captain of the militia and alarm-men, therefore ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the Tenth Light Infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before the season; the bluebird and

the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun, which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There, on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded,—a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind; bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. Their names are held in grateful remembrance; and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation.

They fulfilled their duty, not from the accidental impulse of the moment; their action was the slowly ripened fruit of Providence. All the centuries bowed themselves from the recesses of the past to cheer in their sacrifice the lowly men who proved themselves worthy of their forerunners, and whose children rise up and call them blessed. Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed: "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" for he saw his country's independence hastening on, and, like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him the more swiftly toward the undiscovered world.

"George Bancroft, a great historian and statesman, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800. He graduated at Harvard, and afterward at Gottingen, Germany. He has filled various offices under the general government,—among them those of Secretary of the Navy, Minister to England, and Minister to Germany,—and always with dignity and ability. His greatest work is a '*History of the United States.*' In it, he has exercised the most scrupulous care, both as to facts and style, and his work will probably remain the standard history of our country."

LESSON LI.

seră'm'bled, *climbed.*
 pănt'ing, *gasping for breath.*
 shăg'ġed, *shaggy; rough.*
 knōll, *a little round hill.*

grîz'zled, *mixed white and black.*
 jěr'kin, *jacket.*
 lăġ'ging, *loitering; delaying.*
 skŭlked, *sneaked; lurked.*

RIP VAN WINKLE.

In a long ramble on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun.

Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side, he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bot-

tom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time, Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing. The mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys. He saw that it would be dark, long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time, Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer

one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load.

Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip, every now and then, heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted.

He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which, impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud.

During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center, was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doub-

lets; others jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors.

There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them.

The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

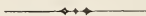
As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents

of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Holland. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Spell and pronounce:—Kaatskill, favorite, re-echoed, herbage, precipice, woodland, highlands, fragments, descend, bristled, flight, neighborhood, singularity, stranger's, breeches, flagons, uncouth, doublets, reiterated, and flagon.

Give synonyms of majestic, glassy, impending, reflected, glen, musing, encountering, solitary, apprehension, antique, vague, unfrequented, alacrity, transient, and declined.



LESSON LII.

rois'ters, *clownish fellows.*

fröl'ie, *a wild prank.*

im pën'e tra ble, *impossible to
enter, or go through.*

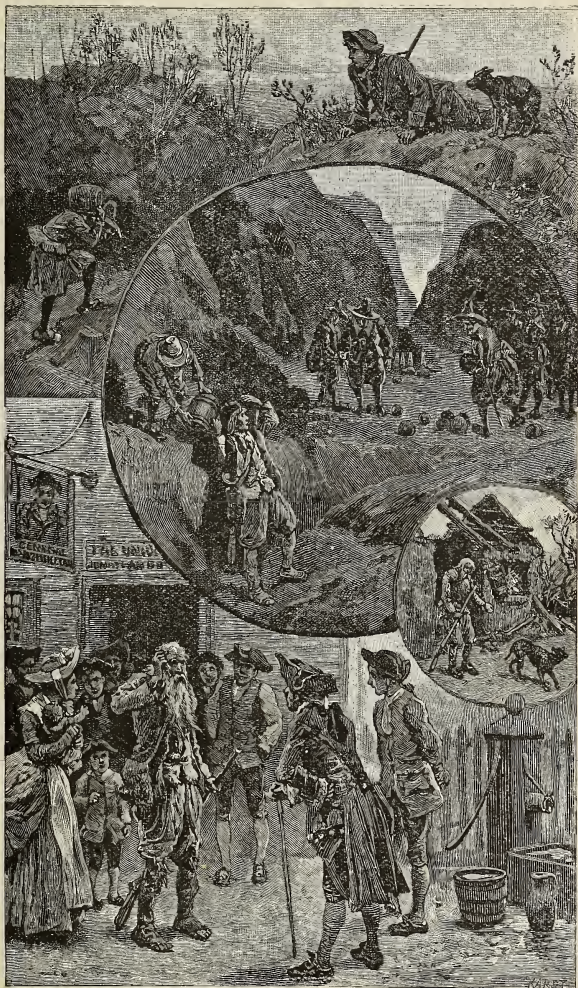
toil'some, *laborious.*

tën'drils, *spiral twigs.*

fîre'lock, *a gun, discharged by
striking fire with flint and steel.*

RIP VAN WINKLE—Continued.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering



RIP VAN WINKLE.

among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze.

"Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the

glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides; working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length, he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and when-

ever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared.

Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle.

He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. “My

very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!" He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap; and from it, was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted, in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Spell and pronounce:—wheeling, fowling-piece, occurrences, partridge, rheumatism, sassafras, witch-hazel, perplexities, different, invariably, involuntarily, and connubial.

Give synonyms of retreat, incrusted, twisted, recurrence, amphitheater, feathery, carving, gesture, hooting, bewitched, haunts, and addled.

LESSON LIII.

bŭs'tling, *hurried.*dĭs'pu tā'tion, *the act of disputing ; arguing.*erit'ie al, *important ; decisive.*dōl'ing, *dealing out.*bĭl'ious, *troubled with bile.*chŭb'by, *plump ; short and thick.*

RIP VAN WINKLE—Continued.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity.

He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches ; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, election, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity.

Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his

ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he's dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-

yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know. He never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the school-master?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point! He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the

mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she; "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain him-

self no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head; upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner.

He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every

twenty years, with his crew of the Half-Moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Spell and pronounce:—recollected, tranquillity, haranguing, phlegm, handbills, vehemently, heroes, seventy-six, a-kimbo, politicians, democrat, Nicholas, province, corroborated, and militia.

Give synonyms of drowsy, jargon, uncouth, austere, riot, penetrating, refugee, culprit, puzzled, enormous, exclaimed, precise, counterpart, significantly, and vigil.

LESSON LIV.

sāt' ed, <i>satiated</i> ; <i>gratified to</i> <i>repletion</i> ; <i>surfeited.</i> [life.	ad jŭdġe', <i>to decree</i> ; <i>award</i> ; <i>determine.</i>
stāte, <i>condition</i> ; <i>rank</i> ; <i>sphere in</i>	erāves, <i>longs for</i> ; <i>demands.</i>

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
 And he inherits soft, white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old:
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
 The bank may break, the factory burn:

Some breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants;
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things:
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit;
Content that from employment springs;
A heart that in its labor sings:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft, white hands;
That is the best crop from thy lands:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state!
There is worse weariness than thine,
In being merely rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Spell and pronounce:—muscles, sinewy, inherit, fragment, merit, patience, courage, outcast, level, benign, well-filled, equal, heirship, stomach, dainty, fare, fair, o'erjoyed, and title.

James Russell Lowell was born February 22, 1819, at Cambridge, Mass. He graduated from Harvard College in 1838, and in 1855, returned to his *Alma Mater* to occupy the chair of Modern Languages and *Belles-Lettres* just vacated by Longfellow. Lowell excels in many styles of writing. He first gained distinction as a poet; the "*Bigelow Papers*" show him to be a master in humorous satire; while "*Among My Books*" and "*My Study Windows*" give him undisputed pre-eminence as a literary critic. "No one has succeeded so happily in blending profound and wide study with exquisite sympathy for the author or the work discussed."

LESSON LV.

an nī'hi lāte, *totally destroy.*
e mēr'ġen ġy, *a sudden occur-*
rence.

In vŭl'ner a ble, *incapable of*
receiving injury.

pŏl'i ġy, *wisdom in the manage-*
ment of affairs.

lēague, *about three miles.*

tithe, *a tenth part.*

sīre, *sir ; master.*

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man who in each moment and emergency knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line; and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad. Napoleon had been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigor by the extraordinary unity of his action.

He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything to his aim,—money, troops, generals, and his own safety, also; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendor of his own means. "Incidents ought not to govern policy," he said, "but policy incidents." "To be hurried away by every event, is to have no political system at all." His victories were only so many doors; and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward, in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark.

He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be

collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not, therefore, be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will: not bloodthirsty, not cruel; but woe to what thing or person stood in his way! "Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery." "Let him carry the battery." "Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?" "*Forward! forward!*"

In the plenitude of his resources, every obstacle seemed to vanish. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France. Having decided what was to be done, he did that with might and main. He put out all his strength. He risked everything, and spared nothing,—neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself. If fighting be the best mode of adjusting national differences, (as large majorities of men seem to agree,) certainly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough.

"The grand principle of war," he said, "was, that an army ought always to be ready, by day and by night, and at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable of making." He never economized his ammunition, but on a hostile position rained a torrent of iron,—shells, balls, grape-shot,—to annihilate all defense. He went to the edge of his possibility, so heartily was he bent on his object. It is plain that in Italy he did what he could, and all that he could; he came several times within an inch of ruin, and his own person

was all but lost. He was flung into the marsh at Arcola. The Austrians were between him and his troops in the confusion of the struggle, and he was brought off with desperate efforts. At Lonato, and at other places, he was on the point of being taken prisoner.

He fought sixty battles. He had never enough. Each victory was a new weapon. "My power would fall, were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." He felt, with every wise man, that as much life is needed for conservation as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destruction, and only to be saved by invention and courage. This vigor was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunder-bolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. His idea of the best defense consisted in being always the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature."

Everything depended on the nicety of his combinations: the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello I ordered Kellermann to attack with eight hundred horse; and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I have observed it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success; but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. The same prudence and good sense marked all his behavior. His instructions to his secretary at the palace are worth remembering: "During the night, enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry; but when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost."

His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of man. There have been many working kings, from Ulysses to William of Orange; but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.

To these gifts of nature, Napoleon added the advantage of having been born to a private and humble fortune. In his later days, he had the weakness of wishing to add to his crowns and badges the prescription of aristocracy; but he knew his debt to his austere education, and made no secret of his contempt for the born kings, and for "the hereditary donkeys," as he coarsely styled the Bourbons. He said that, in their exile, "they had learned nothing, and forgot nothing." Bonaparte had passed through all the degrees of military service; but, also, was citizen before he was emperor; and so, had the key to citizenship. His remarks and estimates discovered the information and justness of his measurement of the middle class.

Those who had to deal with him, found that he was not to be imposed upon, but could cipher as well as another man. When the expenses of the empress, of his household, of his palaces, had accu-

mulated great debts, Napoleon examined the bills of the creditors himself, detected overcharges and errors, and reduced the claims by considerable sums. His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he directed, he owed to the representative character which clothed him. He interests us as he stands for France and for Europe; and he exists as captain and king only as far as the Revolution, or the interests of the industrious masses found an organ and a leader in him.

In the social interests, he knew the meaning and value of labor, and threw himself naturally on that side. The principal works that have survived him are his magnificent roads. He filled his troops with his spirit, and a sort of freedom and companionship grew up between him and them, which the forms of his court never permitted between the officers and himself. They performed under his eye that which no others could do. The best document of his relation to his troops is the order of the day on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in which Napoleon promises the troops that he will keep his person out of reach of fire. This declaration, which is the reverse of that ordinarily made by generals and sovereigns on the eve of a battle, sufficiently explains the devotion of the army to their leader.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Spell and pronounce:—artillery, extraordinary, conservation, Napoleon, Bonaparte, Austerlitz, inspiration, cavalry, vigor, thorough, grenadier, sacrificing, nicety, economize, Ulysses, and precipice.

Synonyms.—*adjust*—adapt; suit; arrange; regulate; accommodate; set right; rectify; settle. *achievement*—accomplishment; performance; completion; exploit; feat; deed. *impediment*—hinderance; obstruction; obstacle; difficulty. *postpone*—adjourn; defer; delay; procrastinate; retard; hinder.

LESSON LVI.

un wónt'ed, *unusual ; rare.*
 chěr'ished, *treated with tenderness and affection.*

tor nā'dō, *a violent storm ; a hurricane.*

e mā'ci āte, *to waste away in flesh.*

be nīg'ni tŷ, *goodness ; kindness.*
 il lūs'tri oūs, *renowned ; distinguished.*

tem pěst'ū oūs, *violent ; stormy.*

erăġ'ġy, *abounding with broken rocks.*

dīrġe, *a song for the dead.*

THE DEATH OF BONAPARTE.

The night of the 4th of May, 1821, dark, cheerless, and tempestuous, enveloped St. Helena in even unwonted gloom. The rain fell in torrents. A tornado of frightful violence swept the bleak rocks. Every tree that Napoleon had cherished was torn up by the roots, and laid prostrate in the mud.

The dying Emperor, unconscious of everything which was passing around him, tossed restlessly upon his pillow ; and now occurred the most affecting scene which had yet been witnessed in this chamber of suffering. The children of the family were introduced to look, for the last time, upon their friend, now insensible, and breathing heavily in death. They had not seen him for more than a month.

Shocked at the change which had taken place in that countenance, which had ever been accustomed to contemplate them with so much benignity and affection, they for a moment gazed upon the pallid and emaciated features with hesitation and terror. Then, with flooded eyes and loud sobbings, they rushed to the bedside, seized the hands of the Emperor, and covered them with kisses and tears.

All present were overpowered with emotion ; and the heavy breathing of the dying man was

drowned, in the irrepressible lamentations of the mourners. Young Napoleon Bertrand was so overcome by the heart-rending scene, that he fainted and fell senseless upon the floor.

In the midst of this death-drama, one of the servants, who had been sick for forty-eight days, rose from his bed, and, emaciated, pallid, delirious, and with disordered dress, entered the room. In fevered dreams, he imagined that the Emperor was in trouble, and had called to him for help.

The delirious and dying servant stood tottering by the side of his delirious and dying master, wildly exclaiming, "I will not leave the Emperor, —I will fight and perish with him!" The dying hours lingered slowly away, during which, inarticulate murmurs were occasionally heard from the lips of the illustrious sufferer.

"Twice I thought," says Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, 'France—army—head of the army—Josephine.'" This was at six o'clock in the morning. During the rest of the day, until six o'clock in the evening, he lay upon his back, with his right hand out of the bed.

With his eyes intently fixed, he seemed to be absorbed in deep meditation; and without any appearance of suffering. A pleasant and placid expression was spread over his features, as if he were sweetly sleeping.

A dark and tempestuous night succeeded the stormy day; the gale, with increasing fury, swept the ocean and the black rocks, and wailed as mournful a dirge as could fall on mortal ears.

The very island seemed to shake before the gigantic billows, which were hurled against its craggy cliffs by the spirit of the storm. In the midnight

darkness of that terrific elemental war, the spirit of Napoleon passed the earthly vale, and entered the eternal world.

“Isle of Elba—Napoleon,” were the last words of the gentle and loving Josephine. “France—the army—Josephine,” were the last images which lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled on the lips, of the dying Emperor.

J. S. C. ABBOTT.

Spell and pronounce:—enveloped, torrents, frightful, earthly, violence, prostrate, unconscious, heavily, emaciated, fainted, Josephine, succeeded, Emperor, absorbed, overpowered, and placid.

Give synonyms of terrific, mournful, hurled, inarticulate, fury, delirious, illustrious, and lamentations.

LESSON LVII.

im pā'tiençe, <i>want of patience.</i>	fôr'mi da ble, <i>fearful; terrible.</i>
re môt'est, <i>most distant.</i>	hăwș'er, <i>a small cable.</i>
ex plôred', <i>searched through.</i>	în'ex tîŋ'guish a ble, <i>un-</i>
dě'vi ā'tion, <i>error; a wander-</i>	<i>quenchable.</i>
<i>ing from one's course.</i>	hěș'i tā'tion, <i>doubt; vacillation.</i>

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

Hitherto, there seems to have been above earth but little or no obstacle to the enterprise of man; and yet he has often been balked in his attempts to pass from one land to another. In his panting impatience to communicate with his fellow-man wherever he might be found, or in obedience to that supreme law which commands him to go forth and people the earth, he has endeavored to track his way to its remotest regions; he has dived into the darkest of its valleys, and there

groped his way amidst the stones of torrent, to create a path beyond the chains of mountains that seemed to shut him in.

He has climbed as high as it was possible for his breathless vigor to bear him, until at last he has come to the snow-built pyramids on the summit of the mountain, or the impassable glacier; and then he has turned its flank, and with wonderful perseverance has made his way into the opposite region.

But who ever thought, till now, of at once plunging into the depths of the ocean, without the power of seeing a single step beyond him; almost beyond the power of the fathoming-line to reach, to a depth, as we have been told, as great as the highest mountains explored but by a few individuals?

And there he has ventured to trace his path, and has traced it without deviation, and without yielding to any, however formidable, obstacles.

He has made that path bury itself deep into the very undermost of the valleys of that unseen region; he has made it to ascend its steepest precipices—to cross its highest mountains—to pass down again; till thus by an effort of perseverance, the like of which the world has never witnessed, the two continents have been moored safe to one another; moored so safe by this little metallic hawser, as no other power, no amount of “inky blots and rotten parchment bonds,” or protocols of treaties, could ever have done.

And what is the result of this mighty work?

Why, the Greek used to boast of his fire, which would burn under the sea, and which, attached to the keel of a ship, would destroy it in the midst of the sea; and we know how the power of elec-

tricity has been employed to explode mines high into the air, and cause the sacrifice of hundreds of human lives.

But this little spark which we are now sending under the ocean; this flash of lightning which passes from shore to shore; this fire which burns inextinguishably below the depths of the mighty waters, may be truly considered, if it were not too sacred an expression to use, to be the flame of that love and of that charity between the two nations of which the sacred text says, that "many waters shall not extinguish it, and floods shall not overwhelm it."

Yes, I have no hesitation in saying, that it is time now for the American eagle to let go those lightnings which it is represented as grasping in its talons, and let them drop into the ocean, and they will cross it safely and come to us, not accompanied with any roar of thunder, but murmuring the words of softest peace.

Spell and pronounce:—attempts, impatience, obedience, dived, torrent, climbed, impassable, glacier, precipices, electricity, protocols, and treaties.

Give synonyms of obstacle, enterprise, balked, murmuring, panting, communicate, supreme, create, moored, considered, and grasping.

"Clasping the land from sea to sea,
It sends the voice of friend through space.
Time—distance seems no more to be—
We speak to him as 'face to face.'

"A thought is echoed through the land;
A touch vibrates from shore to shore;
In thought united, nations stand,
And time and space exist no more."

LESSON LVIII.

dūpe, *one easily deceived.*

lēg'i ble, *easily read.*

a dieŭ', *farewell.*

ma tēr'nal, *mother-like.*

hóv'er, *to hang over as upon wings.*

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers yes!

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child,
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned, at last, submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,—
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And when the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral-house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly
laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home—
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed;—

All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed, too often makes,—
And this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,—
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,—
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;—
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

Spell and pronounce:—pastoral, tolled, confectionery, frail, nursery, pretentious, contemplation, submissive, unrevoked, bestowed, themes, effaced, biscuit, hearse, memorial, and violating.

Synonyms.—*solaced*—comforted; relieved; alleviated. *deplored*—mourn; lament; bewail; bemoan. *beguiled*—deluded; deceived; amused; cheated; ensnared.

Exercise.—Select the nouns personified in the selection. What tender recollections of mother does the poet recall? What does he say of his parents? What does he mean by "*this mimic show of thee*"?

William Cowper (1731–1800) was of a gentle, sensitive nature. At the age of six—a motherless boy—he was sent to a boarding-school, where the heartless tyranny of one of the older boys caused the sensitive child intolerable misery, and no doubt deepened the morbid tendencies which made his subsequent life so unhappy. His poems are mostly sad, thoughtful, and didactic to an unpleasant degree; with the rare exception of the ballad "*John Gilpin*," inimitable in its free, warm humor, and instantly popular. It was written at the suggestion of Lady Austen, to whose judicious advice we also owe "*The Task*." Cowper's life was twice darkened by periods of insanity, and his closing years were spent in mental gloom.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LESSON LIX.

rěľ'iet, *a widow.*

eóme'ly, *handsome; good-looking.*

ex'ěe'ũ trĩx, *a female executor.*

dĩ ľěm'má, *a difficult choice.*

ĩn'ere dũ'li ty, *unbelief.*

MR. PICKWICK'S EXTRAORDINARY DILEMMA.

Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell Street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation.

His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior, on the morning previous to that which had been fixed

upon for the journey to Eatanswill, would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience, very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation; but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger,—“la, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!”

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table,—“that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pick-

wick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye" (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) "I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him,— "I do, indeed; and, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning,—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose,—a deliberate plan, too,—sent her little boy to the Borough to get him out of the way,—how thoughtful,—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"O, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It will save you a great deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"O! I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and of course, I should

take more trouble to please you than than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart," interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick,—“a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year.” And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"O you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"O you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears, and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul!" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick;—"Mrs. Bardell, my good woman,—dear me, what a situation,—pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't,—if anybody should come—"

"O, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically. "I'll never leave you,—dear, kind, good soul;" and, with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently. "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing,

for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage pervaded his partially developed mind, and, considering Mr. Pickwick the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and, butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad."

"What *is* the matter?" said the three tonguetied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly.

"Take away the boy" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment). "Now help me to lead this woman down-stairs."

"O, I'm better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you down-stairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir,—thank you," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down-stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive," said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned,—"I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing!"

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It is the man that I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick. "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Mr. Snodgrass."

CHARLES DICKENS.

Spell and pronounce:—filial, agitation, ado, lodger, conversant, relapsed, worshiped, peculiarly, appalling, amiable, corduroy, hysterically, admirable, expiration, gymnastics, and borough.

LESSON LX.

eōpse, *a wood of small growth.*

fāwn, *mean flattery.*

seōff, *sneer; mock.*

pī'ōūs, *godly; religious.*

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
place;

Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain.
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
won!

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile:

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Spell and pronounce:—champion, prompt, spendthrift, zeal, varying, relieved, warmth, charity, beggar, crutch, remote, guests, ruined, accents, shouldered, and village.

Synonyms.—*chid*—blamed; reproached; rebuked; censured; scolded; reprehended; reprimanded. *dismay*—terrify; fright; affright; frighten; appall; daunt; dishearten; dispirit; deject; depress. *allure*—attract; entice; tempt; decoy; seduce. *pious*—godly; devout; religious; holy; righteous.

LESSON LXI.

elăm'or, *outcries*.

ecom mū'ni tỹ, *society*.

ecom'pen sã'tion, *recompense*;
pay.

dẽn'i zenz, *inhabitants*.

vo eã'tion, *calling*; *work*.

děs'ti ny, *doom*.

e vĩnç'ing, *showing*; *displaying*.

ex pẽ'di en çy, *propriety*.

in dĩğ'ni tỹ, *insult*; *dishonor*.

lěv'y ینگ, *exacting*.

ẽ'qua nĩm' i ty, *calm mind*.

SCENES IN CANTON.

The recently arrived stranger naturally manifests surprise and incredulity on being told that the estimated population of Canton exceeds a million. When, however, he visits the close streets, with their dense population and busy wayfarers, huddled together in lanes from five to nine feet wide, where Europeans could scarcely inhale the breath of life, the greatness of the number no longer appears incredible.

After the first feelings of novelty have passed away, disappointment, rather than admiration, occupies the mind. On leaving the open space before the factories, we behold an endless succession of narrow avenues, scarcely deserving the name of streets.

As the visitor pursues his course, narrow lanes

still continue to succeed one another, and the conviction is gradually impressed on the mind that such is the general character of the streets of the city. Along these, busy traders, mechanics, barbers, venders, and porters, make their way; while occasionally the noisy, abrupt tones of vociferating coolies remind the traveler that some materials of bulky dimensions are on their transit, and suggest the expediency of keeping at a distance, to avoid collision. Now and then, the monotony of the scene is relieved by some portly mandarin or merchant of the higher class, borne in a sedan chair on the shoulders of two, or sometimes, four men; yet, with all this hurry and din, there seldom occurs any accident or interruption of good nature.

On the river, the same order and regularity prevail. Though there are probably not fewer than two hundred thousand denizens of the river, whose hereditary domains are the watery element that support their little dwellings, yet harmony and good feeling are conspicuous in the accommodating manner with which they make way for each other. These aquatic tribes of the human species show a most philosophic spirit of equanimity, and contrive in this way to strip daily life of many of its little troubles; while the fortitude and patience with which the occasional injury or destruction of their boats is borne are remarkable.

To return from the wide expanse of the river population to the streets in the suburbs, the same spirit of contented adaptation to external things is everywhere observable; and it is difficult which to regard with more surprise—the narrow abodes of the one, or the little boats which serve as family residences to the other.

There is something of romance in the effect of Chinese streets. On either side are shops, decked out with native wares,—furniture and manufactures of various kinds. These are adorned by pillar sign-boards, rising perpendicularly, and inscribed from top to bottom with the various kinds of salable articles which may be had within. Native artists seem to have lavished their ingenuity on several of these inscriptions, in order to give, by their caligraphy, some idea of the superiority of the commodities for sale. Many of these sign-boards contain some fictitious emblem, adopted as the name of the shop—similar to the practice prevalent in London two centuries ago.

On entering, the proprietor, with his assistants or partners, welcomes a foreigner with sundry salutations, sometimes advancing to shake hands, and endeavoring to make the most of his scanty knowledge of English. They will show their goods with the utmost patience, and evince nothing of disappointment if, after gratifying his curiosity, he depart without purchasing.

At a distance from the factories, where the sight of a foreigner is a rarity, crowds of idlers, from fifty to one hundred, rapidly gather round the shop, and frequent embarrassment ensues, from an imperfect knowledge of their language. In these parts, the shopkeepers know no language but their own; are more moderate in their politeness; and, as a compensation, put a smaller price on their wares. To write one's name in Chinese characters is a sure method of securing their favor.

Sometimes no fewer than eight or ten blind beggars find their way into a shop, and there they remain, singing a melancholy, dirge-like strain, and

most perseveringly beating together two pieces of wood. At length, the weary shopman takes compassion on them, and provides for the quiet of his shop by giving a copper cash to each; on receiving which, they depart, and repeat the same experiment elsewhere.

The streets abound with these blind beggars, who are seldom treated with indignity. A kindly indulgence is extended to them. It is said that this furnishes a liberal means of livelihood to an immense number of blind men, who, in many instances, are banded together in companies or societies, subject to a code of rules, on breach of which, the transgressor is expelled from the community.

In every little open space, there are crowds of traveling doctors, haranguing the multitude on the wonderful powers and healing virtues of the medicines which they expose for sale. Close by, some cunning fortune-teller may be seen, with crafty look, explaining to some awe-stricken simpleton his destiny in life, from a number of books arranged before him, and consulted with due solemnity. In another part, some tame birds are exhibiting their clever feats, in singling out, from amongst a hundred others, a piece of paper inclosing a coin, and then receiving a grain of millet as a reward of their cleverness.

At a little distance, are some fruit stalls, at which old and young are making purchases, casting lots for the quantity they are to receive. Near these, again, are noisy gangs of people, pursuing a less equivocal course of gambling, and evincing, by their excited looks and clamor, the intensity of their interest in the issue. In another part, may be seen disposed the apparatus of some Chinese

tensor, who is performing his skillful vocation on the crown of some fellow-countryman unable to command the attendance of the artist at a house of his own.

ALBERT SMITH.

Spell and pronounce:—recently, naturally, Canton, visitor, conviction, mechanics, barbers, venders, porters, vociferating, collision, relieved, residences, furniture, perpendicularly, and commodities.

Give synonyms of manifests, incredible, dense, admiration, abrupt, bulky, din, prevail, hereditary, domains, fortitude, conspicuous, remarkable, observable, superiority, and fictitious.

Explain:—The office of “coolies,” the office of “mandarins,” “millet,” “caligraphy,” “sedan chair.”

Where is Canton? What is the population of Canton. Describe its streets. Where do many of the people live? Describe the sign-boards of Chinese shops. How do the blind support themselves?

LESSON LXII.

İçe'berg, *a hill, or berg of ice.*

věr'tie al, *perpendicular to the horizon.*

ğrāv'ity, *weight; heaviness.*

im mērsed', *plunged; sunk.*

in tēn'si ty, *strength.*

lăt'i tūde, *breadth; distance from equator.*

THE ICE OF THE SEA.

1. ICEBERGS.

When sailing across the North Atlantic between ports in Europe and in the United States, or when traversing the South Pacific to round the southern promontory of the American or African continent, vessels often encounter floating masses of solid ice, termed icebergs.

These are of all sizes, up to huge mountains like islands, rising several hundred feet out of the water.

Ice being lighter than water, an iceberg projects above the sea-level, yet has about eight times more of its bulk under water than above. Hence, when the mean height of one of these floating masses is three hundred feet above the surface of the sea, its bottom must be some twenty-four hundred feet below.

The bergs vary infinitely in shape as well as in size. Sometimes, as in the Antarctic Ocean, they take the form of vast square blocks with vertical walls; sometimes they bristle into peaks and pinnacles, with deep cliffs and gulfs between.

At a distance, they look like snow-covered islands. Seen closer, they gleam with all the intensity of color—white, green, and blue—so characteristic of the ice of glaciers upon the land. For the most part, nothing but ice in different forms is seen upon their surface. Now and then, a block of stone, or some dark earthy rubbish may be noticed.

As they drift onward into warmer latitudes, they melt away, both under water and above. Cascades of water tumble down their thawing slopes and fall into the waves below. It often happens that, as the melting goes on under water, the center of gravity of an iceberg is altered, so that the mass shifts its position, or, becoming top-heavy, turns completely over.

Such are the drifting icebergs which, in summer, cross the navigation track across the Atlantic between Newfoundland and Britain. They form a serious source of danger to the vessels, for they may be encountered at any hour of the voyage. Many a ship has struck against one in the dark and gone to the bottom.

They chill the air around them, and thus often

give rise to dense fogs. A sudden fall of temperature is regarded by sailors as an indication of their approach to an iceberg, and a warning to be on the outlook.

But icebergs are not formed in the open sea, where they float until they are entirely melted. To reach their birthplace, we must travel to the cold regions which surround each pole. In North Greenland, for example, the country is covered with ice, which creeps slowly down the slopes and gathers in the valleys into wide and deep masses, which not only come down to the sea-level, but actually push their way out to sea in vast walls of ice, rising three hundred or four hundred feet above the water, and stretching, sometimes, for sixty miles along the coast.

From time to time, portions of these great tongues of ice break off and float out into the open sea. These are icebergs. They consist, therefore, not of frozen sea-water, but of true land-ice. Each berg which may be met with, floating and melting far away in mid-ocean, had its origin among the snows of the Polar lands.

Since so large a proportion of an iceberg is under water, we may expect to find that these floating masses are comparatively little influenced by the winds and waves, which touch only their upper parts. The larger bergs move with the ocean currents or drifts in which so much of their substance is immersed. Hence, they may sometimes be seen moving steadily and even rapidly along, right in the face of a strong gale.

So long as the icebergs sail over deep water, they move freely about as the currents or winds may drive them. But when they get into shallow

enough water to allow their bottoms to grate along the sea-floor, they tear up the mud or sand there, until at last they are stranded. The coast of Labrador is often fringed with such stranded bergs, some so small as to be driven to the beach, others so large as to run aground while still a good way from the shore. Chill fogs, consequently, hang over that desolate region all through the summer.

Spell and pronounce:—Atlantic, Antarctic, Pacific, American, traversing, continent, infinitely, pinnacles, cascades, polar, completely, indication, Labrador, birthplace, and desolate.

LESSON LXIII.

eon tîn'u oûs, *unbroken ; without gaps.*

ex pânse', *extent ; stretch.*

dis rûp'tion, *breaking up ; bursting.*

in erêd'i ble, *beyond belief.*

de tăched', *separated ; unfastened.*

a băn'doned, *given up ; left to itself.*

en dūr'ançe, *suffering ; bearing up.*

THE ICE OF THE SEA—Continued.

2. FROZEN SEA-WATER.

FLOE-ICE, OR FIELD-ICE.

Besides the icebergs, two other kinds of ice are found on the sea in high latitudes, both derived from the freezing of the water of the sea itself. As voyagers advance into the narrow seas about the poles, they encounter great sheets of ice, which, at first in irregular, scattered fragments, become larger in size and more continuous in extent, until, at last, the whole expanse of the sea, as far as the eye can reach, is covered with ice.

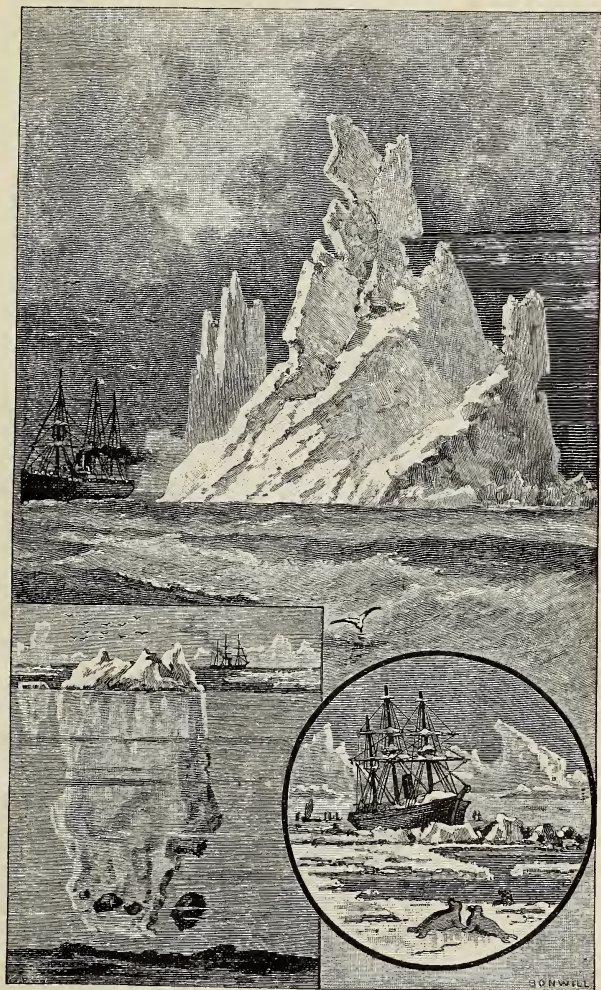
This is known as floe-ice, or field-ice, and is due to the freezing of the surface water of the sea during the intense frost of Polar winters.

When the sea-water freezes, the salt is left behind by the ice, which, except for the little salt vesicles entangled in it, is fresh, and when thawed, quite drinkable. In early summer, the ice-field, or sheet of ice, which, stretching outward from the land, may be regarded as continuous for hundreds of miles during winter, begins to break up and float away.

If the sea remained motionless, it would, by the end of winter, be covered with a sheet of ice about eight feet thick. But, owing to the pressure arising partly from the movements of tides and currents in the water, partly from changes of temperature and atmospheric pressure, including winds and storms, the ice-sheet is liable to continual disruption.

Cracks are formed abundantly through it, and portions are squeezed up or broken into innumerable huge fragments, which are pushed over each other until the frozen sea becomes like a heap of ruins. And these movements are accompanied with sharp reports, as of cannon, and with loud, growling noises, as if some monsters of the deep were engaged below in fierce and angry warfare.

In consequence of the breaking up of the vast sheet of ice, openings are formed in which the unfrozen water can be seen, until it is fast bound in ice by the cold. These water-channels or lanes, between the separated fragments, are the passages by which vessels make their way through the ice-pack. But as the great sheets are carried against each other in the general movement, it sometimes



THE ICE OF THE SEA.

happens that a ship is caught between them, and pushed up on the floe, or crushed so effectually that it goes to the bottom as soon as the fragments of ice separate again.

Except where piled in heaps by pressure, which breaks up its surface as well as its outer edges, floe-ice occurs in level sheets, the surface of which rises but little above the level of the sea. It never rivals the height and grandeur of true icebergs, though it covers a much wider space of sea. Nor does it travel so far from the regions of its birth.

When the ice-field breaks up in summer, the portions next the land may remain there, and of these, indeed, some parts may continue unmelted for generations. But other parts farther from shore, and sometimes many hundreds of square miles in extent, are loosened and carried away by the sea-currents which drift from the pole. Vessels frozen into the ice-fields have in this way been carried many hundreds of miles, until disengaged by the disruption and thawing of the ice.

Some of the icebergs from Greenland, however, travel much farther south, and may be met with, now and then, even as far south as 37° latitude; that is, about the same parallel as Richmond in Virginia, and Cape St. Vincent in the south of Spain.

THE ICE-FOOT.

When the sea freezes along the margin of the land, as it does in a remarkable way in North Greenland, it forms a cake of ice, which, rising with the tide, is frozen to the shore. By degrees, a shelf of ice, called the ice-foot, rising from twenty to thirty feet above the general level of the floe, and having a width of one hundred and twenty

feet or more, forms along the coast and clings to it all winter.

Immense quantities of earth and stones, dislodged from the coast cliffs by the severe frost of the Arctic winter, fall upon the ice-foot, so that its surface becomes, in some places, a field of rubbish, which completely covers and conceals the ice underneath. When the summer storms come, this shore-terrace of ice is broken up, and large pieces of it, laden with the waste of the cliffs, are floated away out to sea, there to join the fleets of bergs and broken sheets of floe-ice.

Some portions are driven ashore again, others are caught and frozen fast into the floe-ice of next winter, while others succeed in escaping into the more open sea, where they gradually melt and tumble their load of earth and stones on the sea-bottom.

GROUND-ICE.

Floe-ice and the ice-foot are formed by the freezing of the surface of the sea. There is yet another way in which some of the ice of the sea takes its origin; namely, by the freezing of the water lying on the sea-bottom. This is known as ground-ice.

It is probably formed only in inclosed and shallow seas and inlets, and is of little consequence compared with the thick and wide sheets of floe-ice. It is well known in the Baltic Sea. In still weather, before the surface of that sea is frozen, little thin cakes of ice may be observed floating about, sometimes with portions of sand or scattered pebbles imbedded in them. These are formed on the bottom, from which they break away and rise to the surface.

They form a source of some danger, at least to small boats, for they sometimes appear suddenly in such numbers as to cover the sea, the surface of which is then apt to freeze too, so that the boats are in danger of being nipped between the detached ice-rafts, or of being beset and frozen into the united cake of ice.

Sometimes large blocks of rocks as well as masses of sea-weed are borne away from the sea-floor and carried to the surface by the ascending sheets of ground-ice. In the rivers of cold countries, as, for instance, in the St. Lawrence, similar ground-ice is formed in winter, sometimes round iron chains or anchors, which, if the inclosing ice is thick enough, may actually be lifted by it.

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

Spell and pronounce :—latitudes, derived, scattered, including, effectually, gradually, entangled, abundantly, innumerable, drinkable, dislodged, growling, quantities, and warfare.

Archibald Geikie was born in Edinburgh in 1835. He has become one of the most eminent Scotch scientists. Some of his ablest articles contain his studies and researches in connection with geology. He was chosen Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Edinburgh.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject : ICEBERGS.

1. Where found ?
2. How large are they ?
3. Where are they formed ? When ? How ?
4. When and how do they get into the ocean ?
5. In what way are they dangerous ?
6. How may their nearness be told when not seen ?
7. How far south do they move ?
8. How do they disappear ?

LESSON LXIV.

en fee' bles, <i>weakens; enervates.</i>	in ċite', <i>to urge; to arouse; to</i>
pre dŏm'i nates, <i>to prevail;</i>	<i>animate.</i>
<i>to rule.</i>	prŏd'i gal, <i>extravagant; waste-</i>
chăl'len ġing, <i>calling out.</i>	<i>ful.</i>

ACTION OF CLIMATE UPON MAN.

Since man is made to acquire the full possession and mastery of his faculties by toil, and by the exercise of all his energies, no climate could so well minister to his progress in this work as the climate of the temperate regions.

Excessive heat enfeebles man; it invites to repose and inaction. In the tropical regions, the power of life in nature is carried to its highest degree; thus, with the tropical man, the life of the body overmasters that of the soul; the physical instincts of our nature eclipse those of the higher faculties; passion predominates over intellect and reason; the passive faculties over the active faculties.

A Nature too rich, too prodigal of her gifts, does not compel man to wrest from her his daily bread by his daily toil. A regular climate, and the absence of a dormant season, render forethought of little use to him. Nothing invites him to that struggle of intelligence against Nature which raises the powers of man to their highest pitch.

Thus, he never dreams of resisting physical Nature; he is conquered by her; he submits to the yoke, and becomes again the animal man, in proportion as he abandons himself to external influences, forgetful of his high moral destination.

In the temperate climates, all is activity and

movement. The alternations of heat and cold, the changes of the seasons, a fresher and more bracing air, incite man to a constant struggle, to forethought, and to the vigorous employment of all his faculties. A more economical Nature yields nothing, except to the sweat of his brow; every gift on her part is a recompense for effort on his.

Nature here, even while challenging man to the conflict, gives him the hope of victory; and, if she does not show herself prodigal, she grants to his active and intelligent labor more than his necessities require; while she calls out his energy, she thus gives him ease and leisure, which permit him to cultivate all the lofty faculties of his higher nature.

Here, physical Nature is not a tyrant, but a useful helper; the active faculties, the understanding and the reason, rule over the instincts and the passive faculties; the soul over the body; man over Nature.

In the frozen regions, man also contends with Nature, but it is with a niggardly and severe Nature; it is a desperate struggle—a struggle for life. With difficulty, by force of toil, he succeeds in providing for himself a miserable support, which saves him from dying of hunger and hardship during the tedious winters of that climate. High culture is not possible under such unfavorable conditions.

The man of the tropical regions is the son of a wealthy house. In the midst of the abundance which surrounds him, labor too often seems to him useless; to abandon himself to his inclinations is more easy and agreeable. A slave of his passions, an unfaithful servant, he leaves uncultivated and

unused the faculties with which God has endowed him. *

The man of the polar regions is the beggar overwhelmed with suffering, who, too happy if he can but gain his daily bread, has no leisure to think of anything more exalted.

The man of the temperate regions, finally, is the man born in ease, in the golden mean, which is the most favored of all conditions. Invited to labor by everything around him, he soon finds, in the exercise of all his faculties, at once progress and well-being.

Thus, if the tropical regions have the wealth of Nature, the temperate regions are the most perfectly organized for the development of man. They are opposed to each other, as the body and the soul, as the inferior races and the superior races, as savage man and civilized man, as Nature and history. Of this contrast, so marked as it is, the history of human societies will give us the solution, or, at least, will enable us to obtain a glimpse of the truth.

A. H. GUYOT.

Spell and pronounce:—acquire, possession, instincts, eclipse, predominate, intellect, faculties, destination, alternations, compel, vigorous, economical, niggardly, and civilized.

Name the people and nations of temperate climates; those of tropical climates; those of the frigid regions of the world. Compare their literature, art, science, architecture, and national influence.

Arnold Henry Guyot, a Swiss naturalist and geographer, was born in 1807. He is the author of several works containing much geographical research.



LESSON LXV.

lēa, *meadow*.
quāint, *odd; fanciful*.

nōon'tide, *noon-time*.
erim'son, *red*.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noon-tide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;

And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree,
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Spell and pronounce:—mc3sy, loosen, flowery, gray-haired, lengthen, fruitage, tenderly, redden, childhood, helpless, and oppress.

Explain:—the last three lines of first stanza, "our flag of stripe and star shall bear," "fraud and force and iron will," "quaint old rhymes."

"Bad habits gather by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

DRYDEN'S "*Ovid*."

LESSON LXVI.

ex trāv'a gant, *wandering beyond bounds.*

as sēr'tion, *affirmation.*

ĭn'ap prē'çi a ble, *incapable of being duly valued.*

ĭn'ter mē'di um, *an intervening agent.*

re mōte'ness, *distance.*

mī nūte'ness, *quality of being very small.*

ōp'tie al, *pertaining to sight.*

vēr'i fi eā'tion, *confirmation.*

ecom pēnd'i ous, *summed up within narrow limits.*

in nū'mer a ble, *not capable of being counted.*

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

Among the wonders of natural science which cannot be made apparent to our senses, there are many so very surprising, indeed apparently so extravagant, that it is quite impossible for any inquiring mind to rest contented with a mere hearsay statement of them; we feel irresistibly compelled to inquire further into their truth.

What mere assertion will make any man believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels 192,000 miles, and would, therefore, perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less time than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride?

What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is nearly a million times larger than the earth? and that although so far from us, that a cannon ball shot directly towards it and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant

of time?—a closeness of union, of which we can form but a feeble and totally inadequate idea by comparing it to any material connection; since the communication of an impulse to such a distance, by any solid intermedium we are acquainted with, would require not moments, but whole years.

The foregoing are among those results of scientific research which by their magnitude seem to transcend our powers of conception. There are others again which from their minuteness would appear to elude the grasp of thought, much more of distinct and accurate measurement.

Who would not ask for demonstration when told that a gnat's wing in its ordinary flight beats many hundred times in a second? or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings many thousands of whose bodies laid closely together would not extend an inch?

But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly occurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second? that it is, by such movements, communicated to the nerves of our eyes, that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with a sense of the diversity of colors!—that, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second!—do not such things sound more like the ravings of

madmen than the sober conclusions of men in their waking senses?

Among the verifications of this practical kind which abound in every department of physics, there are none more imposing than the precise prediction of the greater phenomena of astronomy; none certainly which carry a broader conviction home to every mind, from their notoriety and unequivocal character.

The prediction of eclipses has, accordingly, from the earliest ages, excited the admiration of mankind, and been one grand instrument by which their allegiance (so to speak) to natural science and their respect for its professors have been maintained; and though strangely abused in unenlightened ages by the supernatural pretensions of astrologers, the credence given even to their absurdities shows the force of this kind of evidence on men's minds.

The predictions of astronomers are, however, now far too familiar to endanger the just equipoise of our judgments, since even the return of comets, true to their paths and exact to the hour of their appointment, has ceased to amaze, though it must ever delight all who have souls capable of being penetrated by such beautiful instances of accordance between theory and facts.

But the age of mere wonder in such things is past, and men prefer being guided and enlightened to being astonished and dazzled. Eclipses, comets, and the like afford but rare and transient displays of the powers of calculation, and of the certainty of the principles on which it is grounded. A page of "lunar distances" from the National Almanac is worth all the eclipses that have ever happened

for inspiring this necessary confidence in the conclusions of science.

That a man by merely measuring the moon's apparent distance from a star from a little portable instrument, held in his hand and applied to his eye, even with so unstable a footing as the deck of a ship, shall say positively, within five miles, where he is on a boundless ocean, cannot but appear to persons ignorant of physical astronomy an approach to the miraculous. Yet, the alternatives of life and death, wealth and ruin, are daily and hourly staked with perfect confidence on these marvelous computations, which might almost seem to have been devised on purpose to show how closely the extremes of speculative refinement and practical utility can be brought to approximate.

We have before us an anecdote communicated to us by a naval officer, distinguished for the extent and variety of his attainments, which shows how impressive such results may become in practice. He sailed from San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico, and after a voyage of eight thousand miles, occupying eighty-nine days, arrived off Rio Janeiro, having in this time passed through the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic, without making any land, or even seeing a single sail with the exception of an American whaler off Cape Horn.

Arrived within a week's sail of Rio, he set about seriously determining by lunar observations the precise line of the ship's course, and its situation in it; and having ascertained this within from five to ten miles, ran the rest of the way by those more ready and compendious methods known to navigators, which can be safely employed for short

trips between one known point and another, but which cannot be trusted in long voyages, where the moon is the only sure guide.

The rest of the tale we are enabled by his kindness to state in his words:—

“We steered towards Rio Janeiro for some days, after taking the lunars above described; and having arrived within fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, I hove to at four in the morning, till the day should break, and then bore up; for although it was very hazy, we could see before us a couple of miles or so. About eight o’clock it became so foggy, that I did not like to stand in further; and was just bringing the ship to the wind again, before sending the people to breakfast, when it suddenly cleared off, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the great sugar-loaf rock, which stands on one side of the harbor’s mouth; so nearly right ahead, that we had not to alter our course above a point in order to hit the entrance to Rio. This was the first land we had seen for three months, after crossing so many seas, and being set backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds.”

The effect on all on board might well be conceived to have been electric; and it is needless to remark how essentially the authority of a commanding officer over his crew may be strengthened by the occurrence of such incidents indicative of a degree of knowledge and consequent power beyond his reach.

SIR J. W. HERSCHEL.



LESSON LXVII.

wit'wāll, <i>the golden oriole ; or,</i>	ěft, <i>a small lizard.</i>
<i>the spotted woodpecker.</i>	eōp'ing-stōne, <i>top stone, as</i>
es pī'al, <i>notice ; observation.</i>	<i>of a wall.</i>
pār'a pēt, <i>a breastwork.</i>	pěd'es tal, <i>the base of a column.</i>

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,—
 Unnatural and full of contradictions ;
 Yet others of our most romantic schemes
 Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground ;
 It might be merely by a thought's expansion,
 But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found
 An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,—
 A dwelling-place,—and yet no habitation ;
 A house, but under some prodigious ban
 Of excommunication.

Unhinged, the iron gates half open hung,
 Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,
 That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
 One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small ;
 No pigeon on the roof,—no household creature ;
 No cat demurely dozing on the wall ;
 Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred, to go or come ;
 No face looked forth from shut or open casement ;
 No chimney smoked : there was no sign of home
 From parapet to basement.

With shattered panes the grassy court was starred;
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after;
And through the ragged roof the sky shone, barred
With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.

The flower grew wild and rankly as the weed;
Roses with thistles struggled for espial;
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the dial.

But, gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;
All times and tides were lost in one long term
Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the porch, she found
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
And on the lawn—within its turfy mound—
The rabbit made his burrow.

The wary crow, the pheasant from the woods,
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a "shocking tameness."

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron fond
Of solitude, alighted,—

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard, from far away,
The ringing of the witwall's shrilly laughter,
Or now and then the chatter of the jay,
The Echo murmured after;

But Echo never mocked the human tongue.
Some weighty crime that heaven could not pardon,
A secret curse on that old building hung,
And its deserted garden.

The beds were all untouched by hand or tool;
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,
For want of human travel.

The pear and quince lay squandered on the grass;
The mold was purple with unheeded showers
Of blooming plums: a wilderness it was
Of fruits and weeds and flowers.

The marigold amidst the nettles blew;
The gourd embraced the rosebush in its ramble;
The thistle and the stock together grew,
The hollyhock and bramble.

The fountain was a-dry; neglect and time
Had marred the work of artisan and mason;
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,
Sprawled in the ruined basin.

On every side the aspect was the same,—
 All ruined, desolate, forlorn, and savage;
 No hand or foot within the precinct came
 To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear;
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
 The place is haunted.

THOMAS HOOD.

LESSON LXVIII.

dēs'ig nā'tion, *name; title.*
 brīll'ian çy, *splendor; bright-*
 ness.
 çēd'ed, *yielded; gave up.*
 vīv'id, *clear; lucid; bright.*

dis lōdge', *to remove from a*
 place.
 pīet'ūr ěsque', *forming a pleas-*
 ing picture.
 eōp'pīçe, *brushwood.*

THE DIAMOND.

The diamond, which for a long time has been considered the most precious of gems, has been known from early antiquity. Its name adamant, a name that can be recognized in nearly all its modern appellations, was given by the Greeks, and signifies "The indomitable." The excessive hardness of the diamond quite justifies this designation.

The diamonds earliest known to the Romans were furnished by Ethiopia; but during the first half-century of our era, they had already been brought from India; and henceforward until the eighteenth century, no diamond mines were known but those of the East Indies—in the empire of the

Mogul, and in the island of Borneo. In 1829, in accordance with a judgment expressed by Humboldt, diamonds were found in the Ural Mountains; they have also been obtained from Sumatra, Java, Brazil, and South Africa.

First of all, for size and beauty, the Indian diamonds are famed; "diamonds of Golconda" have become a synonym for preciousness and brilliancy. These gems were brought, not from the immediate vicinity of the fortress of Golconda, but from the mines of Raolconda and other localities situated in the territory of the Golconda kings. The mines were many years ago ceded to the English, but they have long since been abandoned, and it is believed that they are exhausted. Their treasures, however, shine in the coronets of every nation of the globe. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, a celebrated French jeweler, named Tavernier, traveled through Turkey, Persia, and the Indies, and wrote a vivid account of the diamond mines visited by him.

"I visited first," he writes, "a mine in the territory of the kings of Visapoor, in a place called Raolconda, five days from Golconda and eight or nine from Visapoor. All around the place where the diamonds are found, the ground is sandy and full of rocks and covered with coppice.

"In these rocks are numerous veins, sometimes half a finger, sometimes a whole finger wide; and the miners have little iron rods, crooked at the end, which they thrust into the veins to dislodge the sand or earth in which the diamonds are found. After this part of the work is done, the mixture of earth and sand is passed through two or three washings, and is carefully searched to see

if it has any diamonds. It is from this source that the clearest stones and those of the finest water are taken."

Tavernier relates with very picturesque and life-like details his various affairs with the diamond merchants, and announces the somewhat remarkable fact that the chief negotiators in the sale of diamonds in India were boys not over sixteen years of age.

"It is pleasant," says Tavernier, "to see the children of these merchants and of other people in the country, from the age of ten to that of fifteen or sixteen, coming every morning and seating themselves under a large tree in the market-place of the town.

"Each has his diamond weights in a little pouch hanging at one side, and at the other side a purse attached to his girdle, and containing in some cases as many as six hundred gold pagodas. There they sit and wait until some one comes to sell them diamonds, it may be from the vicinity or from some other mine.

"When any one comes with something for them, he places it in the hands of the eldest of the boys, who is, as it were, the chief of the band. He looks at it, and hands it to the one next him, and so it passes from hand to hand, not a word being spoken by any of them; the eldest boy then asks the price in order to make a bargain, if possible; and if he happen to buy it too dear, he has to take it on his own account."

When evening comes the boys bring together all the stones they have bought, examine them, and arrange them according to their water, their weight, and their clearness. Then they put upon

each its price—as near as possible that at which they would sell to the merchants; and by the latter price, they see how much profit they will have.

They now carry them to the large merchants, who have always great numbers of stones to assort, and all the profit is divided among the boys; the one who acts as their chief receiving one-fourth per cent. more than the others.

Brazilian diamonds are found in the district of San Paulo, in the beds of various rivers, and at Cold Mountain, a lofty plateau measuring eight leagues by sixteen. The diamonds usually occur in alluvial soil enveloped in a conglomerate formed of rounded white quartz pebbles and light-colored sand.

When diamonds were first found by the gold-hunters of Brazil, no notion was formed of their value. They were used for counters in card-playing. But at last a native named Bernardo Lobo, who had journeyed to the East Indies, and had seen uncut diamonds there, recognized the nature of these disregarded pebbles. The news of the discovery spread across the world, and its first effect was a panic in the diamond trade. Some time had to elapse, before the dealers in Indian gems could reconcile themselves to any rival that might depreciate the treasures of the Orient.

Meanwhile, upon the inhabitants of the diamond districts, the discovery acted like a curse. The search for gold no longer offered any attraction; the children gathered the precious dust after the rains. The energies of the gold-hunters were diverted to diamond-finding; care was taken even to examine the crops of all kinds of killed fowls, for diamonds had been found in this way.

As the search became organized, the waters of the rivers were diverted at the dry seasons into canals. The soil was dug to the depth of about ten feet and deposited in heaps near the washing-huts. These huts were furnished with elevated seats for the overseers, who watched incessantly the long troughs in which the washing took place. When a slave found a diamond of 18 carats he received his freedom, and was crowned with flowers, and led in a triumphal procession, amid the rejoicings of his friends.

BLACKIE'S "*Diamonds and Precious Stones.*"

Spell and pronounce:—indomitable, excessive, thenceforward, adamant, furnished, eighteenth, century, accordance, coppice, preciousness, Australia, localities, territory, coronets, girdle, negotiators, and vicinity.

Where are the Ural Mountains, Sumatra, India, Golconda, Brazil, Alaska, Georgia? What is a diamond? What are "*black diamonds*"?



LESSON LXIX.

in vŏl'un t̃a ry, <i>without choice</i>	te năç'i ty, <i>firmness; holding</i>
or will.	on.
sur vīve', <i>to remain alive.</i>	věrgē, <i>edge.</i>

SCENE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

It is summer. A party of visitors are just crossing the iron bridge that extends from the American shore to Goat Island, about a quarter of a mile above the falls. Just as they are about to leave, while watching the stream as it plunges and dashes among the rocks below, the eye of one fastens on something clinging to a rock—caught on the very verge of the falls.

Scarcely willing to believe his own vision, he directs the attention of his companions.

The terrible news spreads like lightning, and in a few minutes, the bridge and the surrounding shore are covered with thousands of spectators. "Who is he?" "How did he get there?" are questions every person proposed, but answered by none.

No voice is heard above the awful flood; but a spy-glass shows frequent efforts to speak to the gathering multitude. Such silent appeals exceed the eloquence of words; they are irresistible, and something must be done.

A small boat is soon upon the bridge, and with a rope attached, sets out upon its fearless voyage, but is instantly sunk. Another and another are tried, but they are all swallowed up by the angry waters. A large one might possibly survive; but none is at hand.

Away to Buffalo a car is dispatched, and never did the iron-horse thunder along its steel-bound track on such a godlike mission. Soon the most competent life-boat is upon the spot.

All eyes are fixed upon the object, as, trembling and tossing amid the boiling white waves, it survives the roughest waters. One breaker past and it will have reached the object of its mission. But being partly filled with water, and striking a sunken rock, the next wave sends it hurling to the bottom.

An involuntary groan passes through the dense multitude, and hope scarcely nestles in a single bosom. The sun goes down in gloom, and as darkness comes on and the crowd begins to scatter, methinks the angels looking over the battlements on high, drop a tear of pity on the scene. The

silvery stars shine dimly through their curtain of blue.

Long before morning he must be swept over that dreadful abyss; he clings to that rock with all the tenacity of life, and as he surveys the horrors of his position, strange visions in the air come looming up before him. He sees his home, his wife and children there; he sees the home of his childhood; he sees that mother as she used to soothe his childish fears upon her breast; he sees a watery grave, and then the vision closes in tears.

No sooner does morning dawn, than the multitude again rush to the scene of horror. Soon a shout is heard; he is there—he is still alive! Just now a carriage arrives upon the bridge, and a woman leaps from it and rushes to the most favorable point of observation.

All eyes are turned for a moment toward the anxious woman, and no sooner is the glass handed to her, fixed upon the object, than she shrieks, "Oh, my husband!" and sinks senseless to the earth.

The excitement, before intense, seems now almost unendurable, and something must again be tried. A small raft is constructed, and, to the surprise of all, swings up beside the rock to which the sufferer has clung for the last forty-eight hours. He instantly throws himself full length upon it.

Thousands are pulling at the end of the rope, and, with skillful management, a few rods are gained toward the nearest shore.

What tongue can tell, what pencil can paint, the anxiety with which that little bark is watched, as, trembling and tossing amid the roughest waters, it nears that rock-bound coast!

Save Niagara's eternal roar, all is silent as the

grave. His wife sees it, and is only restrained by force from rushing into the river. Hope instantly springs into every bosom, but it is only to sink into deeper gloom. The angel of death has spread his wings over that little bark; the poor man's strength is almost gone; each wave lessens his grasp, but all will be safe if that nearest wave is past.

But that next surging billow breaks his hold upon the pitching timbers, and hurls him to the awful verge, where, with body erect, hands clenched, and eyes that are taking their last look of earth, he sinks forever from the gaze of man.

CHARLES TARSON.

Spell and pronounce:—horrors, clenched, Niagara, intense, anxious (angk'shus), soothe, battlements, abyss, spectators, shrieks, irresistible, surging, eloquence, management, and unendurable.

Synonyms.—*competent*—qualified; adequate; sufficient; fit; capable. *restrain*—check; hinder; stop; withhold; repress; curb; suppress; abridge; restrict; limit; confine. *lessen*—diminish; reduce; abate; decrease; lower; impair; weakness; degrade. *attached*—affixed; bound; tied; fastened; connected; annexed; subjoined.

LESSON LXX.

up brāid', *to blame*.
răn'dôm, *without aim*.

rěck, *to care; to heed*.
răm'pärt, *fortification*.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And our lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell tolled the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

CHARLES WOLFE.

Spell and pronounce:—*martial*, corse, struggling, lantern, tolled, warrior (yur), buried, gory, funeral, bayonets, glory, sullenly, steadfastly, Briton, distant, and misty.

Synonyms.—*martial*—warlike; soldier-like. *rampart*—bulwark; defense; security; guard; fortification. *buried*—entombed; interred; covered; concealed; overwhelmed; repress; keep down.

LESSON LXXI.

tīl'ler ing, *sprouting.*

rā'di ā'tion, *throwing off.*

sāt'u rāt ed, *thoroughly charged.*

eo lōs'sal, *huge; very large.*

va nīl'lā, *a plant used for flavoring chocolate.*

Crē'ōleš, *descendants of Europeans born in the West Indies.*

gīb'bing, *being restive.*

fēnš, *marshy lands.*

pre ċip'i tātes, *throws down*

hāze, *mist.* [rapidly.]

WEST INDIAN SCENERY.

As we landed from our boat, a truck was waiting for us on a tramway; and we scrambled ashore on a bed of rich black mud, to be received, of course, in true West Indian fashion, with all sorts of courtesies and kindness.

A long-legged mule, after gibbing enough to satisfy his own self-respect, condescended to trot off with us up the tramway, which lay along a green drive. But in the ditches grew a pea with large, yellow flower-spikes, and beyond the ditches rose on either side, not wheat and beans, but sugar-cane ten and twelve feet high.

And a noble grass it is, with its stems as thick as one's wrist, tillering out below in bold curves over the well-hoed, dark soil, and its broad, bright leaves falling and folding above in curves as bold as those of the stems; handsome enough thus, but more handsome still, I am told, when the "arrow,"

as the flower is called, spreads over the cane-piece a purple haze, which flickers in long shining waves before the breeze.

One only fault it has; that from the luxuriance of its growth, no wind can pass through it, and that therefore the heat of a cane-field tract is utterly stifling.

Here and there we passed a still uncultivated spot; a desolate, reedy swamp, with pools and stunted alder-like trees, reminding us again of the Deep Fens, while the tall chimneys of the sugar-works, and the high woods beyond, completed the illusion.

Soon, however, we had a broad hint that we were not in the Fens, but in a tropic island. A window in heaven above was suddenly opened; out of it, without any warning, a bucket of warm water, happily clean, was emptied on each of our heads, and the next moment all was bright again. A thunder shower without a warning thunder-clap, was to me a new phenomenon, which was repeated several times that day.

The suddenness and the heaviness of the tropic shower are as amusing as the shower is trying. The umbrella or the water-proof must be always ready, or you will get wet through. And getting wet here, is a much more serious matter than in a temperate climate, where you may ride or walk all day in wet clothes and take no harm; for the rapid radiation produced by the intense sunshine causes a chill which may beget, only too easily, fever and ague not to be as easily shaken off.

The cause of these rapid and heavy showers is simple enough. The trade-wind, at this season of the year, is saturated with steam from the ocean

which it has crossed, and the least disturbance in its temperature, from ascending hot air or descending cold, precipitates the steam in a sudden splash of water out of a cloud, if there happens to be one near; if not, out of the clear air.

Therefore it is that these showers, when they occur in the daytime, are most common about noon; simply because then the streams of hot air rise most frequently and rapidly to struggle with the cooler layers aloft.

There is thunder, of course, in the West Indies, continuous and terrible. But it occurs after midsummer, at the breaking up of the dry season and coming on of the wet.

At last the truck stopped at a manager's house with a cabbage-palm, on each side of the garden-gate,—a pair of columns which any prince would have longed for as ornaments for his lawn. It is the fashion here, and a good fashion it is, to leave the palmistes, a few at least, when the land is cleared; or to plant them near the house, merely on account of their wonderful beauty.

One palmiste was pointed out to me in a field near the road which had been measured by its shadow at noon, and found to be one hundred and fifty-three feet in height. For more than a hundred feet the stem rose straight, smooth, and gray. Then three or four spathes of flowers, four or five feet long, jutted out in an upward direction, while from below them, as usual, one dead leaf, twenty feet long or more, dangled head downwards in the breeze.

Above them rose, as always, the green portion of the stem for some twenty feet; and then the flat crown of feathers, as dark as yew, spread out

against the blue sky, looking small enough up there, though forty feet at least in breadth.

And now we set ourselves to walk up to the depot where the government timber was being felled, and where the real "high woods" were to be seen at last. Our path lay along the half-finished tramway through the first cacao plantation I had ever seen, though I am happy to say by no means the last.

Imagine an orchard of nut-trees, with very large, long leaves. Each tree is trained to a single stem. Among them, especially near the path, grew plants of the common hot-house datura, its long white flowers perfuming the air. They have been planted as landmarks to prevent the young cacao-trees being cut over when the weeds are cleared. Among them, too, at some twenty yards apart, are the stems of a tree looking much like an ash, save that it is inclined to throw out broad spurs.

You look up and see that they are fifty or sixty feet high, throwing out one blaze of vermilion against the blue sky. Those who have stood under a Lombardy poplar in early spring, and noticed its buds and twigs showing like pink coral upon a blue ground, and have felt the beauty of the sight, can imagine faintly—but only faintly—the beauty of these cacao-mothers, as they call them here, because their shade is supposed to shelter the cacao-trees, while the dew collected by their leaves keeps the ground below always damp.

Spell and pronounce:—cacao, Lombardy, poplar, saturated, spathes, ague, cabbage-palm, juttied, yew, intense, layers, and precipitates.



LESSON LXXII.

WEST INDIAN SCENERY—Continued.

I turned my dazzled eyes down again, and looked into the delicious darkness under the bushes.

The ground was brown with fallen leaves, or green with ferns; and here and there, a slant ray of sunlight pierced through the shade, and flashed on the brown leaves, and on a gray stem, and on a crimson jewel which hung on the stem—and there again, on a bright orange one; and as my eye became accustomed to the darkness, I saw that the stems and larger boughs, far away into the wood, were dotted with pods, crimson or yellow or green, of the size of a small closed hand.

These were the cacao pods, full of what are called at home cocoa-nibs. And there lay a heap of them, looking like a heap of gay flowers; and by them, sat their brown owner picking them to pieces, and laying the seeds to dry on a cloth.

I went up and told him that I came from New York, and never saw cacao before, though I had been eating and drinking it all my life; at which news he laughed till his white teeth and eyeballs made a light in that dark place. He offered me a fresh broken pod that I might taste the pink, sour-sweet pulp in which the rows of nibs lie packed, a pulp which I found very pleasant and refreshing.

He dries his cacao-nibs in the sun, and if he be a well-to-do and careful man, on a stage with wheels, which can be run into a little shed on the slightest shower of rain; picks them over and over, separating the better quality from the worse, and at last sends them down on mule-back to the

sea, to be sold in London as Trinidad cocoa, or perhaps disposed of in New York or Paris to the chocolate makers, who convert them into "Chocolat Menier," by mixing them with sugar and vanilla, both, possibly, from this very island.

This latter fact once inspired an adventurous German with the thought that he could make chocolate in Trinidad just as well as in Paris, and (so goes the story) he succeeded. But the fair Creoles would not buy it. It could not be good; it could not be the genuine article unless it had crossed the Atlantic twice, to and from that center of fashion, Paris.

So the manufacture, which might have added greatly to the wealth of Trinidad, was given up, and the ladies of the island eat nothing but French chocolate, costing, it is said, nearly four times as much as home-made chocolate need cost.

Now we left the cacao grove, and I was aware, on each side of the tract, of a wall of green, such as I had never seen before on earth, not even in my dreams; strange colossal shapes towering up, a hundred feet and more in height, which, alas! it was impossible to reach; for on either side of the trace were fifty yards of half-cleared ground, fallen logs, withes, huge stumps ten feet high, charred and crumbling.

Among them and over them, a wilderness of creepers and shrubs, and all the luxuriant young growth which springs up at once whenever the primeval forest is cleared—all utterly impassable. These forms, of course, were all new to me, but I could not help remarking upon their tendency to grow enormous rounded leaves.

My first feeling on entering the high woods

was one of helplessness, confusion, awe, almost terror. One is afraid at first to venture in fifty yards. Without a compass, or the landmark of some opening, to or from which he can look, a man must be lost in the first ten minutes, such a sameness is there in the infinite variety. That sameness and variety make it impossible to give any general sketch of a forest. Once inside, "you cannot see the wood for the trees."

You can only wander on as far as you dare, letting each object impress itself on your mind as it may, and carrying away a confused recollection of innumerable perpendicular lines, all straining upwards, in fierce competition, towards the light-food far above; and next of a green cloud, or rather mist, which hovers round your head, and rises, thickening and thickening, to an unknown height.

The upward lines are of every possible thickness, and of almost every possible hue; what leaves they bear, being for the most part on the tips of the twigs, give a scattered, mist-like appearance to the under foliage.

For the first moment, therefore, the forest seems more open than an ordinary wood. But try to walk through it, and ten steps undeceive you. Around your knees are probably Mamures, with creeping stems and fan-shaped leaves, something like those of a young cocoa-nut palm. You try to brush through them, and are caught up instantly by a string or wire belonging to some other plant.

You look up and round; and then you find that the air is full of wires—that you are hung up in a net-work of fine branches belonging to half a dozen different sorts of young trees, and intermixed with as many different species of slender creepers.

You then run against the huge leaf-stalk of a young Cocorite palm. This leaf is five-and-twenty feet long, and springs from a huge ostrich plume, which is sprawling out of the ground and up above your head a few yards off.

Cutting through this leaf-stalk, you are again suddenly stopped by a gray lichen-covered bar as thick as your ankle. This entwines itself with three or four other bars, rolling over with them in great knots and festoons and loops twenty feet high, and then vanishing into the green cloud overhead, as if a giant had thrown a ship's cable into the tree tops.

At one of these loops, nearly as thick as your arm, your companion, if you have a forester with you, will spring joyfully. With a few blows of his cutlass he will sever it as high as he can reach, and again below, some three feet down; and while you are wondering at this seemingly wanton destruction, he lifts the bar on high, throws his head back, and pours down his thirsty throat a pint or more of pure cold water.

This hidden treasure is, strange as it may seem, the ascending sap, or rather the ascending pure rain-water, which has been taken up by the roots, and is hurrying aloft, to be elaborated into sap, and leaf, and flower, and fruit, and fresh tissue for the very stem up which it originally climbed; and therefore it is that the woodman cuts the water-vine through just at the top of the piece which he wants, and not at the bottom; for so rapid is the ascent of the sap that if he cut the stem below, the water would have all fled upwards before he could cut it off above.

Meanwhile the old story of "Jack and the Bean-

stalk" comes into your mind. In such a forest was the old dame's hut; and up such a bean-stalk Jack climbed, to find a giant and a castle high above. The monkeys and the parrots, and the humming-birds and the flowers, and all the beauty, are up above the green cloud. You are in "the empty nave of the cathedral," and "the service is being celebrated aloft in the blazing roof."

C. KINGSLEY.

Spell and pronounce:—courtesies, long-legged, condescended, tramway, ditches, mist, well-hoed, stifling, utterly, tropic, chimneys, phenomenon, umbrella, palmiste, vermilion, coral, fifty-three, datura, accustomed, foliage, and wanton.

Give synonyms of illusion, warning, desolate, ornaments, intense, splash, continuous, longed, juttied, depot, delicious, refreshing, aware, tract, luxuriant, tenor, hue, undeceive, intermixed, and slender.

Trinidad is one of the West India Islands. Columbus, who discovered it in 1498, gave it this name, from a Spanish word for Trinity. The British took possession of it in 1797.

LESSON LXXIII.

kěn'nel, <i>home or house for dogs.</i>	văg'a bōnd, <i>a wanderer; a</i>
eōn'sti tūte, <i>make up; form;</i>	<i>vagrant.</i>
<i>establish.</i>	do mǎin', <i>territory; place.</i>

DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople is an immense dog kennel; every one makes the remark as soon as he arrives. The dogs constitute a second population of the city, less numerous, but not less strange than the first. Everybody knows how the Turks love and protect them; and many provide for them in their wills, as they do for the birds.

Not one of the innumerable dogs of Constantinople has a master. They, therefore, form a great vagabond republic, collarless, nameless, houseless, and lawless. The street is their abode; there they dig little dens, where they sleep, eat, and die. No one thinks of disturbing their occupations or their repose.

They are masters of the highways. While in our cities it is the dog that makes way for the horseman or the foot passenger, there it is the people, the horses, the camels, and the donkeys that make way for the dogs.

In the most frequented part of Stamboul, four or five dogs, curled up asleep in the middle of the road, will cause the entire population of a quarter to turn out of the way for half a day. They are with difficulty disturbed even when in a crowded street a carriage with four horses is seen coming like the wind; then, at the very last moment, they rise and transport their lazy bones a foot or two out of the way—just enough to save their lives.

Laziness is the distinctive trait of the dogs of Constantinople. They lie down in the middle of the road, five, six, ten in a line, or in a ring, curled up so that they look more like tow-mats than animals, and there they sleep the whole day through, among throngs of people coming and going, and neither cold, nor heat, nor sunshine can move them. When it snows, they stay under the snow; when it rains, they lie down in the mud up to their ears.

The canine population of Constantinople is divided into quarters, or wards. Every quarter, every street is inhabited, or rather possessed, by a certain

number of dogs, which never go away from it, and never allow strangers to reside in it.

They exercise a kind of service of police. They have their guards, their advance posts, their sentinels; they go the rounds and make explorations.

Woe to any dog of another quarter which, pushed by hunger, shall risk himself within the territory of his neighbors! A crowd of curs fall upon him at once, and if they catch him, it is all over with him; if they cannot catch him, they chase him furiously as far as his own domain, watching carefully, however, not to venture a single step beyond the understood boundary line.

These dogs act as scavengers in the city. There are no underground sewer-pipes in the city.

LESSON LXXIV.

di vēr'si fīed, <i>distinguished by many forms.</i>	ab rā'ṣion, <i>the act of wearing off.</i>
mi erōs'ēō pīst, <i>one skilled in microscopy.</i>	süb ma rīne', <i>being under water in the ocean.</i>
ē qui līb'ri ūm, <i>a state of rest.</i>	veered, <i>changed direction.</i>

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN AND THE TELEGRAPH.

The Atlantic Ocean stretches from the Arctic Circle on the north to the Antarctic Circle on the south, a distance of nine thousand miles. Its breadth varies from one thousand two hundred miles, between the coasts of Greenland and Norway, to three thousand five hundred miles, from the peninsula of Florida to Cape Verd, on the western coast of Africa. Humboldt compares the bed of

the Atlantic to a long, deep valley, which may be said to extend from pole to pole. The North Atlantic varies in depth from six thousand to twenty-five thousand feet.

The deepest part, says Lieutenant Maury, is probably between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland; but how deep it may be, yet remains for the sounding-line to determine. One result of recent measurements of the depth of the Atlantic by the British and American navies is, the certain knowledge we now possess that the bed of the ocean, like the land, is diversified by mountains and valleys, hills, table-lands, and plains.

Between Newfoundland and Ireland the bed of the Atlantic is so remarkably level, that it has received the name of the Telegraph Plateau. In making soundings for the telegraphic cable across this plateau, various specimens of the bottom were brought up, by means of an apparatus attached to the sounding-line. These were submitted to the celebrated microscopist, Professor Ehrenberg, and were found to consist of minute shells, perfect in form, some of them quite fresh, and having the remains of the animal in them; showing that in this part of the Atlantic there are no currents to disturb the bottom of the sea.

It is an established fact, indeed, that there is no running water at the bottom of the deep sea. The agents which disturb the equilibrium of the ocean, giving violence to its waves and force to its currents, all reside near or above its surface; none of them have their home in its depth.

Wherever specimens of the bottom have been obtained by the deep-sea plummet, they have been found to consist of minute microscopic shells. If

the bottom were disturbed by currents, these minute shells would be found scratched, and their sharp corners and edges broken off and rounded. Moreover, were they drifted about, sand and other scourings of the ocean would be mixed with them. But not so; the specimens brought up from the deep show no such mixture, and bear no marks of abrasion upon even their most delicate parts.

In these still and quiet waters at the bottom of the Atlantic, it was decided to lay the telegraphic cable; the distance from land to land being about one thousand six hundred miles.

In the summer of 1857, the "Agamemnon," of the British navy, and the "Niagara," of the American navy, were assigned by their respective governments to the duty of receiving on board and laying the submarine Atlantic cable. After several unsuccessful attempts, in 1857 and 1858, the vessels met in mid-ocean, joined cables, and set out; the "Niagara" for her terminus in Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, and the "Agamemnon" for hers in Valencia Harbor.

On the 5th of August, the cable was successfully landed on both shores; and a week afterwards, messages of congratulation were flashed across the ocean between the Queen of England and the President of the United States.

Though short-lived, it was a grand achievement. It demonstrated the possibility of uniting by telegraph the New World with the Old—an achievement destined to be one of the great events of the nineteenth century.

Referring to this subject, a distinguished author thus writes:

"Let me offer you two feebly outlined word-

pictures of events which were transacted on the same arena, at the interval of nearly four centuries. The epoch of the first is the autumn of 1492. The scene is the mid-Atlantic, and on its bosom floats the frail caravel of Columbus. It is midnight, and the astonished pilots are gazing with awe on the compass-needle, which has ceased to point to the North star, and has veered around to the west; and they ask the great admiral what this unheard-of variation may mean.

“To him it is a mystery as well as to them, but he has an explanation which contents them; and for himself, however mysterious it may be, it is anew the finger of God bidding him sail westward still; and he follows its new pointing, till it lands him on the shore he has so often seen in his dreams.

“The time of the second picture is 1858. The scene, as before, is the mid-Atlantic, and on its bosom a great English steam-ship is silently gliding with every sail furled. It is midnight again, and the sailors, as in the caravel four centuries ago, are gazing with intense eyes upon a quivering needle.

“It is not now, however, a mere compass-needle; but, armed with a tiny mirror, it lies in the center of a coil of wire looped to the great cable, which, as electric signals pass along it, is every moment bringing the Old and the New Worlds nearer each other in time.

“Every quiver to east and west that the needle makes, as the voltaic current sweeps round the coil, flashes from the mirror a spot of light on a screen, and marks a step in progress; and all watch the face of the electrician, the Columbus of this

voyage, to whom alone these spots of light are intelligible and eloquent of success. And so the mirrored, flashing galvanometer sways about, till the voyage ends; and then 'Gloria in excelsis' is literally quivered in light; as it was by its first singers, the angels, and in unconscious repetition of its chant by the kneeling crews of Columbus four centuries ago."

Let us wish all success to the telegraph everywhere. The best interests of the world are bound up in its progress, and its mission is emphatically one of peace. It does not merely speak swiftly, but softly; and it offers men a common speech, in which all mankind can converse together.

"Men have spoken, men have dreamed,
Of a universal tongue;
Universal speech can be
Only when the words are sung.
When our harp has all its strings,
And its music fills the air,
In a universal tongue
All the world shall share."

Spell and pronounce:—Antarctic, peninsula, lieutenant, cable, measurements, Newfoundland, plateau, specimens, currents, violence, plummet, achievement, admiral, galvanometer, and caravel.

Explain:—"Gloria in excelsis," "galvanometer," "north-star," "caravel," "scene in 1492," "scene in 1858."

What is known of the ocean bed? How determined?

"The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt and then flies;
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright."

LESSON LXXV.

a hoy', a term used in hailing a ship.	tăff'rail, the rail around a ship's stern.
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THE THREE BELLS.

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
 That raked her splintering mast,
 The good ship settled slowly,
 The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
 Her signal guns pealed out;
 Dear God! was that Thy answer,
 From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,—
 “Ho! ship ahoy!” its cry;
 “Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
 Shall stand till daylight by!”

Hour after hour crept slowly,
 Yet on the heaving swells
 Tossed up and down the ship-lights,—
 The lights of the Three Bells.

And ship to ship made signals;
 Man answered back to man;
 While oft, to cheer and hearten,
 The Three Bells nearer ran.

And the captain from her taffrail
 Sent down his hopeful cry;
 “Take heart! hold on!” he shouted,
 “The Three Bells shall stand by!”

All night across the waters
 The tossing lights shone clear;

All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Spell and pronounce:—leak, pealed, raked, tossing, reeling, wreck, lurched, rescue, type, captain, Glasgow, splintering, hearten, The Three Bells, signal-gun, and pusillanimous.

CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

A SONNET.

"I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,
Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might grow faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,—
And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least, it may be said,
'Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee, God!'"

MRS. BROWNING.

Questions.—What is this stanza? How many lines in it? Describe the rhyming of the lines.

LESSON LXXVI.

ǰu'di bly, *so as to be heard.*

bĭv ouac' (wǎk), *an encampment, without tents.*

ef fŭl'ǰençe, *great brightness.*

hǎm'mock, *a swinging bed.*

dŏl'phin, *a large fish.*

mo nŏt'o noŭs, *same in tone.*

pěr'fo rāt ed, *full of holes.*

strā'tá, *layers; regions.*

zē'nith, *a point in the heavens directly overhead.*

re sŏund'ed, *re-echoed.*

MIDDAY AND MIDNIGHT.

We passed the night as usual in the open air, on a sandy flat, on the bank of the Apuré, skirted by the impenetrable forest. We had some difficulty in finding dry wood to kindle the fires with which it is here customary to surround the bivouac, as a safeguard against the attacks of the jaguar.

The air was bland and soft, and the moon shone brightly. Several crocodiles approached the bank. I have observed that fire attracts these creatures as it does our crabs and many other aquatic animals.

The oars of our boats were fixed upright in the ground to support our hammocks. Deep stillness prevailed, only broken at intervals by the blowing of the fresh-water dolphins, which followed each other in long tracks.

After eleven o'clock, such a noise began in the neighboring forest, that, for the remainder of the night, all sleep was impossible. The wild cries of animals rang through the woods. Among the many voices which resounded together, the Indians could only recognize those which, after short pauses, were heard singly.

There was the monotonous, plaintive cry of the howling monkeys, the whining, flute-like notes of

the smaller monkeys, the grunting murmur of the striped nocturnal ape, the fitful roar of the great tiger, the maneless American lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots and other birds.

Whenever the tigers approached the edge of the forest, our dog, which before had barked incessantly, came howling to seek protection under the hammocks. Sometimes the cry of the tiger resounded from the branches of a tree, and was then always accompanied by the plaintive, piping tones of the apes, which were endeavoring to escape from the unwonted pursuit.

If one asked the Indians why such a continuous noise is heard on certain nights, they answer, with a smile, that the animals are rejoicing in the beautiful moonlight, and celebrating the return of the full moon. To Humboldt, the scene appeared rather to be owing to a long-continued and gradually-increasing conflict among the animals.

Thus, for instance, the jaguar will pursue the peccaries and the tapirs, which, densely crowded together, burst through the barrier of tree-like shrubs which opposes their flight. Terrified at the confusion, the monkeys on the tops of the trees join their cries with those of the larger animals. This arouses the tribes of birds which build their nests in communities, and suddenly the whole animal world is in a state of commotion.

Nor is it by any means always the festival of moonlight that disturbs the stillness of the forest. We observed that the voices were loudest during violent storms of rain, or when the thunder echoed and the lightning flashed through the depths of the woods.

A singular contrast to the scenes here described

is presented by the stillness which often reigns within the tropics at the noontide of a day unusually sultry:—

“Not a breath of air moved the dust-like sand. The sun stood in the zenith, and the effulgence of light poured upon the river, which, owing to a gentle ripple of the waters, was brilliantly reflected, gave additional distinctness to the red haze which veiled the distance.

“The larger animals, at such times, take refuge in the deep recesses of the forest, the birds nestle beneath the foliage of the trees, or in the clefts of the rocks. If, however, in this apparent stillness of nature, we listen closely for the faintest tones, we detect a dull, muffled sound, a buzzing and humming of insects close to the earth, in the lower strata of the atmosphere.

“Everything proclaims a world of active forces. In every shrub, in the cracked bark of trees, in the perforated ground inhabited by ants, wasps, and bees, life is everywhere audibly manifest.”

HUMBOLDT.

Fill up blank spaces with synonyms instead of words used in the text:—

“Fires with which it is here —— to surround the ——.”
 “I have —— that fire attracts these creatures.” “Deep ——
 —— only —— by the blowing of the fresh-water dolphins.” “Our dogs which had barked ——.” “which were
 —— to escape from the unwonted pursuit.” “Gave —— ——
 to the red haze that —— the distance.”

Apuré is a tributary of the Orinoco, in South America.

“One by one thy duties wait thee;
 Let thy whole strength go to each;
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.”

A. A. PROCTOR.

LESSON LXXVII.

eū pld'i ty, *covetousness.*
 in ġen'tive, *that which incites*
to action.
 trans mūt'ed, *changed from*
one nature or form into another.
 per ġep'tion, *act of perceiving.*

mīs'sion ā rieġ, *persons sent to*
propagate religion.
 e nōr'mi tieġ, *atrocious crimes.*
 al lē'vi ā'tion, *that which soft-*
ens in severity.
 ĩn'do lenġe, *habitual idleness.*

NORTHMEN AND NORMANS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

It would be an interesting work to trace out the causes and the course of civilization, in the case of particular nations compared one with another. Some nations have been civilized by conquering; others by being conquered.

The moral and social advancement of Spain, Gaul, and South Britain under the Roman yoke is an instance of the latter process; but more commonly the victorious people has been the pupil, not the teacher, and has voluntarily placed itself at the feet of those whom it began by treading under its own.

This appears from the nature of the case: the more favored countries of the earth are the natural seats of civilization; and these are the very objects of the cupidity of Northern or Eastern races, who are at once more warlike and less refined.

Accordingly, the rude warrior quits his ice-bound crags, his desolate steppes, or his burning sands, for the sunny hills or the well-watered meadows of the temperate zone; and when he has made good his footing in his new abode, what was the incentive of his conquest becomes the instrument of his education.

Thus it was the Goths and Lombards put off their national fierceness; thus it was that the fanatic Arab was transmuted into the polished knight of Seville or Granada; and thus the Northman also softened both his name and his nature, and over his characteristic qualities,—the cruelty, the cunning, and romantic ambition of his barbarism,—threw the fantastic garb of Christian chivalry.

The ordinary course of barbarian invasion is such as this: Certain tribes are in advance of the rest, being the van-guard of a large host, or the fugitives of unsuccessful war; they come down upon the country which is to be their prey in successive expeditions; like billows tumbling one over the other, they sweep through it; then, like waves, they retire, and then again, after an interval, they return.

Next, they exact contributions, and are again and again bought off. Next, either by violence or by treaty, they gain possession and occupation of some territory, and take their place as landed proprietors amid the old tenants and institutions of the soil. This turns out to be a more politic bribe than gold; it is a gift once for all; it puts them under teaching, and imposes on them responsibilities.

In a while, they are found to be happily influenced by the civilization, be it greater or less, into which they have thrust themselves. They imitate the customs and manners of their new country; they acquire a moral perception and a standard of judgment to which before they were utter strangers; they give up their old idolatry.

They trade and make money; they grow con-

servative; they learn to be ashamed of the savage habits of their forefathers; they make common cause with the old inhabitants in repelling the fresh invasions of their own kindred.

Perhaps, they even act a charitable part towards the latter, sending them missionaries, or returning the captives or hostages whom they have taken, to teach them a purer faith and the arts of life.

These successive steps in the course of civilization took a character of their own in the remarkable race whose history has so intimate a bearing on the two islands of the North; and as we have, above, enlarged upon the terrible and revolting features of the Scandinavian character, so it is to our purpose now to speak of the singular alleviations with which its enormities were, as time went on, accompanied, till it changed into the chivalrous Norman.

Though of the same stock as the Saxons, the Northmen were gifted with a more heroic cast of soul. Perhaps it was the peculiar scenery and climate of their native homes which suggested to them such lofty aspirations, and such enthusiastic love of danger and hardship.

The stillness of the desert may fill the fierce Arab with a rapturous enjoyment, and the interminable forests of Britain or Germany might breathe profound mystery; but the icy mountains and the hoarse resounding waves of the North nurtured warriors of a princely stature, both in mind and body, befitting the future occupants of European thrones.

Cradled in the surge and storm, they were spared the temptation of indolence and luxury: they neither worshiped the vivifying powers of

nature with the Greek, nor with the Sabeian did they kiss the hand to the bright stars of heaven; but, while they gave a personal presence and volition to the fearful or the beautiful spirits which haunted the mountains or lay in ambush in the mist, they understood by daily experience that good could not be had by the mere wishing.

They made it a first article in their creed that their reward was future, and that their present must be toil.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Spell and pronounce:—vivifying, rapturous, singular, heroic, aspirations, character, terrible, scenery, chivalrous, repelling, forefathers, judgment, invasions, contributions, Lombards, Seville, barbarian, and Granada.

John Henry Newman was born in London in 1801, and educated at Oxford. Newman is a voluminous writer, principally on moral and religious subjects. In combining strength, grace, and clearness, he is unsurpassed.

LESSON LXXVIII.

bōrne, *conveyed*.

ūsed, *habituated; accustomed*.

spīr'it, *a disembodied soul*.

īg'rō rançe, *condition of being ignorant*.

la bûr'num, *an Alpine tree*.

"I REMEMBER."

I remember, I remember

The house where I was born,

The little window where the sun

Came peeping in at morn;

He never came a wink too soon,

Nor brought too long a day;

But now I often wish the night

Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light.
The lilacs where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And through the air would rush as fresh
As swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew on feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance—
But now it is little joy
To know, I'm farther off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy. THOMAS HOOD.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject: MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

1. Write *your* earliest recollections of places,—of home, farm, forest, or field; relate every little incident connected with these memories.

2. Describe your earliest impressions of people,—of mother, father, etc.

3. Think closely, and try to recall what emotion or circumstance connected with these incidents served to fix them in your mind; whether fear, joy, anger, or surprise.

4. What memory is dearest to you?

5. What memory is saddest to you?

LESSON LXXIX.

a nŏn'y moŭs ly, <i>without a name.</i>	ăth lět'ie, <i>belonging to manly sports.</i>
pe ru'sal, <i>reading with attention.</i>	shěr'iff, <i>the chief officer of a county.</i>
·rěl'ie, <i>that which remains.</i>	mĭn'strel sy, <i>collected songs.</i>

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Walter Scott, the author of the "Waverley Novels," which have given instruction and pleasure to thousands of young and old alike, was born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771. In his infancy, he was attacked by a fever which impaired his health and left him permanently lame. On this account, he was sent to reside with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, on the Scottish Border. He has described the scene for us in the introduction to the third canto of "Marmion."

"It was a barren scene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled:
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of liveliest green:
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag, and ruin'd wall."

After a time spent at the High School, Edinburgh, Scott was sent to Kelso, where he found in his school-master a companion and friend. His early distinctions, however, were not gained in the school, but among his school-fellows, with whom his wonderful power of story-telling, and his enthusiasm in their sports and games, despite his lameness, made him a special favorite. Even then he was a devoted reader of old romance and his-

tory, and in his twelfth year the perusal of Percy's "Relics of Ancient English Poetry" impressed him very deeply. Already he had begun to collect ballads from the recitation of old people, and to copy them out very neatly into small volumes.

As he grew up, he was apprenticed as a lawyer to his father, and entered the law-classes at the university. Two features of his character at that period were especially noticed; his gigantic memory, and his wonderful industry in carrying out any cherished purpose, and also his great delight in athletic pursuits. His only means of increasing his funds was to earn money by copying; and he has himself told us, that he remembered writing one hundred and twenty folio pages with no interval either for food or rest,—fourteen or fifteen hours' very hard work at the least.

In 1792, he was called to the bar, and in 1799, he was appointed deputy-sheriff of Selkirkshire. His first country home was at Lasswade on the Esk, about six miles from Edinburgh. Here he began to cultivate that taste for altering and planting, which afterward became an absorbing passion.

In 1804, he found it necessary to remove into Selkirkshire, and he settled down at Ashestiel, seven miles from Selkirk, as he had now become sheriff of that county. This place cannot be described more vividly than in Scott's own words in the introduction to the first canto of "Marmion":—

"November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear;
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,

So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through;
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen,
Through bush and brier no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wide cascade,
And foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed."

It was while residing here that Scott first entered on that active life of literary toil in close conjunction with an equally active life of rural sport, which gained him a well justified reputation as the hardest worker and the hardest player in the kingdom. At six o'clock every morning, having previously lighted his own fire, he was seated at his desk, with his papers arranged in most admirable order, his books of reference marshaled around him on the floor, and just beyond them, at least one favorite dog watching his eye.

By breakfast time, between nine and ten, he had done enough, in his own language, "to break the neck of the day's work." Generally, two hours more were devoted to private study, and then, he used to say, he was "his own man."

His first great literary success was won in 1802, when he published "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," a collection of ballad poems, which has been said to contain the elements of a hundred romances.

In 1805, the first of his romantic poems, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," made its appearance, and in 1808, "Marmion," decidedly his best poem, was issued. "The Battle of Flodden" constitutes, perhaps, the most perfect description of war by one, who was almost both poet and warrior, which the English language contains. An amusing proof of the hold which this poem had upon the heart and memory is furnished by the following story:—

Two elderly persons, complete strangers to each other, were passing each other on a dark London night, when one of them happened to be repeating to himself the last lines of the account of Flodden Field, "Charge, Chester, charge," when suddenly a reply came out of the darkness, "On, Stanley, on," whereupon they finished the death of Marmion between them, took off their hats to each other, and parted, laughing.

In 1810, "The Lady of the Lake" appeared. This poem, with its stirring description of Highland scenery, first revealed the beauties of Scotland to the English, and awakened the taste which yearly induces hundreds to resort thither for pleasure. Every summer, tourists may be seen roaming about the Trosachs, with Scott's "Lady of the Lake" in their hands, exploring Helen's Isle, or climbing "on the bold cliffs of Ben-venue." This poem also contains a battle scene, which was put to a very novel test:—

Sir Adam Ferguson was posted with his company, during the Peninsular War, on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery. His men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground; while in that attitude, the captain, kneeling at the head, read aloud the description of the battle in the sixth canto of the poem, which had only reached him that day. The soldiers lay listening to the stirring stanzas, until they interrupted him by a joyous huzza, as the French shot struck the bank close above them.

In 1812, having obtained the income arising from the office of a clerkship of the Session, the work of which he had discharged for more than five years without pay, he was enabled to realize his favorite dream of buying a small estate five

miles lower down the Tweed, to which he gave the name, now so famous throughout the civilized world, of Abbotsford. The poor farm-house which he purchased soon gave place to a mansion, the mansion in turn became a castle, and the "bare haugh and brae of about a hundred acres" expanded into a wide estate. Though Scott's earnings were now large, his expenditure in extending and beautifying the property was often far larger, and the profits of literary works not yet commenced, were too often pledged to meet the constant drain.

It was not until the summer of 1814 that Scott took up and completed a fragment of a Jacobite story, which he had commenced in 1805, and laid aside. It was published anonymously, and its astonishing success helped to retrieve the fortunes of Scott, which were already beginning to look very gloomy. This story was "Waverley," the first of that wonderful series of romances which have acquired a world-wide fame under the name of "The Waverley Novels."

Novel after novel now issued from the press. "It seemed," says Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, "as if one of the Homeric heroes had re-appeared upon the earth, clothed in superhuman strength, and the wig and gown of a Scotch advocate." But the authorship remained a profound secret, guessed at by some, but really known to very few. In 1827, Sir Walter avowed the authorship at a public dinner in Edinburgh.

But dark days were in store. For some years, unknown to all his friends, Scott had been a partner in the publishing house of Ballantyne & Co., of Edinburgh. In the severe commercial crisis of 1825, that house fell, and Scott, at the age of fifty-

five, found himself liable for a dept of £117,000. Nor was this his only trouble. For two years he had been painfully watching the failure of his wife's health, and within four months of the crash, she died.

Yet the brave but heart-stricken man remained undaunted. He refused all offers of compromise, and resolved, with the aid of his pen alone, to meet and discharge this large and almost overwhelming debt. He resolved, and he succeeded, though his own life fell a sacrifice in the struggle. Within two years he earned for his creditors nearly £40,000. But the end was at hand.

In September, 1830, he was seized with an attack of paralysis. Still, after his recovery, he toiled on at his apparently unending task, but his power of work was seriously impaired. Yet it is truly wonderful to relate that, by December, 1830, he had reduced the dept by £63,000, leaving £54,000 still unpaid. In the autumn of 1831, the government placed a vessel at his disposal, in the vain hope that a cruise in the Mediterranean might restore his shattered frame. But it was too late. The insidious disease still crept on, and in June, 1831, he returned to London in a state of imminent danger, having had another and more serious attack a few days previously.

While he lay hovering between life and death at a hotel in Jermyn Street, Allan Cunningham—himself a Scotch author and poet—tells us, that on walking home one night, he found a group of working-men at the corner of the street, who stopped him and asked, as if there was but one death-bed in London; "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where *he* is lying?" Scott's one ur-

gent desire was to return to Abbotsford, and, at last, the journey was undertaken. As he approached his home, he recognized the familiar haunts with great delight; but it was only for a brief space. He lingered on for two months, and on September 21, on a glorious autumn day, with every window wide open, and the ripple of his loved Tweed over its pebbles distinctly audible in his room, he passed away.

He was buried amid the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. Measures were taken, immediately after his death, to pay off the still remaining balance of £54,000, and by his literary works and other property, in a few years, every penny was paid, and the house and estate of Abbotsford was handed over, free from all burden, to his family, of whom only one great-granddaughter now survives.

In the days of prosperity and sunshine, Scott was a great and an honored man, loved by all who knew him, and by none more than his own servants. But his true greatness of character, his wonderful power of will to overcome difficulties and disasters, would never have been known, had it not been revealed by his adversity.

He has left behind a treasure far more valuable than his own loved Abbotsford, or his literary works—an honored name and a noble example. The story of his life gives a new charm to his numerous and varied works; for, besides his poems and romances, he has left us his charming "Tales of a Grandfather," "The Life of Napoleon," and other productions.

As we read that story, we shall all be ready to adopt the touching words of Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell: "For myself, I can say, that I never take

down a volume of Scott's writings, published in or after 1826, without thinking of the circumstances in which they were composed, and remembering that they, like the water from the well of Bethlehem which David refused to drink, represent the heart's blood of a brave man's life."

R. H. HUTTON.

Spell and pronounce:—permanently, peninsular, enthusiasm, velvet, Abbotsford, paralysis, superhuman, honored, balance, Bethlehem, apprenticed, authorship, adversity, compromise, artillery, and numerous.

Synonyms. — *distinction* — note; eminence; superiority; preference; discrimination; mark. *deputy*—representative; substitute; legate; delegate; envoy; agent; factor. *insidious*—deceptive; deceitful; treacherous; circumventive; guileful; designing; sly; artful; wily; crafty. *retrieve*—recover; regain; recruit; repair; restore. *imminent*—impending; threatening; near; at hand.

LESSON LXXX.

In'so lent, <i>overbearing; insulting.</i> pěr'k'ing, <i>holding up the head</i> <i>with affected smartness.</i> vo rā'cioŭs, <i>greedy for eating.</i>	pil'fer ing, <i>practicing petty theft.</i> ā'r'o gançe, <i>haughtiness.</i> hīd'e oŭs, <i>shocking to the eye or</i> <i>ear.</i>
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THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

All upstarts, insolent in place,
 Remind us of their vulgar race.

As in the sunshine of the morn,
 A butterfly, but newly born,
 Sat proudly perking on a rose;
 With pert conceit his bosom glows.
 His wings all glorious to behold,
 Bedropped with azure, jet, and gold,

Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom, when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:

“What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From chocking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care,
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste designed,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace.”

“What arrogance!” the snail replied;
“How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provoked my patience to complain,
I had concealed thy meaner birth,
Nor traced thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have waked the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life surveyed,
In base and sordid guise arrayed;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragged a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and snail shall end.

And what's a butterfly? At best
 He's but a caterpillar, dressed;
 And all thy race (a numerous seed)
 Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

JOHN GAY.

John Gay, an English poet, was born in 1688, and died in 1732. His fables are admired for their sparkling style and wild fancy. He and Pope were friends.

LESSON LXXXI.

ā ē'ri al, *belonging to the air.*
 hŷ drau'liē, *relating to water-*
 pipes.
 sō'lar, *relating to the sun.*
 īr'ri gā'tion, *watering land.*

stēppes, *vast plains of Asia.*
 mon sōōnŝ', *winds of southern*
 Asia which blow from S. W. in
 summer and from N. E. in
 winter.

MOUNTAINS; THEIR USES.

Were it not for the great swells of land, the ridges and crests of rock, the wrinkles, curves, and writhings of the strata, how could springs of water be formed? What drainage could a country have? How could the rains be hoarded in fountains and lakes? Where would be the store-houses of the snow and hail?

"Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in the Amazon or the Ganges, owe their play and purity and power to the ordained elevations of the earth."

The richest beauty that invests the mountains suggests this branch of their utility. The mists that scale round them, above which their cones

sometimes float aerial islands in a stagnant sea; the veils of rain that trail along them; the crystal snow that makes the light twinkle and dance; the somber thunder-heads that invest them with Sinai-like awe, are all connected with their mission as the hydraulic distributors of the world,—the mighty troughs that apportion to the land the moisture which the noiseless solar suction is ever lifting from the sea. Their peaks are the cradles, their furrows the first play-ground of the great rivers of the earth.

It is an equally obvious truth, that mountain chains diversify climates. By their condensing effect upon the wet sea-winds, they make some districts more moist than others, and so variegate fertilities and the products of vegetation.

One side of a mountain ridge receives much more rain than the other. For days together, the valley of the Po is never clouded, because the Alps, shrouded in dense fogs, are drawing off the waters from the wet lands before they reach the Italian plains. And the Himalayas force the summer monsoons to bring out their bounty so thoroughly upon their southern sides, that the steppes of inland Asia suffer to compensate for the beauteous rivers and rich vegetation of the Indian peninsula.

The Pacific shore under the Andes is very dry and comparatively barren, because the trade-winds that blow across and enrich the countries of the Amazon from the Atlantic, are robbed of most of their bounty in scaling those cold summits from the east, and have little to disburse upon the western slopes.

We are told that if a mountain system could be upheaved in Sahara, the hot breezes that now

sweep over it would be chilled and compelled to disgorge their booty,—so that the wilderness, sprinkled with rain and veined with rivers, would, in time, “blossom as the rose.” As to our supply of water and our irrigation, we must, with David, “Lift up our eyes to the hills, from whence cometh our help.”

T. S. KING.

Spell and pronounce:—compensate, Sinai, writhings, suction, troughs (trawfs), apportion, Himalaya, disburse, distributes, variegate, Sahara, fertilities, beauteous, Amazon, disgorge, and comparatively.

Synonyms.—*compensate*—recompense; reward; remunerate; requite. *obvious*—manifest; plain; clear; evident; apparent. *suggest*—hint; allude; refer to; glance at; insinuate. *somber*—dull; dusky; cloudy; melancholy; sad; grave.



LESSON LXXXII.

assigned', <i>allotted; apportioned.</i>	con vî'e'tion, <i>being convinced</i>
ěm'u lâte, <i>to strive to equal or</i>	<i>of truth or error.</i>
<i>excel.</i>	fî'e'tion, <i>an invented story.</i>

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me
 And awaits my spirit too;
 For all human ties that bind me,
 For the task by God assigned me,
 For the hopes not left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
 Who've suffered for my sake;

To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

LESSON LXXXIII.

ruth'less, *without pity.*
 pîn'ions, *wings.*
 tĕrn, *a sea-fowl, like a gull.*

poised, *balanced.*
 in spĕe'tion, *view.*
 skŭlk'ing, *hiding.*

THE NATURAL AFFECTION OF BIRDS.

The following instances of natural affection among birds were observed by Thomas Edward, the well-known shoemaker-naturalist of Banff.

Within a few feet of the remains of a wreath of snow, he came upon a wild duck lying beside a tuft of rushes. Thinking that she was skulking with the view of avoiding observation, Edward touched her with his stick, in order that she might rise. But she did not stir.

He was surprised, and, on a nearer inspection, he found that the bird was dead. She lay raised a little on one side, her neck stretched out, her mouth open and full of snow, her wings somewhat extended, and with one of her legs appearing a little behind her.

Near the dead duck there were two eggs. On discovering this, Edward lifted her up, and underneath her found a nest containing eleven eggs. These, with the other two, made thirteen in all. A few were broken. He examined the whole of them and found that, without exception, they contained young birds. This was an undoubted proof that the poor mother had sat upon them from two to three weeks.

With her dead body in his hand, he sat down to investigate the matter, and to ascertain, if he could, the cause of her death. He examined her minutely all over, and could find neither wound

nor any mark whatever of violence. She had every appearance of having died of suffocation. Edward had no doubt that she had come by her death in a desperate but faithful struggle to protect her eggs from the fatal effects of the recent snow-storm.

How affecting an example she afforded of maternal affection! The ruthless blast had swept, with all its fury, along the lonesome and unsheltered hill. The snow had risen higher and the smothering drift came fiercer, as night drew on. Yet still that poor bird, in defiance of the warring elements, continued to protect her home, and the treasures which it contained, until she could do so no longer, and then yielded up her life.

That life she could easily have saved, had she been willing to abandon the offspring which nature had taught her so tenderly to cherish, and in endeavoring to preserve which she willingly remained to die.

"I wrapped," says Edward, "a piece of paper as a winding sheet, round the faithful and devoted bird, and forming a hole in the ground, sufficiently large for the purpose, I laid the mother and the eggs in it. I covered them with earth and moss, and, over all, placed a solid piece of turf; and having done so—and being more affected than I should perhaps be willing to acknowledge—I left them to molder into their original dust, and went on my way."

A remarkable instance of brotherly sympathy and help on the part of the common tern is related by the same keen observer and loving friend of every living thing. Being on the sands of Boyndie one afternoon in August, he had been observing

with eager interest the movements of a party of terns in their search for food.

At last one broke off from the party and directed his course toward the shore, fishing all the way as he came. It was an interesting sight to watch him; at one moment rising, at another descending, now poised in mid-air, his wings expanded and motionless, his piercing eye directed to the waters beneath, and following with eager gaze the movements of their scaly inhabitants; and now, as one of them would ever and anon come sufficiently near the surface, making his attack upon the fish in the manner so thoroughly taught him by nature.

Quick as thought he closed to his side his outspread pinions, and, with a seeming carelessness, threw himself headlong into the deep so rapidly that the eye could with difficulty keep pace with his descent. In the least space of time, he would be seen sitting on the water, swallowing his prey.

This being accomplished, he again mounted into the air. Being now within reach, Edward, who required a specimen of the bird, fired, and the tern came down with a broken wing, screaming as he fell into the water. The report of the gun, together with his cries, brought together the party he had left, in order that they might ascertain the cause of the alarm.

"After surveying their wounded brother round and round, as he was drifting toward the shore with the flowing tide, they came flying in a body to the spot where I stood, and rent the air with their screams. These they continued to utter, regardless of their own safety, until I began to make preparations for receiving the approaching bird.

"I could easily see that it was a full-grown specimen; and, being not very far from the water's edge, I expected in a few moments to have it in my possession.

"While matters were in this position, I beheld, to my utter astonishment and surprise, two of the unwounded terns take hold of their disabled comrade, one at each wing, lift him out of the water, and bear him out seawards. They were followed by two other birds.

"After being carried about six or seven yards, he was let gently down again, and then was taken up in a similar manner by the two who had been hitherto inactive. In this manner, they continued to carry him alternately, until they had conveyed him to a rock at a considerable distance, upon which they landed him in safety.

"I made toward the rock, wishing to obtain the prize which had been so unceremoniously snatched from my grasp. I was observed, however, by the terns, and, instead of four, I had, in a short time, a whole swarm about me.

"On my near approach to the rock, I once more beheld two of them take hold of the wounded bird as they had done already, and bear him out to sea in triumph, far beyond my reach.

"This, had I been so inclined, I could, no doubt, have prevented. Under the circumstances, however, my feelings would not permit me. I willingly allowed them to perform, without molestation, an act of mercy, and to exhibit an instance of affection, which man himself need not be ashamed to imitate.

"I was, indeed, rejoiced at the disappointment which they had occasioned, for they had thereby

rendered me the witness of a scene which I could scarcely have believed, and which no length of time will efface from my recollection."

Spell and pronounce:—efface, unceremoniously, investigate, inspection, skulking, molestation, suffocation, alternately, pinions, ascertain, defiance, and minutely.



LESSON LXXXIV.

pǎl'an quǐn' (pǎl'ang kēn'),

*a covered carriage borne on men's
shoulders.*

īrk'sōme, *wearisome.*

wēird, *unearthly.*

e vǎn'ġel īze, *to tell the gos-
pel to.*

dēs'ō lāte, *to lay waste.*

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, in Lanarkshire, on the 19th of March, 1813. Of his early boyhood there is little to say, except that he was a favorite at home. The children's games were merrier when he was among them, and the fire-side brighter. He contributed constantly to the happiness of the family. Anything of interest that happened to him he was always ready to tell them of. The habit was kept up in after years. When he went to study at Glasgow, returning on the Saturday evenings, he would take his place by the fireside and tell them all that had occurred during the week, thus sharing his life with them.

He received his early education at the village school. From his earliest childhood, he seems to have been of a calm, self-reliant nature. It was his father's habit to lock the door at dusk, by which time all the children were expected to be in the house. One evening, David had infringed this rule,

and when he reached the door, it was barred. He made no cry nor disturbance, but, having procured a piece of bread, sat down contentedly to pass the night on the door-step. There, on looking out, his mother found him.

His parents were poor, and, at the age of ten, he was put to work in the factory as a piecer. After a number of years, he was promoted to be a spinner. Greatly to his mother's delight, the first half-crown he ever earned was laid by him in her lap.

With a part of his first week's wages he purchased a Latin grammar, and pursued the study of that language at an evening class which had been opened between the hours of eight and ten. The home part of his labors was continued until midnight or later, if his mother did not interfere by jumping up and taking the books out of his hands. He had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue his work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night.

In his reading, he tells us that he devoured all the books that came into his hands but novels, and that his plan was to place the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work. The improvements in spinning machinery not having then been introduced, the labor of attending to the wheels was great, and the utmost interval that Livingstone could have for reading at one time was less than a minute.

In all the toils and trials of his life, Livingstone found the good of that early Blantyre discipline, which had forced him to bear irksome toil with

patience, until the toil ceased to be irksome, and even became a pleasure.

Livingstone's resolution to become a missionary dates from his twenty-first year. Nothing but a determination similar to that which afterward characterized him would have sufficed to enable him to overcome the many difficulties with which he met. During his first session at college, he resided in lodgings, for which he paid no more than two shillings a week. When the classes in Glasgow were over, he returned to the mill at Blantyre, and earned with his hands, during the summer, what was to pay his fees in the ensuing winter.

At length, on the 8th of December, 1840, he embarked for South Africa, and from that time till his death—a period of more than thirty years—his life was spent in unweariéd efforts to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave-trade of Central Africa.

He traveled twenty-nine thousand miles in Africa, and added to the known part of the globe about a million square miles. He discovered Lakes Ngami, Shirwan, Nyassa, Moero, and Bangweolo; the Upper Zambesi, and many other rivers. He made known the wonderful Victoria Falls, and was the first European to traverse the whole length of Lake Tanganyika.

To the end of his life, the great desire of Livingstone's heart was to expose and put an end to the slave-trade, whose woes he had witnessed in Central Africa. "If the good Lord," he wrote, "permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of the inland slave-trade, I shall not grudge my hunger and toils. I shall bless His name with all my

heart. Men may think I covet fame, but I make it a rule never to read aught written in my praise."

In April of 1873, the illness from which he had been suffering increased. His weakness was pitiful; still, he longed for strength to finish his work. The old passion for natural history was strong. The water-plants that abounded everywhere, the caterpillars, that after eating the plants, ate one another, and were such clumsy swimmers; the fish with the hook-shaped lower jaw that enabled them to feed as they skimmed past the plants; the morning summons of the cocks and turtle-doves; the weird scream of the fish-eagle—all engaged his interest.

On the 21st of April, a change occurred. He tried to ride, but was forced to lie down. A palanquin had to be made for carrying him. The 29th of April was the last day of his travels. At last they got him to Chitambo's village, in Ilala, where they had to put him under the eaves of a house during a drizzling rain, until the hut they were building should be got ready. Then they laid him on a rough bed in the hut, where he spent the night.

Next day he lay undisturbed. Nothing occurred to attract notice during the early part of the night, but at four in the morning, the boy who lay at his door, called in alarm for Susi, one of the Doctor's most faithful attendants, fearing that his master was dead. By the candle still burning, they saw him—not in bed, but kneeling at the bedside, with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. He had passed away on the farthest of all his journeys, and without a single attendant.

But he had died in the act of prayer—prayer offered in that reverential attitude about which he was always so particular; commending his own spirit, with all his dear ones, as was his wont, into the hands of his Saviour; and commending Africa—his own dear Africa—with all her woes, and sins, and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed, and the Redeemer of the lost.

The remains of Dr. Livingstone, “brought by faithful hands over land and sea,” were committed to their resting-place in Westminster Abbey on April 18, 1874.

“Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage;
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.”

Spell and pronounce:—attendant, barred, disturbance, Latin, grammar, machinery, interfere, infringed, coyet, Redeemer, contributed, occurred, constantly, purchased, sufficed, and procured.

Synonyms.—*attitude*—posture; position. *discipline*—train; form; bring up; regulate; correct; chasten; chastise; punish. *abolish*—abrogate; annul; do away with; set aside; revoke; repeal; cancel; annihilate; nullify.

LESSON LXXXV.

ĕp'i taph, <i>what is written on a tomb.</i> shroudſ, <i>ropes from the mast-head to the ship's side.</i>	răt'lined, <i>ropes forming steps for ladders in a ship's rigging.</i> lĩ ā'ná-hung, <i>hung with twin-ing plants.</i>
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THE BURIAL OF LIVINGSTONE.

Droop half-mast colors, bow, bareheaded crowds,
As this plain coffin o'er the side is slung,
To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shrouds,
As erst by Afric's trunks, liana-hung.

'Tis the last mile of many thousands trod
With failing strength, but never-failing will,
By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

Or if the ache of travel or of toil
Would sometimes wring a short, sharp cry of pain
From agony of fever, blain, and boil,
'Twas but to crush it down and on again!

He knew not that the trumpet he had blown
Out of the darkness of that dismal land,
Had reached and roused an army of its own
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered
hand.

Now, we believe, he knows, sees all is well;
How God had stayed his will and shaped his way,
To bring the light to those that darkling dwell
With gains that life's devotion well repay.

Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage;
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is
known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame;
Let marble crumble; this is Living-stone.



LESSON LXXXVI.

fū'ri oŭs, *moving with violence.*im mē'di ate, *acting directly.*fā'tal, *deadly ; mortal.*de līv'er ançe, *freedom.*re şolved, *determined ; concluded.*a bāt'ed, *diminished ; subsided.*elām'bered, *climbed.*

THE SHIPWRECK OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave, having driven me, or rather, carried me, a vast way on toward the shore, and, having spent itself, went back and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in.

I had so much presence of mind as well as breath left, that, seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on toward the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no strength to contend with.

My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing and pilot myself toward the shore, if possible; my greatest concern now being, that the wave, as it would carry me a great way toward the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back toward the sea.

The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own

body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness toward the shore, a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, and gave me breath and new courage.

I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and, finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the wave, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran, with what strength I had, farther toward the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well-nigh been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of rock, and that with such force that it left me senseless, and indeed helpless as to my own deliverance, for the blow, taking my side and breast, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body; and, had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the wave, and, seeing I should again be covered with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the

rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back.

Now, as the waves were not so high as the first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and, the next run I took, I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

DANIEL DE FOE.

DISCUSSION OF THE LESSON.

Who wrote the story of Robinson Crusoe? Was the author English, or American? Upon the adventures of what English sailor is the tale founded? * Observe the description of this "shipwreck," and decide upon its *style*. Is the language simple or showy? Are the words used easy or difficult? Are the sentences clear, or long and complex? Was this "*mainland*" a continent, or an island? Was the island situated in mid-ocean, or near the continent? Are ocean-islands very large, or quite small? Are the surface, soil, and vegetation as rich and varied upon oceanic islands, as upon islands near the shore? In what zone do most of the oceanic islands occur? By what two agencies are they formed? Name some of their few productions. Have you read the story of Robinson Crusoe? Tell something about him, if you have read his life upon his island.

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My rights there are none to dispute,
From the center all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place!"

From the poem "Alexander Selkirk."

* Alexander Selkirk, who was wrecked upon the Island of Juan Fernandez—west coast of Chili.

LESSON LXXXVII.

sěr'rā ted, *saw-like.*

gre gā'ri oūs, *living in flocks*
or herds.

com plā'çen çy, *satisfaction.*

măn'di ble, *lower jaw of an*
animal.

dis pǎr'i ty, *inequality.*

dī mǐn'ū tīve, *of small size.*

SOCIABILITY OF THE BRUTE CREATION.

There is a wonderful spirit of sociability in the brute creation. The congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance of it. Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbor's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavoring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window after company.

Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance sheep, which constantly flock together.

This propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species. We know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them it goes afield, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues. The master smiles to see his favorite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and

menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other.

By degrees, an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other.

I was much entertained last summer with a tame bat which would take flies out of a person's hand. If you gave it anything to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The cleverness it showed in shearing off the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much.

Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered, so that the notion that bats go down chimneys and gnaw farmers' bacon seems no improbable story. While I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times disprove the vulgar opinion

that bats, when down on a flat surface, cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great ease from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more dispatch than I was aware of, but in a most ridiculous and grotesque manner.

Bats drink on the wing, like swallows, by sipping the surface, as they play over pools and streams. They love to frequent waters, not only for the sake of drinking, but on account of insects, which are found over them in the greatest plenty.

I had an opportunity of watching the motions of the fern-owl as it was playing round a large oak that swarmed with fern-chafers. The powers of its wing were wonderful, exceeding, if possible, the various evolutions and quick turns of the swallow genus.

The circumstance that pleased me most was that I saw it distinctly more than once put out its short leg while on the wing, and by a bend of the head deliver somewhat into its mouth. If it takes any part of its prey with its foot, as I have now the greatest reason to suppose that it does to these chafers, I no longer wonder at the use of its middle toe, which is curiously furnished with a serrated, or saw-like claw.

There is no bird whose manners I have studied more. It is a wonderful and curious creature. Though sometimes it may chatter as it flies, yet, in general, it utters its jarring note sitting on a bough. I have for many a half-hour watched it as it sat with its under mandible quivering, and particularly this summer. It perches, usually, on a bare twig, with its head lower than its tail.

It is most punctual in beginning its song exactly at the close of the day; so exactly that I

have known it strike up more than once or twice just at the report of the Portsmouth evening gun, which we can hear when the weather is still.

This bird is also called the nightjar; sometimes the goat-sucker, from a groundless notion formerly prevalent among farmers, that it was in the habit of sucking the goats, cows, and sheep. Its cry has been compared to that of the larger beetles of the night, but, of course, it is much louder, and is accompanied by the peculiar Chur-r-r!—Chur-r-r! to which it owes its name of Churn-owl.

GILBERT WHITE.

Spell and pronounce :—apparent, caution, mutual, quadruped, assailants, chimneys, prevalent, sequestered, incongruous, evolutions, grotesque, propensity, menacing, ridiculous, jarring, and pursuer.

Synonyms. — *disparity* — inequality; unlikeness; dissimilitude; disproportion. *apparent* — visible; distinct; plain; obvious; clear; certain; evident; indubitable; notorious. *circumspection* — caution; watchfulness; deliberation; thoughtfulness; wariness; forecast. *caution* — care; forethought; forecast; heed; prudence; watchfulness; vigilance; circumspection; anxiety; providence; counsel; advice; warning; admonition. *incongruous* — inconsistent; unsuitable; unsuited; inappropriate; unfit; improper.



LESSON LXXXVIII.

pa trí'cian, a person of high birth.	Cæṣā'rian, pertaining to Cæsar. gōal, the point set to bound a race.
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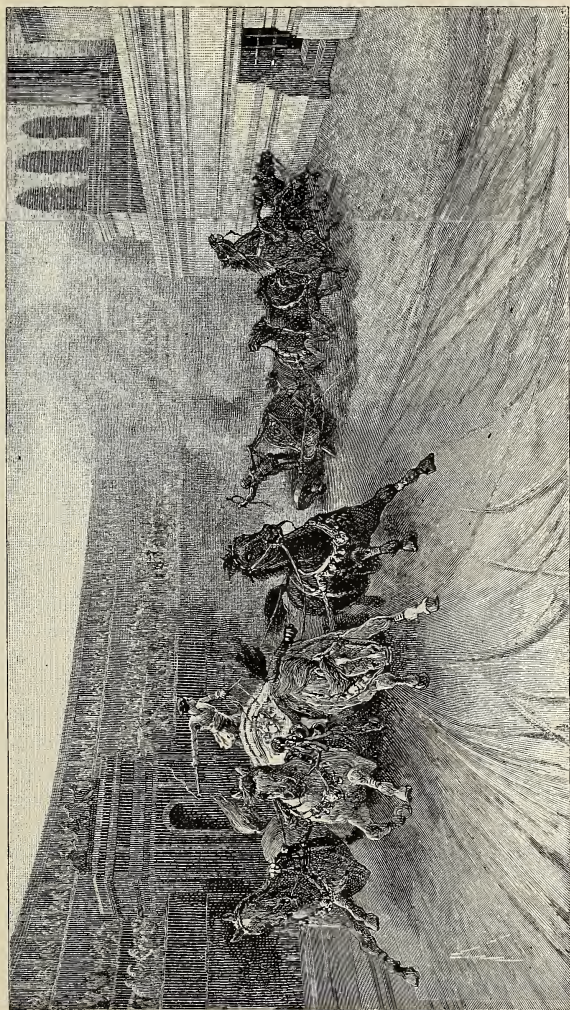
THE CHARIOT RACE.

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose.

At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionate hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning; desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion, on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune. He did not believe in Fortune; far otherwise. He had his plans, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him—a sudden flash-like insight,—that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (pre-arrangement with the editor could safely



CHARIOT RACE.

reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward, the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity, and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the four but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvelous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches: the Circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that, for the first time in the race, the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down, Eros; up, Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practiced hand—"Down, Eros; up, Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; upon the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward, affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty

natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where, but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet, to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power?

So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Cæsarean period—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first; the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime, the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude*

to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round, the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly. The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest, which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned, following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

“A hundred sestertii on the Jew!” cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul’s awning. There was no reply. “A talent—or five talents, or ten; choose ye!” He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

“I will take thy sestertii,” answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

“Do not so,” interposed a friend.

“Why?”

“Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew.”

The first one looked.

“By Hercules!” he replied, his countenance fall-

ing, "the dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

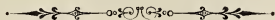
The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the velaria over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly, but certainly, he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round.

On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound: they screamed and howled, and tossed their colors; and Sanballet filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Spell and pronounce:—Italian, Eros, audacity, appreciable, placid, eccentric, collision, pedestal, deliberate, competitor, consul, practiced, charioteer, nurtured, involuntarily, and parallelism.

Synonyms.—*divine*—foretell; predict; presage; prognosticate; guess; conjecture. *hauteur*—self-exaltation; pride; conceit; lordliness; haughtiness; loftiness. *involvement*—entanglement; complication; embarrassment; implication. *competition*—emulation; rivalry; rivalry; contest; struggle; contention; opposition; jealousy. *competitors*—rivals; contestants. *faction*—cabal; combination; party; clique; junto. *bound*—limit; boundary; border; verge; confines; precinct; term.



LESSON LXXXIX.

shēik, an Arabian or Moorish chief.	strāt'e ġy, artifice; generalship.
in ǝ'fa bly, unspeakably.	tûr'moil, commotion; disturb- mën'açe, a threat. [ance.

THE CHARIOT RACE—Continued.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over the east end, Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed; Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story:

“First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.”

Thus the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel tracks of the two

cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before. Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim, the moment the rivals turned into the course, "I am no judge, good Sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered: "Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

All the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave his scourge to the four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans, joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feelings.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunctions:

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again, Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal, even, still no change!

And now to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars, only six hundred feet away, were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him!

That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs, and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand. Over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car.

Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs:

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars,

of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha!—steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!”

There had never been anything of the kind more simple, seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction; that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given—the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel; Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the re-

sound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career.

They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it. But they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was won!

The consul arose; the people shouted themselves hoarse; the editor came down from his seat, and crowned the victors.

The fortunate man among the boxers was a low-browed, yellow-haired Saxon, of such brutalized face as to attract a second look from Ben-Hur, who recognized a teacher with whom he himself had been a favorite at Rome.

From him, the young Jew looked up and beheld

Simonides and his party on the balcony. They waved their hands to him. Esther kept her seat; but Iras arose, and gave him a smile and a wave of her fan—favors not the less intoxicating to him because we know, O reader, they would have fallen to Messala had he been the victor.

The procession was then formed, and, midst the shouting of the multitude which had had its will, passed out of the Gate of Triumph.

And the day was over.

LEW WALLACE, from "*Ben-Hur*."

Spell and pronounce:—injunctions, suffused, axle, entangle, imploringly, toppled, perilous, consular, instantaneous, altar, tugged, explicable, balustrade, lumbering, brutalized, and recognized.

Synonyms.—*shrewd*—keen; sagacious; discerning; acute; penetrating; astute; artful; subtile; critical; troublesome; vexatious. *implore*—beseech; supplicate; crave; entreat; beg; solicit. *portend*—foreshow; foretoken; betoken; forebode; augur; presage; threaten. *abandon*—yield; give up; forego; cede; surrender; resign; abdicate; quit; relinquish; renounce; desert; forsake; leave; retire; withdraw from.

LESSON XC.

pī' broch, a *Scottish bag-pipe*.
 re veī'le (re vāl'yā), a *call to*
awake.
 elān, a *tribe*.

ward'er, a *keeper; a guard*.
 chāl'lenge, to *invite to a con-*
test.
 fāl'lōw, *untilled ground*.

THE SOLDIER'S REST.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
 Dream of battle-fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking,

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the *lark's* shrill fife may come,
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the *bittern* sound *his* drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall *none* be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done
While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
Dream not with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugle sounds reveille.

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

LESSON XCI.

ăp'a thy, <i>want of feeling.</i>	e phēm'e ral, <i>short-lived.</i>
eăș'ū al, <i>coming by chance.</i>	in hēr'ent, <i>natural; inborn.</i>

CHOICE BOOKS, GOOD COMPANY.

Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associates are determined by chance or necessity, and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them.

All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered, probably, with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or of arresting the kind glance of a queen.

And yet, these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers, in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks, if we listen to them.

And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day, not to grant audience, but to gain it,—kings and statesmen, linger patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our book-case shelves,—we make no account of that company, perhaps, never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably, of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar; but it is not so.

Suppose you never were to see their faces; suppose you would be just behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance before the screen? And when the screen is only a little less folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest men;—this station of audience and honorable private counsel, you despise.

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about pass-

ing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings,—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time.

The good book of the hour is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person with whom you cannot otherwise converse, printed for you. Very useful, often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant, often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be.

These bright accounts of travels, good-humored and witty discussions of questions, lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of a novel, firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history,—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves, if we make no good use of them; but we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

A book is, essentially, not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would; the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that

is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it.

The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly and melodiously, if he can; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life, he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this is the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize.

He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men; by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that; what you lose to-day, you cannot gain to-morrow?

Will you go and gossip with your house-maid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with kings and queens; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the common crowd

for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?

Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault. By your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take a high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Spell and pronounce:—assuredly, aristocracy, multitudinous, audience, jostle, manifest, conveyance, limited, humoredly, partially, privilege, and bouquet.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject: Books.

1. What is a book?
2. Tell the difference between "a book of the hour," and "a book of all time."
3. Name books which you think belong to the former class.
4. Name books which belong to the latter class.
5. What kind of reading do you prefer?
6. Name books which you have read and enjoyed.
7. What good advice does Ruskin give in regard to choosing books?

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

SHAKESPEARE, from "*Merchant of Venice*."

LESSON XCII.

mōn'ū ment, *a building, stone, or the like, erected to preserve the remembrance of a person, or action.*

prōj'ect, *a scheme ; plan.*

com mēm'ō rāte, *to call to remembrance by some act of honor.*

chěr'ish, *nourish ; foster ; entertain.*

BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT—WHAT GOOD ?

I am asked, "What good will the monument do?" And I ask, What good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do any good? The persons who suggest this objection, of course, think there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should, therefore, like to have the idea of good explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements.

When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel and carted off to fill up the mill-pond, for that, I suppose, is one of the good things.

Does a railroad or a canal do good? Answer: Yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich.

And what good does that do? Is mere wealth as an ultimate end; gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use,—are these good? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one.

But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this stopping here? Is mere animal life—feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox—entitled to be called good? Certainly not.

But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions, instead of six of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals?

There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions—and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good—which flow from them.

Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments—sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country—feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good—good, humanly speaking, of the highest order.

It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to cherish, animate, and strengthen such feelings, does as much right-down practical good as filling low grounds and building railroads.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Edward Everett was born in Massachusetts in 1794, and died in 1865. He was one of the most accomplished of American orators. He was educated for the ministry. In 1815, he was elected Professor of Greek in Harvard College. He was Member of Congress, Senator, Secretary of State, Governor of Massachusetts, and Minister to England. He was one of the foremost statesmen of his day.



LESSON XCIII.

In'tel lĕet'u al, *mental; relating to the understanding.*

a năl'o goŭs, *correspondent.*

de pĕnd'enĕe, *subjection; reliance.*

nĕĕ'es sa ri ly, *unavoidably.*

ăp'pre hĕnd', *to understand.*

in tĕr'pre tĕt'ion, *meaning.*

dis erĭm'i nĕte, *to distinguish.*

e nŭn'ĕi tĕt'ion, *announcement; utterance.*

pre rŏg'a tĭveș, *peculiar privileges.*

dĕm'on strĕt'ion, *proof.*

ON CULTIVATION OF MIND.

I consider that the position of our minds, as far as they are uncultivated, towards intellectual objects,—I mean of our minds, before they have been disciplined and formed by the action of our reason upon them,—is analogous to that of a blind man towards the objects of vision, at the moment when eyes are for the first time given to him by the skill of the operator.

Then the multitude of things which present themselves to the sight under a multiplicity of shapes and hues, pour in upon him from the external world all at once, and are at first nothing else but lines and colors, without mutual connection, dependence, or contrast; without order or principle, without drift or meaning, and like the wrong side of a piece of tapestry or carpet.

By degrees, by the sense of touch, by reaching out the hands, by walking into this maze of colors, by turning round in it, by accepting the principle of perspective, by the various slow teaching of experience, the first information of the sight is corrected; and what was an unintelligible wilderness, becomes a landscape or a scene, and is understood to consist of space, and of bodies variously located

in space, with such consequences as thence necessarily follow.

The knowledge is at length gained of things or objects, and of their relation to each other; and it is a kind of knowledge, as is plain, which is forced upon us all from infancy, as to the blind on their first seeing, by the testimony of our other senses, and by the very necessity of supporting life; so that even the brute animals have been gifted with the faculty of acquiring it.

Such is the case as regards material objects; and it is much the same as regards intellectual. I mean that there is a vast host of matters of all kinds, which address themselves, not to the eye, but to our mental sense; namely, all those matters of thought, which in the course of life and the intercourse of society, are brought before us, which we hear of in conversation, which we read of in books; matters political, social, ecclesiastical, literary, domestic; persons and their doings and their writings; events and works, and undertakings, and laws, and institutions. These make up a much more subtle and intricate world than that visible universe of which I was just now speaking.

It is much more difficult in this world than in the material, to separate things off from each other, and to find out how they stand related to each other, and to learn how to class them, and where to locate them respectively.

Still, it is not less true that, as the various figures and forms in a landscape have each its own place, and stand in this or that direction towards each other, so all the various objects which address the intellect have severally a substance of their own, and have fixed relations each of them with

everything else;—relations which our minds have no power of creating, but which we are obliged to ascertain, before we have a right to boast that we really know anything about them.

Yet, when the mind looks out for the first time into this manifold spiritual world, it is just as much confused, and dazzled, and distracted as are the eyes of the blind when they first begin to see; and it is by a long process and with much effort and anxiety that we begin hardly and partially to apprehend its various contents, and to put each in its proper place.

We grow up from boyhood; our minds open; we go into the world; we hear what men say, or read what they put in print; and thus a profusion of matters of all kinds is discharged upon us.

Some sort of an idea we have of most of them, from hearing what others say; but it is a very vague idea; probably, a very mistaken idea.

Young people especially, because they are young, color the assemblage of persons and things which they encounter with the freshness and grace of their own spring-tide; look for all good from the reflection of their own hopefulness; and worship what they have created. Men of ambition, again, look upon the world as a theater for fame and glory, and make it that magnificent scene of high enterprise and august recompense which Pindar or Cicero has delineated.

Poets, too, after their wont, put their ideal interpretation upon all things, material as well as moral, and substitute the noble for the true. Here are various obvious instances suggestive of the discipline which is imperative, if the mind is to grasp

things as they are, and to discriminate substance from shadows. For I am not concerned merely with youth, ambition, or poetry, but with our mental condition generally.

It is the fault of all of us, till we have duly practiced our minds, to be unreal in our sentiments and crude in our judgments, and to be carried off by fancies, instead of being at the trouble of acquiring sound knowledge.

In consequence, when we hear opinions put forth on any new subject, we have no principle to guide us in balancing them; we do not know what to make of them; we turn them to and fro, and over and back again, as if to pronounce upon them, if we could, but with no means of pronouncing.

It is the same, when we attempt to speak upon them, we make some random venture, or we take up the opinions of some one else, which strike our fancy; or perhaps, with the vaguest enunciation possible of any opinion at all, we are satisfied with ourselves, if we are merely able to throw off some rounded sentences, to make some pointed remarks on some other subject, or to introduce some figure of speech, or flowers of rhetoric, which, instead of being the vehicle, are the mere substitutes of meaning.

We wish to take a part in politics, and then nothing is open to us but to follow some person, or some party, and to learn the commonplaces, and the watchwords which belong to it.

We hear about landed interests, and mercantile interests, and trade, and higher and lower classes, and their rights and duties, and prerogatives; and we attempt to transmit what we have received; and soon our minds become loaded and perplexed

by the encumbrance of ideas which we have not mastered and cannot use.

We have some vague idea, for instance, that constitutional government and slavery are inconsistent with each other; that there is a connection between private judgment and democracy, between Christianity and civilization; we attempt to find arguments in proof, and our arguments are the most plain demonstration that we simply do not understand the things themselves, of which we are professedly treating.



LESSON XCIV.

boun'ty, *goodness; generosity.*
 naught, *of no value or account.*
 cōw'er ing, *bending down*
 through fear.
 sīn'ew y, *strong; vigorous.*

wā'vered, *moved to and fro.*
 per chānce', *by chance; per-*
 haps.
 en dēar'ments, *acts which ex-*
 cite or increase affection.

SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.

[EMMA, *the mother of ALBERT, alone.*]

Emma. O the fresh morning! Heaven's kind messenger,

That never empty-handed comes to those
 Who will best use its gifts. Praise be to Him!

[*Enter ALBERT.*]

Albert. My mother!

Em. Albert! Bless thee!

How early were you up?

Alb. Before the sun.

Em. Ay, strive with him. He never lies in bed
 When it's time to rise. Be like the sun.

Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
As far as will to labor joined can make me.

Em. Well said, my boy! Knelt you when you got up
To-day?

Alb. I did, and do so every day.

Em. I know you do;
And think you when you kneel
To whom you kneel?

Alb. To Him who made me, mother.

Em. And in whose name?

Alb. In the name of Him who died
For me and all men, that all men and I
Might live.

Em. That's right! Remember that, my son;—
Forget all things but that—remember that!
'Tis more than friends or fortune, clothing, food,—
All things of earth,—Yes, life itself. It is
To live, when these are gone where they are naught
With God!—My son, remember that!

Alb. I will!

Em. I'm glad you mind the things you're taught.
That is the lesson of content, my son;
He who finds which, has all,—who misses, nothing!

Alb. Content is a good thing.

Em. A thing the good
Alone can profit by.

Alb. My father's good.

Em. What sayest thou, boy?

Alb. I say my father's good.

Em. Yes, he is good! what then?

Alb. I do not think
He is content,—I'm sure he's not content;
Nor would I be content were I a man,
And Gesler seated on the rock of Altorf!
A man may lack content, and yet be good.

Em. I did not say all good men found content.
I would be busy; leave me.

Alb. You are not angry!

Em. No, no, my boy.

Alb. You'll kiss me?

Em. Will I not!

The time will come when you'll not ask your
mother

To kiss you!

Alb. Never!

Em. Not when you're a man?

Alb. I'll never be a man to see that time!

I'd rather die now, when I am a child,
Than live to be a man, and not love you!

Em. Live, live, to be a man, and love your
mother!

[*They embrace, — ALBERT runs off.*]

Why should my heart shrink! 'Tis for this we rear
them!—

Cherish their tiny limbs,—pine if a thorn
But mar their tender skin,—gather them to us
Closer than a miser hugs his bags of gold!
We send them forth into a wintry world
To brave its flaws and tempests! Nestling as
He is, he is the offspring of a bird
That knows no cowering wing!

[*Re-enter ALBERT with a bow and arrows, and a rude target,
which he sets up, laying the bow and quiver on the ground.*]

What have you there?

Alb. My bow and arrow, mother.

Em. When will you use them like your father,
boy?

Alb. Some time, I hope.

Em. You boast! There's not an archer
In all Helvetia, can compare with him!

Alb. But I'm his son; and when I am a man,
I may be like him. Mother, do I boast
To think I may some time be like my father?
For, ever as I wonder at his skill,
He calls me boy, and says I must do more,
Ere I become a man.

Em. May you be such
A man as he,—if Heaven wills, better. I'll
Not quarrel with its work; yet 't will content me,
If you are only such a man!

Alb. I'll show you
How I can shoot. [*Shoots at the target.*] Look, mother!
there's within
An inch!

Em. O fie! it wants a hand. [*Goes out.*]

Alb. A hand's
An inch for me. I'll hit it yet. Now for it! [*Shoots again.*
[*Enter TELL, watching ALBERT some time in silence.*]

Tell. There's scarce a miss that comes so near the
mark!
Well aimed, young Archer! With what ease he
bends

The bow! To see those sinews, who'd believe
Such strength did lodge in them? That little arm,
His mother's palm can span, may help anon
To pull a sinewy tyrant from his seat;
And from their chains a prostrate people lift
To liberty. I'd be content to die,
Living to see that day. What, Albert!

Alb. Ah! My father! [*Running to his father.*]

Em. [*Wife of TELL, coming from the cottage.*] William,
Welcome, welcome, William!
I did not look for you till noon, and thought
How long 't would be ere noon would come. You're
come!

Now this is happiness! Joy's double joy
That comes before the time!

Tell. You raise the bow

Too fast. [*To ALBERT, who has returned to his practice.*] Bring't
slowly to the eye. [*ALBERT shoots.*] You've
missed!

How often have you hit the mark to-day?

Alb. Not once yet.

Tell. You're not steady. I perceived
You wavered now. Stand firm!—let every limb
Be braced as marble, and as motionless.
Stand like the sculptor's statue on the gate
Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathes
Nor stirs. [*ALBERT shoots.*] That's better!

Em. William, William! O,
To be the parents of a boy like that!—
Why speak you not? and wherefore do you sigh?
[*ALBERT shoots.*]

Tell. You've missed again!
Dost see the mark? Rivet your eye to it!
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there.

Em. Why, William, don't you answer me?

[*ALBERT shoots.*]

Tell. Again! How would you fare
Suppose a wolf should cross your path, and you,
Alone, with but your bow, and only time
To fix a single arrow! 'T would not do
To miss the wolf! You said the other day,
Were you a man, you'd not let Gesler live.
'T was easy to say that. Suppose you now,
Your life or his depended on that shot!—
Take care! That's Gesler!—Now for liberty!
Right to the tyrant's heart!

[*ALBERT shoots and hits the mark.*]

Well done, my boy!

Come here!—Now, Emma, I will answer you.
Do I not love you? Do I not love our child?
Is not that cottage dear to me, where I
Was born? How many acres would I give
That little vineyard for, which I have watched
And tended since I was a child? Those crags
And peaks!—what spired city would I take
To live in, in exchange for them? yet what
Are these to me? What is this boy to me,—
When a breath of Gesler's can take all?

Em. O William! think

How little is that all to him,—too little
For Gesler, sure, to take! Bethink thee, William,
We have no treasure.

Tell. Have we not? Have we
No treasure? How! No treasure? What!
Have we not liberty?—that precious ore,
That pearl, that gem, the tyrant covets most,—
Yea, makes a pawn of his own soul to strip
The wearer of it? Emma, we have that;
And that's enough for Gesler!

Em. Then, indeed,
My William, we have much to fear!

Tell. We have;
And best it is we know how much. Then, Emma,
Make up thy mind, wife,—make it up! Remember
What wives and mothers, on these very hills,
Once breathed the air you breathe!

Em. O William!

Tell. Emma, let the boy alone;
Don't clasp him so; 't will soften him. Go, sir,
See if the valley sends us visitors
To-day. Some friend, perchance, may need thy
guidance.

Away! [ALBERT *leaves.*] He's better from thee, Emma;
the time

Is come, a mother on her breast should fold
Her arms, as if they'd done with such endearments,
And bid her children go from her, to hunt
For danger which will presently hunt them
The less to heed it.

Em. William, you are right!
The task you set me, I will try to do.
I would not live myself to be a slave!
No! woman as I am, I would not, William!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

James Sheridan Knowles was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1794, and died in 1863. He was author and dramatist. He was professor of elocution for some years at Belfast. While at this work, he wrote most of his successful and popular dramas. He wrote, at this time, "*Virginius*," "*The Hunchback*," "*The Wife*," and "*William Tell*." These were the best, and they still retain their place upon the stage. He became an actor, and, in 1836, visited the United States, and played in the principal theaters. On his return home, he gave his attention to theology, and became a Baptist minister.

DISCUSSION OF THE LESSON.

Who was William Tell? Is his story authentic history, or legendary? What is the difference between history and legend? To what country did Tell belong? Where was Helvetia? Who was Gesler? About when did Tell and Gesler live? Tell what you know of the story of William Tell. What "treasure" is dearest to a true, brave man? How did Tell train his son? What qualities of character would such training develop in a son? For what purpose was this training? How did Albert's *mother* train him? What qualities would the mother's training develop? Which is the better training for a boy? Are *both* good for him? Did God intend the influence of a gentle mother, to unite with the sterner teachings of the father in the development of a boy's character?



LESSON XCV.

eûr'few, *bell rung at night.*
 frēt'ed, *ornamented with fret-*
work.

ěe'sta sy, *excessive joy.*
 prě'çinēt, *boundary; limit.*
 jõe'und, *lively; sportive.*

ġlēbe, *clod; turf; sod.*

ěl'e ġy, *a mournful song.*

ěp'i tăph, *an inscription on a*
tomb.

pěn'ũ ry, *want; poverty.*

děs'ti ny, *doom.*

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH- YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;—

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a moldering
 heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallows twittering from the straw-built
 shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them, no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,—
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne.
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being, e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,—
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the ’customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

“The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from Heaven (’twas all he wished), a friend.*

*No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),—
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

GRAY.

Spell and pronounce:—droning, trophies, celestial, jocund, drowsy, moping, ingenuous, lowing, homely, clarion, lea, inevitable, pealing, incense, destiny, and sequester.

Synonyms.—*hamlet*—village; neighborhood. *molest*—trouble; disturb; incommode; inconvenience; annoy; vex; tease. *frailties*—frailness; infirmities; imperfections; failings; foibles. *ingenuous*—open; frank; unreserved; artless; plain; sincere; candid; fair; noble; generous. *obscure*—retired; unnoticed; unknown; humble; mean; dark; dim; obtruse; intricate; difficult; mysterious; indistinct.

Thomas Gray (1716—1771), born in London, and educated at Cambridge College, was a lyric poet to whose fame even the famous pay tribute. "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec," were the words of the gallant Wolfe on the night upon which *he* bought fame and paid for it with his life. And enviable, indeed, is the clear, pure eminence upon which the author of "*The Elegy*" sits enthroned forever. "*The Elegy*" is recognized as a classic in English Literature. "One familiar and remarkable tribute to the merit of this poem is the great number of translations of it which have been made into the various languages of Europe, both ancient and modern."

LESSON XCVI.

eōn'sum mā'tion, <i>completion.</i>	eōn'tu me ly, <i>rudeness ; inso-</i>
quī ē'tus, <i>peace ; quiet ; death.</i>	bōd'kin, <i>a dagger.</i> [lence.
bōurn, <i>limit ; a goal.</i>	pīth, <i>importance.</i>

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—
 To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub:
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause; there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns,—puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

Spell and pronounce:—slings, outrageous, heart-ache, arrows, opposing, perchance, insolence, traveler, conscience, puzzles, calamity, and sicklied.

LESSON XCVII.

ex ĕmpt', *freed from duty.*
 dĕr'vĭse, *Turkish or Persian*
monk.
 jĕr'gon, *confused language.*

şŭb'tle ty (sŭt'l tŷ), *acuteness*
of intellect; shrewdness.
 in trĭn'sie al ly, *really; truly.*
 ăş suăĝe, *lessen; relieve.*

INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.

Of the indifference which Mr. Mitford shows on this subject, I will not speak, for I cannot speak with fairness. It is a subject in which I love to forget the accuracy of a judge, in the veneration of a worshiper and the gratitude of a child.

If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero; the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humor of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare?

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling;—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; how many studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty,—liberty in bondage,—health in sickness,—society in solitude.

Her power is indeed manifested at the bar; in the senate; in the field of battle; in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—

wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice, which enabled him to behold at one glance all the riches of the universe.

Surely, it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with the purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines.

This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for over more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given to successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

And, when those who have rivaled her greatness shall have shared her fate: when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the scepter shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some moldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear the savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fish-

erman wash his nets in the river of ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

Spell and pronounce.—accuracy, disquisition, pedestal, juice, elegance, valuable, supreme, infinite, primeval, degenerated, scaffold, prejudice, dynasties, assuages, gratitude, and veneration.

Synonyms.—*infinite*—boundless ; immeasurable ; illimitable ; interminable ; limitless ; unlimited ; unbounded. *valuable*—precious ; costly ; estimable. *mutability*—changeableness ; instability ; unsteadiness ; inconstancy ; fickleness ; variableness.



LESSON XCVIII.

eōrps, <i>an organized division of an army.</i>	mār'tial (shāl), <i>military.</i>
drāb'bled, <i>soiled by mud and</i>	frū'gal, <i>saving ; economical.</i>
dāsh'ing, <i>bold ; rapid. [water.</i>	fūr'long, <i>the eighth part of a</i>
	vāl'or, <i>heroism ; courage. [mile.</i>

THE RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL.

Paul Revere was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told ;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds ?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,

In a cottage cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years;
With fun her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a black-bird's wing.
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall,
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong, and her aim was true;
So all, kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their pearly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door,
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed;
The captain, his hostess bent to greet,
Saying: "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close watched the while by Jennie McNeal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,
Had been her true friend—kind and dear;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories, many a one
Concerning the French war lately done,
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her;
She had hunted by his fatherly side;
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, “The time may be
Your skill and courage may stand by me.”
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bareheaded she slipped from the cottage door;
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain’s steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight, a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed,
And on she rushed for the colonel’s weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark! from the hills a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
“Halt! or your blood be on your head!”

She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes heaved fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage, that never dies,
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The rain-drops splashed on her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Shed after her a volley of balls;
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her
right.
But rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back;
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprang again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, "One more trial now!"

As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.

They were a furlong behind or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm, helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain.
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted: "Quick! be quick, be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sank on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.

The startled colonel sprung and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay;
But first he bent, in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white.
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well,
To keep him out of a prison cell.

The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest,
So deal with me now as you think best."

But the grand young captain bowed, and said—
“Never you hold a moment’s dread;
Of womanhood I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen,
Wear this gold ring as your valor’s due;
And when peace comes, I will come for you.”
But Jennie’s face an arch smile wore,
As she said, “There’s a lad in Putnam’s corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know,
I promised my love to be true as steel,”
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.

WILL CARLETON.

Spell and pronounce:—British, cloakless, perched, drenched, lioness, strewn, volley, valorous, unhitched, colonel, startled, galloping, high-bred, exhausted, Putnam, bridle-rein, and numbing.

Give synonyms for valor, told, true, zeal, pursued, mute, swift, heedless, scared, dread, dismayed, answer, grateful, token, appeal, generous, reveal, and ceaseless.

Who was Paul Revere? Who was Sheridan? Relate the circumstances of their rides. What poems commemorate these rides, and by whom written? Who was Putnam?

What portions of this poem require tones of ordinary narration? At what points does the narrative become more animated? What passages should be rendered with very rapid and excited utterance? What examples of *force* occur? Where are the sentiments of gratitude and tenderness to be expressed? What lines require tones of hearty and enthusiastic commendation? What passage may express a roguish triumph? coyness? What lines describe something of the history and personal character of Jennie McNeal? Select all the terms that might be used to portray the character and conduct of Jennie McNeal:—as, “She was *resolute*, true,” etc., and “Her conduct was brave, noble,” etc.



LESSON XCIX.

ēōn'se erāt'ed, *made sacred.*

ēon ġl'i ā'tion, *reconciling ;*
agreeing.

ēōck'et, *a custom-house certificate.*

āf' fi dā'vit, *a sworn statement*
in writing.

āu'spi ēāte, *to foreshow.*

in ŷti āte, *to introduce by a rite.*

ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

My hold of the Colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the Colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government;—they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance.

But let it be once understood, that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation: the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you.

The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your

natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the Colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire.

Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great texture of this mysterious whole.

These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply, which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill, which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your

army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all.

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the Church, *Sursum Corda!*

We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honorable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race.

Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

BURKE.

Spell and pronounce:—commodity, chimerical, navigation, cement, kindred, contexture, cohesion, allegiance, discipline, clearance, ardently, originally, invigorates, magnanimity, monopoly, and privileges.

Synonyms.—*chimerical*—imaginary; fanciful; fantastic; wild; unfounded; vain; delusive; deceitful. *allegiance*—loyalty; duty; fealty; fidelity. *efficacy*—virtue; force; energy. *magnanimity*—generosity.

Edmund Burke (1730–1797) was born in Dublin; he graduated from Trinity College, in his native city, and then went to London to study law. He soon abandoned the law, however, and devoted himself to literature. The work that has given him a permanent literary fame, is his “*Essays on the Sublime and Beautiful*.” Becoming a Member of Parliament, he commenced that brilliant political career, made particularly prominent by his “*Debates upon the American War*.” In these debates, he opposed the coercive measures of George III., and recommended to the English Government a policy calculated to reconcile rather than antagonize her colonies.

LESSON C.

vic'tor, <i>one who gets the better of another in any struggle.</i> en shrined', <i>cherished.</i>	am bĭ'tion, <i>an eager desire of honor or power.</i> āv'a rĭce, <i>excessive love of gain.</i>
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HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind,
 Sweet delight of human kind!
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the favorites of the sky
 With more of happiness below
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head;
 What happy region dost thou please
 To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there;
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks or waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below:
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace, appear;
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.

When thus she spoke: "Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh, by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy;
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blest with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight
With all the colors of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song;
I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
And Thee, Great Source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that sheds its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;—
All of these and all I see,
Should be sung and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man

Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this.

THOMAS PARNELL.

LESSON CI.

ăb'di cāte, <i>to give up right or claim to.</i>	ehăř'tered, <i>established by special privileges.</i>
plău'si ble, <i>superficially pleasing.</i>	eon stit'u ent, <i>the person or thing that constitutes.</i>
sěn'ti ments, <i>thoughts prompted by feeling.</i>	ĭn'spi rā'tion, <i>a divine influence.</i>
děf'er ençe, <i>respect; submission.</i>	a pös'ta tîze, <i>to abandon one's faith or party.</i>

DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS.

Sir, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it. England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection,—you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy.

Let corruption tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety, and this

hour of redemption. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. Where is the freedom of trade? Where is the security of property? Where is the liberty of the people?

I therefore say, nothing is safe, satisfactory, or honorable, nothing except a declaration of rights. What! are you, with three hundred thousand men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free people? If England is a tyrant, it is you who have made her so; it is the slave that makes the tyrant, and then murmurs at the master whom he himself has constituted.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character; had he intended to make Ireland a slave, he should have kept her a beggar. There is no middle policy: win her heart by the restoration of her rights, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war;—the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood.

The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland. They judge of us by other great nations; by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty,—America! They judge of us with a true knowledge and just deference for our character; that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, and

injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen centuries, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction.

I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, —he shall not be in iron.

And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

HENRY GRATTAN.

Spell and pronounce:—Parliament, emancipate, amendment, dispersed, balance, plausibly, deference, honorable, abdicate, attendance, and fundamentally.

Henry Grattan (1746—1820) was one of Ireland's most eminent orators and statesmen.



LESSON CII.

būmp'kin, *a rustic.*| clown, *a rustic.*

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A fellow in a market-town,
 Most musical, cried "Razors!" up and down,
 And offered twelve for eighteen pence;
 Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—
 Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
 That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
 With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
 And proudly to himself in whispers said,
 "This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
 Provided that the razors shave;
 It certainly will be a most enormous prize."
 So home the clown with his good fortune went,
 Smiling, in heart and soul content,
 And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze.
 'Twas a vile razor! Then the rest he tried:
 All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sighed,
 "I wish my eighteen pence were in my purse."

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun:
 "Prhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun

That people flay themselves out of their lives.
 You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
 Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing

With razors just like oyster-knives.
 Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
 To cry up razors that can't shave!"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave.
 As for the razors you have bought,
 Upon my word, I never thought
 That they *would* shave."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with
 wondering eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell:
 "What were they made for, then, you scamp?" he
 cries.

"Made!" quoth the fellow with a smile, "To
 SELL!"

JOHN WOLCOTT.

LESSON CIII.

some'thing, *somewhat*.
 plāin, *complain*.

| be hěst', *command*.
 | lists, *likes*; *chooses*.

DOUGLAS AND MARMION.

The train from out the castle drew;
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.

"Though something I might plain," he said,
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,

While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
“My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation stone:
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;

And “This to me?” he said;

“An ’twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared

To cleave the Douglas’ head.

And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.

“And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,

Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,

I tell thee thou’rt defied!

And if thou saidst I am not peer

To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied.”

On the earl’s cheek the flush of rage
O’ercame the ashen hue of age:

Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

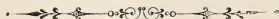
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim.
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase,"
But soon he reined his fury's pace.
A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first, in heart, it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.

WALTER SCOTT.



LESSON CIV.

se dī'tion, *the raising of commotion in a state.*

īm'pu tā'tion, *act of charging.*

ōb'sti nate, *stubborn ; not easily subdued.*

ex chēq'uer, *the treasury.*

vōl'un ta ri ly, *freely ; spontaneously.*

e măn'çi pā'tion, *deliverance ; freedom.*

fīn'an ċiēr', *one who administers the public revenue.*

hăz'ard oūs, *dangerous ; risky.*

REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT.

Sir, a charge is brought against gentlemen sitting in this House of giving birth to sedition in America. Several have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act,—and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this House imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me.

The gentleman tells us America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest.

I come not here armed at all points with law cases and acts of Parliament, with the statute-book doubled down in dog's ears, to defend the cause of liberty. I would not debate a particular point of law with the gentleman. I know his abilities. But, for the defense of liberty, upon a general principle, upon a constitutional principle, it is a ground on which I stand firm,—on which I dare meet any man.

The gentleman boasts of his bounties to Amer-

ica. Are not those bounties intended finally for the benefit of this Kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. He asks, "When were the Colonies emancipated?" I desire to know when they were made slaves? But I dwell not upon words.

I will be bold to affirm that the profits of Great Britain from the trade of the Colonies, through all its branches, are two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you triumphantly through the last war. This is the price America pays for her protection. And shall a miserable financier come, with a boast that he can fetch a pepper-corn into the Exchequer, by the loss of millions to the Nation?

A great deal has been said without doors, of the power, of the strength of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops; I know the skill of your officers.

But on this ground,—on the Stamp Act, when so many here will think it a crying injustice,—I am one who will lift up my hands against it. In such a cause, even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the Constitution with her. Is this your boasted peace? To sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?

Will you quarrel with yourselves, now the whole house of Bourbon is united against you? While France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave-trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their prop-

erty stipulated by treaty? while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain?

The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side! I will undertake for America that she will follow the example.

“Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind.”

Let the Stamp Act be repealed; and let the reason for the repeal—because the Act was founded on an erroneous principle—be assigned. Let it be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately.

EARL OF CHATHAM (WILLIAM PITT).

Give synonyms of sentiments, imputed, rebellion, principle, debate, dare, bounties, misapplied, affirm, sheathe, ransom, triumphant, stipulated, scabbard, and prudence.

LESSON CV.

ba sǎlt', a black or bluish rock,
formed of matter thrown out of
a volcano.

eaḡse'wāy, a raised way, or
road.

de tăched', separated.

in sěrt'ed, set in; fixed.

de elīn'ing, sloping downward.
pěn'ta gon, a figure having five
corners.

is'o lāt ed, disconnected; stand-
ing alone.

eon spie'u oūs, easily seen.

hěx'a gon, six-cornered figure.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

The Giant's Causeway, probably the most extensive and curious assemblage of basaltic columns in the world, is in the county of Antrim, on the

northern coast of Ireland, about ten miles from the town of Coleraine. It derives its name from a popular tradition that it was erected by giants, as the commencement of a causeway across the ocean to Scotland.

This very interesting natural curiosity forms part of a large promontory, of which Bengore Head, about a mile distant, is the most northern point. The access to it by land is down a path on the western side of a verdant headland leading to two detached lofty masses of rock, called the Stookans, whence the first view of this stupendous work of Nature is obtained. This view is one of the most magnificent imaginable, embracing an immense bay, broken with capes and headlands, rising abruptly to the height of four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and consisting of lofty colonnades of the most symmetrically formed basaltic pillars, inserted in the cliffs, like artificial supporters, standing in groups like gigantic honeycombs, or scattered in pleasing disorder, like the ruins of a city of temples and palaces.

The Causeway extends, in a northerly direction, from the promontory into the sea, and consists of three unequal parts. The Little or Western Causeway is three hundred and eighty-six feet long and sixteen feet high. The Middle section, which is the shortest, contains a magnificent group of lofty pillars called the "Honeycomb." Beyond this is the Grand Causeway, which is seven hundred and six feet long, as it is visible at low water, by one hundred and nine wide in the middle. It contains an irregular arrangement of many thousands of columns of basalt. How far it extends beyond is uncertain; but, from its declining appearance, as



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

far into the sea as can be seen, it is probable that it does not reach beneath the water to a distance equal to that which is seen above. The columns are of equal dimensions through their whole height, which ranges from fifteen to thirty-six feet, with diameters of from fifteen to twenty-eight inches, and varying in the number of pentagons and hexagons. How deeply they extend into the strand has not been ascertained.

Almost every column is composed of several pieces which are jointed together with the greatest exactness, not with flat surfaces, but, like a ball and socket, the one end of a joint being a cavity, or of a concave shape, into which the convex end of the other is exactly fitted.

Each of the pillars or columns is perfectly distinct, and almost invariably differs in size, number of sides, and length of the jointed pieces, from the adjacent columns, to which, however, it is so close that not even water can pass between them.

About three hundred yards east of the Causeway is the "Giant's Organs," about one hundred and twenty feet long, consisting of sixty columns, of which those in the center are forty feet high, but those on the sides are lower. At the eastern extremity of Port Noffer are four lofty and massive basaltic columns, rising to the height of three hundred and fifteen feet; they are hexagonal and jointed, and from their height and isolated position, are called the "Chimney Tops."

But the most picturesque cliff is the Pleaskin, which rises from the sea in successive stages, each presenting the appearance of a vast colonnade, for more than three hundred and seventy feet. The last stage terminating at the summit, and which

crowns the whole, is the most magnificent of the series, its pillars or columns being over sixty feet in height. This splendid headland, which is unrivaled for beauty of arrangement and variety of coloring, is seen to most advantage from the sea, from which also some of the grandest views of the Causeway and its adjacent scenery are obtained.

Spell and pronounce :—promontory, access, verdant, Stookans, stupendous, abruptly, level, colonnades, pillars, Honeycombs, symmetrically, visible, diameters, ascertained, hexagonal, varying, adjacent, isolated. and Chimney Tops.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject : NATURAL WONDERS.

1. Name other wonderful formations besides the Giant's Causeway.

2. What, and where are the grandest mountains; largest and most beautiful lakes, valleys, rivers, etc.; the most remarkable ravines, caves, cataracts, geysers, and volcanoes on the globe?

3. Have you seen any of these wonderful things? If you have, describe them as they impressed you.

4. What lesson can we learn from seeing the sublime and beautiful works of God?

MEMORY GEMS.

"Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feeble creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march."

PARK BENJAMIN.

"Defer not till to-morrow to be wise;
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise."

CONGREVE.

"The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder."

CARLYLE.

LESSON CVI.

<i>v</i> álve, a <i>lid</i> to an <i>aperture</i> , so <i>formed</i> as to <i>open</i> in one <i>di-</i> <i>rection</i> while it <i>closes</i> in the <i>other</i> .	<i>re v</i> erse' an <i>en'g</i> ine, to <i>cause</i> <i>it</i> to go in an <i>opposite direction</i> ; <i>to change</i> the <i>motion</i> of the <i>crank</i> .
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THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Ours was a new line, running through miles of unsettled country, where it is no wonderful thing to make out in the far distance half a dozen Indians galloping along with hair and blanket streaming out behind. For years past I have driven on that line. I drove there when it ran only twenty miles; and I ran along that line as it stretched out farther and farther into the great region westward.

One of the settlers in that new country built himself a log-house close to the railway, where he had made a bit of a clearing. Perhaps he thought it would be company for his wife and little ones to see the trains go by with people in them, besides being some protection from the wandering tribes about.

I may say I got quite to know those people, and hard-working folks they were. Before they had been there six months, that bit of wilderness began to look like a little garden of Eden; and before long two more families came and built their log-houses in the neighborhood. I felt acquainted with those first folks, though we never spoke, for I always went by them at twelve miles an hour. But the little ones used to stand at the door and cheer, and, as time went on, I would wave my hat to the husband and wife too, so that they gen-

erally used to come out when they heard me coming up or down.

We got to be such friends at last, that I used to buy candy and cakes, and throw them into the door-yard as I went by, for the children to scramble after; and that is what it was that caused it, and this is how it was.

We were going comfortably along one afternoon, till, as we got near the clearing where my friends (as I called them) were living, I began to feel in my pockets for a couple of papers of something that I'd got, when my fireman said, "Hollo! what's that on the line?"

"Cow?" said I.

"Cow? no," he said; "why—why—it's three children!"

"Sound——" I did not stop to finish, but opened the little valve myself, making the still afternoon air quiver with the shrill scream it sent far and wide.

"That's moved them," said my fireman, laughing to see the little distant figures scamper away.

"I thought it would," I said; and then, with my hand on the valve, I made the thing shriek again and again, for there was one of the children still just in the middle of the track.

In a moment I had forgotten all about the stuff in the papers, for a queer sort of a feeling came over me, one that for a few moments took all the nerve from my limbs, so that I could not move; while, as if from the same feeling, my fireman stood staring with all his might straight at the poor child.

We were too near for it to have done any good even if we had reversed the engine; and with a

groan, that seemed to force itself out of my breast, I told myself it was in consequence of encouraging the poor children with presents that this was going to happen. There, seeing no danger, was a bright-eyed, long-haired little thing dancing about and waving its hands as we came swiftly on.

It takes me some time to tell it, but what happened took only a few moments: and there it all is now, like a picture that, having once seen, I can never forget. It was a sunshiny afternoon, with all looking bright: the log-house, with its patch of flowers; the children by the side of the line, and their mother running out wild and frantic, but only to drop down in the path, half-way between the door and where the child was dancing and waving its little hands as we glided on.

I felt as one sometimes does in a nightmare dream, when the will is there to do something, only a dreadful fear holds the dreamer back, and he can see danger coming nearer and nearer, and yet can do nothing to avoid it. We neither of us spoke, but stood there, one on each side, leaning forward as helpless as the poor little child in front, till, with almost a yell, I fought clear of the power that seemed to hold me, and, with the feeling that it was all in vain, crept along the side of the engine, and lay down with my arms extended in front of the cow-catcher.

Only moments, but moments that seemed like hours, as, with its strange, hurrying, jumping motion, the engine dashed on, as I told myself, to crush out the life of that poor little innocent. I wanted to shut my eyes to keep out the horrible sight, but I dared not; and though now I seemed to be doing what might save the child's life, I

could not think it possible. There it was, just in front, and yet we appeared to come no nearer.

Twenty yards—ten yards! Were we never going to pass over the spot? or would some miraculous power stop the engine? I tried to shout, but only a strange hoarse noise came from my throat; I wanted to wave my hands, but they remained stretched out obstinately toward the child.

Five yards—four—three! There was the child laughing in its innocent glee, for it was expecting some little present from me, its murderer as I was calling myself, who lay there motionless as a statue.

Two yards—one! At last all is over! There was a shock,—so I thought,—as we dashed down upon the little thing, who seemed to stretch out its hands to mine, and to leap, actually jump, into my arms, and then, with it tightly grasped, we were still going on and on; I with my eyes shut, but feeling that I had the child tightly held to my breast, and yet not able to look to see if it was hurt.

Then I don't know how it was, but I believe I must have got up, and crawled back to my place by the fireman; but I can't recollect doing so. I only recollect finding myself sitting down there, with the child in my arms, and feeling stunned and helpless as a child myself.

We dared not stop to take the little thing back, but we sent it from the next station; and you'll believe me when I tell you that we were better friends afterward than ever, so that whenever I went by their place we used to make signals enough, I to the folks at the house, and they to me. But I shall never forget that little one getting out upon the track.

LESSON CVII.

beaũ'te oũs, *very handsome.*
phăn'tom, *an airy spirit.*

dĩg ă's'ter, *a sudden misfortune.*
scěp'ter, *a staff borne by kings.*

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE BRIDGE OF MOONBEAMS.

Beauteous is it in the summer-night, and calm along the Rhine,
And like molten silver shines the light that sleeps on wave
and vine,

But a stately figure standeth on the silent hill alone,
Like the phantom of a monarch looking vainly for his throne!

Yes!—'t is he—the unforgotten Lord of this beloved land!
'Tis the glorious Car'lus Magnus, with his gleamy sword in hand,
And his crown enwreathed with myrtle, and his golden scepter
bright,
And his rich imperial purple vesture floating on the night!

Since he dwelt among his people, stormy centuries have rolled,
Thrones and kingdoms have departed, and the world is wax-
ing old:

Why leaveth he his house of rest? Why cometh he once more
From his marble tomb to wander here by Langewinkel's shore?

O fear ye not the Emperor;—he doth not leave his tomb
As the herald of disaster to our land of bright and bloom;
He cometh not with blight or ban on castle, field, or shrine,
But with overflowing blessings for the vineyards of the Rhine!

As a bridge across the river lie the moonbeams all the time,
They shine from Langewinkel into ancient Ingelheim;
And along this bridge of moonbeams is the monarch seen to go,
And from thence he pours his blessings on the royal flood below.

He blesses all the vineyards, he blesses vale and plain,
The lakes and glades and orchards, and the fields of golden grain,
The lofty castle turrets and the lowly cottage hearth,
He blesses all, for over all he reigned of yore on earth.

Translated from the German.

LESSON CVIII.

pǎl'e tōt, *a loose frock or coat.*gar rōte', *to strangle.*nē'o phŷte, *a new convert.*Ce lēs'tial, *name applied to Chi-*
*namen.*sar dōn'ie, *forced ; bitter.*eŭm'broŭs, *awkward ; heavy.*ōs'ten tā'tioŭs, *with great show.*prē'ter nāt' ū ral, *supernatu-*
ral.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

The expression of the Chinese face in the aggregate is neither cheerful nor happy. In an acquaintance of half a dozen years, I can only recall one or two exceptions to this rule. There is an abiding consciousness of degradation,—a secret pain or self-humiliation visible in the lines of the mouth and eye. Whether it is only a modification of Turkish gravity, or whether it is the dread Valley of the Shadow of the Drug through which they are continually straying, I cannot say. They seldom smile, and their laughter is of such an extraordinary and sardonic nature—so purely a mechanical spasm, quite independent of any mirthful attribute—that to this day, I am doubtful whether I ever saw a Chinaman laugh.

I have often been struck with the delicate pliability of the Chinese expression and taste, that might suggest a broader and deeper criticism than is becoming these pages. A Chinaman will adopt the American costume, and wear it with a taste of color and detail that will surpass those “native, and to the manner born.” To look at a Chinese slipper, one might imagine it impossible to shape the original foot to anything less cumbrous and roomy, yet a neater-fitting boot than that belong-

ing to the American Chinaman is rarely seen on this side of the Continent.

When the loose sack or paletot takes the place of his brocade blouse, it is worn with a refinement and grace that might bring a jealous pang to the exquisite of our more refined civilization. Pantaloon falls easily and naturally over legs that have known unlimited freedom and bagginess; and even garrote collars meet correctly around sun-tanned throats. The new expression seldom overflows in gaudy cravats. I will back my Americanized Chinaman against any neophyte of European birth in the choice of that article.

While in our own State, the Greaser resists one by one the garments of the Northern invader, and even wears the livery of his conqueror with a wild and buttonless freedom, the Chinaman, abused and degraded as he is, changes by correctly graded transition to the garments of Christian civilization. There is but one article of European wear that he avoids. These Bohemian eyes have never yet been pained by the spectacle of a tall hat on the head of an intelligent Chinaman.

My acquaintance with John has been made up of weekly interviews, involving the adjustment of the washing accounts, so that I have not been able to study his character from a social viewpoint or observe him in the privacy of the domestic circle. I have gathered enough to justify me in believing him to be generally honest, faithful, simple, and painstaking.

Of his simplicity, let me record an instance where a sad and civil young Chinaman brought me certain shirts with most of the buttons missing and others hanging on delusively by a single

thread. In a moment of unguarded irony, I informed him that unity would at least have been preserved if the buttons were removed altogether. He smiled sadly and went away. I thought I had hurt his feelings, until the next week, when he brought me my shirts with a look of intelligence, and the buttons carefully and totally erased. At another time, to guard against his general disposition to carry off anything as soiled clothes that he thought could hold water, I requested him to always wait until he saw me. Coming home late one evening, I found the household in great consternation over an immovable Celestial, who had remained seated on the front door-step during the day, sad and submissive, firm, but also patient, and only betraying any animation or token of his mission when he saw me coming.

This same Chinaman evinced some evidences of regard for a little girl in the family, who, in her turn, reposed such faith in his intellectual qualities as to present him with a preternaturally uninteresting Sunday-school book, her own property. This book John made a point of carrying ostentatiously with him in his weekly visits. It appeared, usually, on the top of the clean clothes, and was sometimes painfully clasped outside of the big bundle of soiled linen. Whether John believed he unconsciously imbibed some spiritual life through its pasteboard cover, as the Prince in the "Arabian Nights" imbibed the medicine through the handle of the mallet, or whether he wished to exhibit a due sense of gratitude, or whether he hadn't any pockets, I have never been able to ascertain.

In his turn, he would sometimes cut marvelous

imitation roses from carrots for his little friend. I am inclined to think that the few roses strewn in John's path were such scentless imitations. The thorns only were real. From the persecutions of the young and old of a certain class, his life was a torment. I don't know what was the exact philosophy that Confucius taught, but it is to be hoped that poor John, in his persecution, is still able to detect the conscious hate and fear with which inferiority always regards the possibility of even-handed justice, and which is the key-note to the vulgar clamor about servile and degraded races.

BRET HARTE.

Spell and pronounce:—aggregate, servile, irony, adjustment, extraordinary, spasm, Confucius, brocade, attribute, blouse, delusively, clamor, ascertain, erased, inferiority, and evinced.

Synonyms.—*adjustment*—suiting; fitting; arrangement; regulation; settlement. *animation*—liveliness; vivacity; spirit; airiness; buoyancy; sprightliness; promptitude. *submissive*—obedient; compliant; yielding; obsequious: subservient; humble; modest; passive. *consternation*—alarm; horror; amazement; surprise; astonishment; wonder; perturbation.

LESSON CIX.

es trānged', <i>made a stranger</i> of.	rē'as.sure', <i>to free from fear ; to encourage.</i>
fīr'ma ment, <i>the sky.</i>	quēst, <i>to seek for.</i>
plăç' id ly, <i>calmly ; quietly.</i>	tēnd'en çy, <i>inclination.</i>

THE LAST HOURS OF LITTLE PAUL DOMBEY.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises of the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and the gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars, and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it,—to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand,—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—he pictured! he saw—the high church-towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the

country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!"

By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day and the noise of carriages and carts, people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or in his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and his daily delight was to make her lay her head down on the pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you, now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors,—they used to assemble down-stairs, and come up together,—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his

interest centered in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

Paul closed his eyes with those words and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro: then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at the sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman

would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that? who said Walter?" he asked, looking round. "Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly, but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then: let him come up!" After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand and said, "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye?"

For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said, placidly, "good-bye! Walter dear, good-bye!" turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face,— "remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "good-bye!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down again," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves. They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me, as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

CHARLES DICKENS.

Spell and pronounce:—sparkle, glistening, centered, radiant, tranquilly, reviving, opposite, attendants, directly, reflection, difference, and favorite.

LESSON CX.

ěx'Tleſ, *people banished from their*
native land.
 se rēne'ly, *calmly; quietly.*

mōored, *made fast.*
 ān'them, *a hymn adapted from*
the Bible.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear;—
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea:
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam;
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
 This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band;—
 Why had *they* come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay! call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod;
 They have left unstained what there they
 found,—
 Freedom to worship God.

MRS. HEMANS.

LESSON CXI.

a mēl'io rā'tion, <i>improvement.</i>	dī ūr'nal, <i>daily.</i>
de flēet'ed, <i>turned aside.</i>	rō'ta ry, <i>motion of a wheel on its</i>
ūl'trā ma rīne', <i>azure blue.</i>	fēnd, <i>to keep off.</i> [axis.]

THE GULF STREAM.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in

the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

The currents of the ocean are among the most important of its movements. They carry on a constant interchange between the waters of the poles and those of the equator, and thus diminish the extremes of heat and cold in every zone.

The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one varies with the elevation above, the other with the depression below, the sea-level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation: but the regulators are, on the one hand, winds; on the other, currents.

The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty hand which decked the lily and cares for the sparrow, fashioned also the pearl and feeds the great whale, and adapted each to the physical conditions by which His providence has surrounded it. Whether of the land or the sea, the inhabitants are all His creatures, subjects of His laws, and agents in His economy. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so, may we infer, have its currents; and so, too, its inhabitants: consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order and the evidences of design.

From the Arctic Seas, a cold current flows along

the coasts of America, to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream to moderate the cold of Western and Northern Europe. Perhaps the best indication as to these cold currents may be derived from the fishes of the sea. The whales first pointed out the existence of the Gulf Stream by avoiding its warm waters.

Along the coasts of the United States, all those delicate animals and marine productions which delight in warmer waters are wanting; thus indicating, by their absence, the cold current from the north now known to exist there. In the genial warmth of the sea about the Bermudas on one hand, and Africa on the other, we find in great abundance those delicate shell-fish and coral formations which are altogether wanting in the same latitudes along the shores of South Carolina.

No part of the world affords a more difficult or dangerous navigation than the approaches of the northern coasts of the United States in winter. Before the warmth of the Gulf Stream was known, a voyage at this season from Europe to New England, New York, and even to the capes of the Delaware or Chesapeake, was many times more trying, difficult, and dangerous than it now is. In making this part of the coast, vessels are frequently met by snow-storms and gales which mock the seaman's strength and set at naught his skill. In a little while his bark becomes a mass of ice; with her crew frosted and helpless, she remains obedient only to her helm, and is kept away for the Gulf Stream.

After a few hours' run she reaches its edge, and almost at the next bound passes from the midst of winter into a sea at summer heat. Now the ice

disappears from her apparel, and the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid waters. Feeling himself invigorated and refreshed with the genial warmth about him, he realizes out there at sea the fable of Antæus and his mother Earth. He rises up and attempts to make his port again, and is again, perhaps, as rudely met and beat back from the northwest; but each time that he is driven off from the contest, he comes forth from this stream, like the ancient son of Neptune, stronger and stronger, until, after many days, his freshened strength prevails, and he at last triumphs and enters his haven in safety, though in this contest he sometimes falls to rise no more.

The ocean currents are partly the result of the immense evaporation which takes place in the tropical regions, where the sea greatly exceeds the land in extent. The enormous quantity of water there carried off by evaporation disturbs the equilibrium of the seas; but this is restored by a perpetual flow of water from the poles. When these streams of cold water leave the poles, they flow directly toward the equator; but, before proceeding far, their motion is deflected by the diurnal motion of the earth.

At the poles they have no rotary motion, and although they gain it more and more in their progress to the equator, which revolves at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, they arrive at the tropics before they have gained the same velocity of rotation with the intertropical ocean. On that account, they are left behind, and, consequently, flow in a direction contrary to the diurnal rotation of the earth. Hence the whole surface of the ocean, for thirty degrees on each side of the equa-

tor, flows in a stream or current three thousand miles broad from east to west. The trade-winds, which constantly blow in one direction, combine to give this great Equatorial Current a mean velocity of ten or eleven miles in twenty-four hours.

Were it not for the land, such would be the uniform and constant flow of the waters of the ocean. The presence of the land interrupts the regularity of this great western movement of the waters, sending them to the north or south, according to its conformation.

The principal branch of the Equatorial Current of the Atlantic takes a northwesterly direction from off Cape St. Roque, in South America. It rushes along the coast of Brazil, and, after passing through the Caribbean Sea, and sweeping round the Gulf of Mexico, it flows between Florida and Cuba, and enters the North Atlantic under the name of the Gulf Stream, the most beautiful of all the oceanic currents.

In the Strait of Florida, the Gulf Stream is thirty-two miles wide, two thousand two hundred feet deep, and flows at the rate of four miles an hour. Its waters are of the purest ultramarine blue as far as the coasts of Carolina; and so completely are they separated from the sea through which they flow, that a ship may be seen at times half in the one and half in the other.

As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still much warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that

the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea.

There is everywhere a cushion of cool water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive, and strikingly beautiful. One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico,—where otherwise it would become excessive,—and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic, for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and of all Western Europe.

Now, cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat, but if the warm water of the Gulf Stream were sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth, comparatively a good conductor of heat, instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a non-conducting cushion of cool water to fend it from the bottom, all its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound.

It has been estimated that the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream, in a winter's day, would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands from the freezing-point to summer-heat.

Every west wind that blows crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the northern winds of winter. It is the influence of this stream that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes;

while, in the same latitude, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice.

As the Gulf Stream proceeds on its course, it gradually increases in width. It flows along the coast of North America to Newfoundland, where it turns to the east, one branch setting towards the British Islands, and away to the coasts of Norway and the Arctic Ocean. Another branch reaches the Azores, from which it bends round to the south, and, after running along the African coast, it rejoins the great equatorial flow, leaving a vast space of nearly motionless water between the Azores, the Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands.

This great area is the Grassy or Sargasso Sea, covering a space many times larger than the British Islands. It is so thickly matted over with gulf weeds that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought it marked the limits of navigation, and became alarmed. To the eye, at a little distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are always to be seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream.

Now, if bits of cork or chaff, or any floating substance, be put into a basin, and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substances will be found crowding together near the center of the pool where there is the least motion. Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream; and the Sargasso Sea is the center of the whirl. Columbus first found this weedy sea, in his voyage of discovery; there it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position like the calms of Cancer, according to the sea-

sons, the storms, and the winds. Exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time.

M. F. MAURY.

Spell and pronounce:—Almighty, drought,¹ equilibrium, lily, phenomena, Mexico, indications, marine, Delaware, Arctic, Amazon, Caribbean, Bermudas, Mississippi, Carolina, and level.

Synonyms. — *apparel*—dress; vesture; clothing; garments. *velocity*—swiftness; celerity; rapidity; fleetness; speed. *perpetual*—constant; never-ceasing; endless; eternal; everlasting; never-failing; perennial; continual; continuous; lasting; incessant; unceasing.

Matthew Fontaine Maury (1806—1873) was a Virginian by birth. He entered the navy, in 1825, as midshipman; but, being disabled by an accident for sea-service, he devoted himself to scientific and literary work. He was put in charge of the National Observatory at Washington, and under his able direction that institution took equal rank with the best of similar ones. "*The Physical Geography of the Sea*," "*Treatise on Navigation*," and his "*Wind and Current Charts*," together with the book of "*Sailing Directions*" accompanying them, must be regarded as the most important works of the century in their bearing upon navigation.

"As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,—
So dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My God, trembling to Thee,
Pure, warm, trembling to Thee!"

THOMAS MOORE.



LESSON CXII.

drām' a tis per sō' næ, *the characters represented in a play.*

eōm'e dy, *a dramatic composition of a light and amusing character.*

trăg'e dy, *a dramatic poem of a serious and dignified character, and generally having a fatal issue.*

eūe, *the last words of a play-actor's speech, a hint for the next player to speak.*

tăck, *to change the course of.*

ī rōn'ie al ly, *in a way expressing one thing and meaning the opposite.*

a kīm'bo, *with the hand on the hip and the elbow turned outward.*

TRIPLET AND FAMILY.

James Triplet, water in his eye, but fire in his heart, went home on wings. Arrived there, he anticipated curiosity by informing all hands that he should answer no questions. Only in the intervals of a work which was to take the family out of all their troubles, he should gradually unfold a tale verging on the marvelous—a tale whose only fault was that fiction, by which alone the family could hope to be great, paled beside it. He then seized some sheets of paper, fished out some old dramatic sketches and a list of *dramatis personæ* prepared years ago, and plunged into a comedy.

Mrs. Triplet groaned aloud with a world of meaning.

“Wife,” said Triplet, “don’t put me into a frame of mind in which successful comedies are not written.”

He scribbled away, but his wife’s despondency told upon the man of disappointments. He stuck fast; then he became fidgety.

“Do keep those children quiet!” said the father.

“Hush, my dears,” said the mother; “let your

father write. Comedy seems to give you more trouble than tragedy, James," she added soothingly.

"Yes," was his answer. "Sorrow comes somehow more natural to me. But for all that, I have got a bright thought, Mrs. Triplet. Listen, all of you. You see, Jane, they are all at a sumptuous banquet—all the *dramatis personæ*." Triplet went on writing and reading aloud. "Music, sparkling wine, massive plate, rose-water in the hand-glasses, soup, fish—shall I have three sorts of fish? I will. They are cheap in this market. Ah, Fortune, you wretch, here, at least, I am your master, and I'll make you know it! Venison," wrote Triplet, with a malicious grin, "game, pickles, etc. Then up jumps one of the guests and says he——"

"Oh, dear! I'm so hungry!"

This was not from the comedy, but from one of the boys.

"And so am I!" cried a girl.

"That is an absurd remark, Lysimachus," said Triplet, with a suspicious calmness. "How can a boy be hungry three hours after breakfast?"

"But, father, there was no breakfast for breakfast."

"Now I ask you, Mrs. Triplet," appealed the author, "how I am to write comic scenes, if Lysimachus and Roxalana here put in the heavy business every five minutes?"

"Forgive them—the poor things are hungry."

"Then let them be hungry in another room," said the irritated scribe. "They shan't cling round my pen and paralyze it just when it is going to make all our fortunes; but you women," snapped Triplet the Just, "have no consideration for peo-

ple's feelings! Send them all to bed—every man Jack of them.”

Finding the conversation taking this turn, the children raised a unanimous howl.

Triplet darted a fierce glance at them.

“Hungry! hungry!” cried he; “is that a proper expression to use before a father who is sitting down here all gayety”—scratching wildly with his pen—“and hilarity—to write a com—comedy—” he choked a moment, and then, in a very different tone, all sadness and tenderness, he said, “Where’s the youngest? Where’s Lucy? As if I didn’t know you were hungry!”

Lucy came to him directly. He took her on his knee, pressed her gently to his side, and wrote silently.

“Father,” said Lucy, aged five, the germ of a woman, “I am not so very hungry.”

“And I’m not hungry at all,” said bluff Lysimachus, taking his sister’s cue; and then, going upon his own tack, he added, “I had a great piece of bread and butter yesterday.”

“Play us a tune on the fiddle, father,” said Lucy.

“Aye, do, husband. That helps you often in your writing.”

Lysimachus brought the fiddle, and Triplet essayed a merry tune; but it came out so doleful that he shook his head and laid the instrument down.

“No,” said he, “let us be serious and finish this comedy slap off. Perhaps it hitches because I forgot to invoke the comic muse. She must be a black-hearted jade if she doesn’t come with merry notions to a poor devil, starving in the midst of his starving little ones.”

"We are past help from heathen goddesses," said the woman. "We must pray to Heaven to look down upon us and our children."

The man looked up with a very bad expression on his countenance.

"You forget," said he, sullenly. "Our street is very narrow and the opposite houses are very high."

"James!"

"How can Heaven be expected to see what honest folk endure in such a hole as this?" cried the man, fiercely.

"James!" said the woman, with fear and sorrow, "what words are these?"

The man rose and flung his pen upon the floor.

"Have we given honesty a fair trial—yes or no?"

"No," said the woman, without a moment's hesitation, "not till we die as we have lived. Children," said she, lest perchance her husband's words should have harmed their young souls, "the sky is above the earth, and Heaven is higher than the sky, and Heaven is just."

"I suppose it is so," said the man, a little cowed by her. "Everybody says so, but I can't see it; I want to see it, but I can't," cried he fiercely. "Have my children offended Heaven? They will starve! They will die! If I were Heaven, I would be just, and send an angel to take these children's part. They cried to me for bread—I had no bread, so I gave them hard words. The moment I had done that I knew it was all over. God knows it took a long while to break my heart, but it is broken at last—quite, quite broken!"

The poor man laid his head upon the table and sobbed beyond all power of restraint. The children cried round him, scarce knowing why, and Mrs.

Triplet could only say, "My poor husband!" and prayed and wept upon the couch where she lay.

It was at this juncture that a lady who had knocked gently, and unheard, opened the door and with a light step entered the apartment.

"Wasn't somebody inquiring for an angel just now? Here I am! See, Mr. Triplet!"

"Mrs. Woffington," said Triplet, rising and introducing her to his wife. Mrs. Woffington planted herself in the middle of the floor, and with a comical glance, setting her arms akimbo, uttered a shrill whistle.

"Now you will see another angel—there are two sorts of them."

Her black servant Pompey came in with a basket. She took it from him.

"I heard that you were ill, ma'am, and I have brought you some medicine from Burgundy. Mrs. Triplet, will you allow me to eat my luncheon with you? I am very hungry." Turning towards Pompey, she sent him out for a pie which she professed she had fallen in love with at the corner of the street.

"Mother," said Alcibiades, "will the lady give me a bit of her pie?"

"Hush! you rude boy!" cried the mother.

"She is not much of a lady if she does not," cried Mrs. Woffington. "Eat away, children. Now's your time! When once I begin, the pie will soon end."

Lucy said gravely, "The lady is very funny. Do you ever cry, pretty lady?"

"Oh, of course not," ironically.

"Comedy is crying," said Lucy, confidentially. "Father cried all the time he was writing his one."

Triplet turned red as fire.

"Hold your tongue!" said he. "I was bursting with merriment. Wife, our children talk too much; they put their noses into everything and criticise their own father. And when they take up a notion, Socrates couldn't convince them to the contrary. For instance, Madame, all this morning they thought fit to assume that they were starving."

"So we were," said Lysimachus, "till the angel came and then sent out for a pie."

"There—there—there—now you mark my words," said Triplet. "We shall never get that idea out of their heads—"

"Until," said Mrs. Woffington, putting another huge piece of pie into Roxalana's plate, "we put a very different idea into their stomachs." This, and the look she cast upon Mrs. Triplet, fairly caught that good though somber personage. She giggled, put her hand to her face and said, "I'm sure I ask your pardon, ma'am."

It was no use. The comedian had determined that they should all laugh, and they were made to laugh. Their first feeling was wonder. Were they the same who ten minutes ago were weeping together? Yes! Ten minutes ago they were rayless, joyless, hopeless. Now the sun was in their hearts, and sighing and sorrow had fled away.

It was magical! Could a mortal play upon the soul of man, woman, and child like this?

Happy Mrs. Woffington! And suppose this was more than half acting, but such acting as Triplet never dreamed of? If it were art, glory to such art so worthily applied, and honor to such creatures as this, that come like sunshine into poor

men's homes, and turn drooping hearts into happiness and hope.

CHARLES READE.

Al cǐ bǐ'a dēs

Ly sǐm'a ehūs,

Sōe'ra tēs

DISCUSSION OF THE LESSON.

Select those passages that are remarkable for pathos; state the circumstances that render them so. In what portions of the lesson is the comic element so mingled with the pathetic, that it moves us to smiles and tears at the same time? What portions are purely amusing? What deeper emotions are stirred by the brave little Lucy's "I'm not so very hungry," and the stout corroboration of "bluff Lysimachus"? What noble traits of character are displayed by the poor wife? Which response of hers is sublime? What tribute does the author pay to Mrs. Woffington's charitable "art"? Is the language of this tribute beautiful? Repeat it.

LESSON CXIII.

fūr'rōwed, *wrinkled.*

hōar'y, *gray with age.*

prōd'i gal, *wasteful.*

hăp'ly, *perhaps.*

sāge, *a wise old man.*

sūr'ly, *ill-natured; severe.*

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

When chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wandered forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man whose aged step
 Seemed weary, worn with care:
 His face was furrowed o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
 Began the reverend sage;
 "Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasures rage?"

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

“The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling’s pride,—
I’ve seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

“O man, while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway:
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature’s law,
That man was made to mourn.

“Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood’s active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right;
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

“A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure’s lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.

But O, what crowds in every land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

“Many and sharp the numerous ills,
Inwoven with our frame,
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

“See yonder poor, o’erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

“If I’m designed yon lordling’s slave,—
By Nature’s law designed,—
Why was an independent wish
E’er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

“Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the best!

The poor, oppressed, honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn:

“O Death! the poor man’s dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest.
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But O, a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!”

ROBERT BURNS.

Spell and pronounce:—alternate, remorse, wealthy, adorn, inhumanity, licentious, relief, petition, ill-matched, cruelty, lordlings, oppressed, independent, inwoven, partial, and misspending.

Synonyms. — *constrain*—compel; force; drive; impel; urge; press. *licentious*—unrestrained; uncurbed; uncontrolled; unruly; riotous; ungovernable; wanton; profligate; dissolute; loose; lax; sensual; impure; unchaste; lascivious; immoral. *remorse*—compunction; regret; anguish; compassion. *recompense*—repayment; compensation; remuneration; amends; satisfaction; reward; requital. *adorn*—deck; decorate; embellish; ornament; beautify; grace; garnish; dignify; exalt; honor.

Robert Burns (1759–1796) was a Scottish peasant of wonderful genius, whose only education was that afforded by the common country schools. His poems were first published by himself in 1786, for the purpose of getting money to enable him to emigrate to Jamaica. Having realized a profit of £20 by this venture—an enormous sum in his eyes—he engaged passage, and was about to set sail, when his plans were changed by a letter from Dr. Blacklock inviting him to Edinburgh, and advising a second edition of his poems. The new edition brought him the handsome sum of £700, while his wonderful abilities and humble position created a profound sensation in the literary and social circles of that famous old town. Fêted on all sides, he fell into the habit of drinking to intoxication,—a habit from which he never entirely recovered, in spite of many attempts at reform. He was only thirty-seven when he died.

LESSON CXIV.

fū'gi tīve, <i>one who flees from</i>	seeth'ing, <i>boiling.</i>
seer, <i>a prophet.</i>	[<i>danger.</i> sēs'terçe, <i>a Roman coin, worth</i>
līv'īd, <i>of a bluish color.</i>	<i>about four cents.</i>

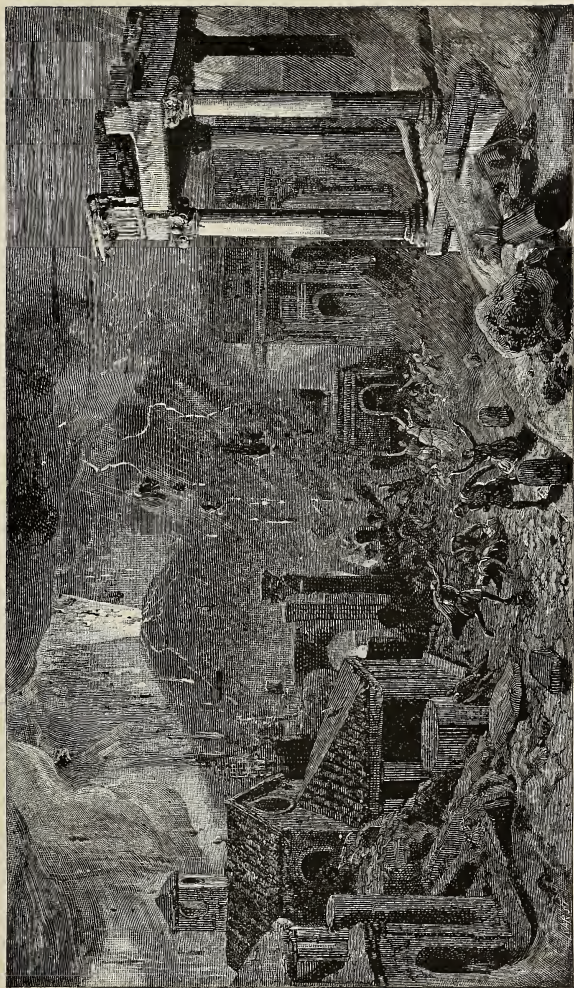
THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

The eyes of the crowd beheld, with dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness—the branches, fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, and that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence, through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, that was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake under their feet; the walls of the theater trembled; and, beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone!

Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheater itself, far and wide,



THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!

No longer thought the crowd of vengeance or of sport; safety for themselves, was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Tramping recklessly over the fallen, amid groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages.

Whither should they fly! Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the shower of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds (shelter of any kind), for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker and larger and mightier spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly night rushing upon the realm of noon!

How the darkness gathers! What sudden blazes of lightning! How they dart and quiver!

What sound is that?—the hissing of fiery water! What! does the cloud give rain as well as flame?

Amid the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals.

The streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill up the lower parts of the town; but, here and there, you heard the weary footsteps

of fugitives, or saw the pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps. But ever and anon, the boiling water, the straggling ashes, or mysterious and gusty winds rising and dying in a breath, extinguished these wandering lights, and with them the last living hope of those who bore them.

"Help there! Help!" cried a frightened voice. "I have fallen down—my torch has gone out—ten thousand sesterces to him who helps me—oh, help me, give me thy hand." See!—they have placed a light within yon arch at the gate; by that let us guide our steps.

The air became still for a few minutes; the lamps from the gate streamed out far and clear; the fugitives hurried on—they gained the gate—they passed by the Roman sentry; the lightning flashed over his livid face and his polished helmet, but his stern features were composed even in his awe. He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself had not animated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into the reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood, amid the crashing elements; he had not received the permission to desert his station and escape.

Spell and pronounce:—gigantic, column, intolerable, theater, anticipate, horror, vomited, summit, amphitheater, kneaded, Pompeii, vengeance, terrifically, majesty, prodigious, and Vesuvius.

Synonyms.—*luminous*—lucid; bright; clear; transparent; perspicuous; shining. *anticipate*—expect; foresee; forestall; precede; pre-occupy. *enormous*—huge; vast; immense; excessive; prodigious; immoderate. *permission*—leave; liberty; license; allowance.



LESSON CXV.

lū'rid, *ghastly pale.*

lit'ter, *a bed in which a person
may be easily carried.*

chă'r'i ot, *a war car.*

fō'rum, *a public lecture place.*

hûrt'ling, *jostling; clashing.*

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—Continued.

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare.

Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain.

Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the

other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes—the agents of terror and death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the streaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor.

In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house-roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin which, yet more and more with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against one another as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was terribly relieved; for several houses, and even vineyards, had caught fire.

To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the Forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressive on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered one another, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land, for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore. An utter darkness lay over it, and upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rocks fell, and without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded on the land.

Wild, haggard, ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered one another, but without the leisure to speak, consult, or advise; for the showers fell frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter.

All the elements of civilization seemed to be broken up.

Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, one saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains.

If in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on.

The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror—now near, now distant—which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around.

Clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the Fatal Mountain; its rushing winds; its whirling torrents; and, from

time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion.

Ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapors as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a tingling sensation of agony, trembling through every nerve and fiber of the frame.

The sea had retired far from the shore; and the people who had fled to it had been so terrified by the agitation and preternatural shrinking of the element, the gasping forms of the uncouth sea-things which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge stones cast from the mountain into the deep, that they had retired again to the land, as presenting the less frightful aspect of the two.

A wild yell burst through the air! Thinking only of escape, whither it knew not, the terrible tiger of the desert leaped among the throng and hurried through its parted streams. And so came the earthquake—and so darkness once more fell over the earth!

And meekly, softly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep!—the winds were sinking into rest—the foam died from the glowing azure of that now beautiful sea.

Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning. Light was about to resume her reign.

Yet, still, dark, and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and dimlier, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the "Scorched Fields."

The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sul-
len and dull were the shores so lately crested by
the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Spell and pronounce:—rumbling, murkiness, combustible, chasm, porticoes, rivaled, mimicries, quaint, preternatural, tortured, heralded, snake-like, impotence, immense, emitting, and impenetrable.

Synonyms.—*rival*—compete; emulate; excel. *turbulent*—disturbed; agitated; tumultuous; riotous; seditious. *suffocating*—smothering; stifling; choking. *obstruct*—bar; barricade; arrest; stop; check; interrupt; clog; choke; impede; retard; oppose; embarrass.

LESSON CXVI.

ehrl's'ten, *to baptize*.
dŏç'ile ly, *ready to learn*.
chăt'ter, *talk idly; carelessly*.

tăet, *ready power to appreciate*
and to do what is required by
circumstances.

SILAS DRESSES THE BABY.

Silas Marner's determination to keep the "tramp's child" was matter of hardly less surprise in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling towards him which dated from his misfortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike in a rather contemptuous pity for him as lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially among the women.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was the one whose neighborly officers were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of bustling instruction. Silas had shown her the half guinea given to him by

Godfrey, and had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child.

"Eh, Master Marner," said Dolly, "there's no call to buy, no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it's ill spending money on them baby-clothes, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it—that it will."

And the same day Dolly brought her bundle, and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh spring herbs. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with soap and water, from which Baby came out in new beauty and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and chuckling and patting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself which she communicated by alternate sounds of "gug-gug-gug" and "mammy."

"Anybody 'ud think the angels in heaven couldn't be prettier," said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. "And to think of its being covered with them dirty rags—and the poor mother—frozen to death! But there's one that took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?"

"Yes," said Silas meditatively, "yes—the door was open. The money's gone, I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

"Ah," said Dolly, with soothing gravity, "it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—

one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. You'll happen to be a bit bothered with it while it's so little; but I'll come, and welcome, and see to it for you."

"Thank you—kindly," said Silas, hesitating a little. "I'll be glad if you tell me things. But," he added uneasily, leaning forward to look at Baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eying him contentedly from a distance—"But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I've been used to fending for myself in the house—I can learn, I can learn."

"Eh, to be sure," said Dolly, gently. "I've seen men as are wonderful handy with children. The men are awk'ard and contrary mostly, God help 'em—but when the drink's out of 'em, they aren't unsensible.—You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt and putting it on.

"Yes," said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon Baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"See there," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact, "she's fondest o' you. She wants to go on your lap, I'll be bound. Go, then: take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you've done for her from the first of her coming to you."

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. He took the garments

from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching; interrupted, of course, by Baby's gymnastics.

"There, then! why, you take to it quite easy, Master Marner," said Dolly; "but what shall you do when you're forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier every day—she will, bless her. It's lucky as you've got that high hearth instead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach: but if you've got anything as can be spilt or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she'll be at it—and it is but right you should know."

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. "I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom," he said at last—"tie her with a good long strip of something."

"Well, mayhap that'll do, as it's a little gell, for they're easier persuaded to sit in one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are; for I've had four—four I've had, God knows—and if you was to take and tie 'em up, they'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs. But I'll bring you my little chair, and some bits of red rag and things for her to play with; and she'll sit and chatter to them as if they were alive. Eh, if it wasn't a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless 'em, I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little gell. I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little one, Master Marner, when she gets old enough."

"But she'll be *my* little un," said Marner, rather hastily. "She'll be nobody else's."

"No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her, if you're a father to her, and bring her up according. But," added Dolly, coming to a point which she

had determined beforehand to touch upon, "you must bring her up like christened folks' children, and take her to church, and let her learn her catechism. That's what you must do, Master Marner, if you'd do the right thing by the orphan child."

"What is it you mean by 'christened'?" he said at last, timidly. "Won't folks be good to her without it?"

"Dear! dear! Master Marner," said Dolly, with gentle distress and compassion. "Had you never no father nor mother as taught you to say your prayers, and as there's good words and good things to keep us from harm?"

"Yes," said Silas in a low voice; "I know a deal about that—used to, used to. But I want to do everything as can be done for the child. But whatever's right for her in this country, and you think 'ull do her good, I'll act according, if you'll tell me."

"Well, then, Master Marner," said Dolly, inwardly rejoiced, "I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name for it, for it must have a name give it when it's christened."

"My mother's name was Hephzibah," said Silas, "and my little sister was named after her."

"Eh, that's a hard name," said Dolly. "I partly think it isn't a christened name."

"It's a Bible name," said Silas,—old ideas recurring.

"Then I've no call to speak against it," said Dolly, rather startled by Silas's knowledge on this head; "but you see, I'm no scholar, and I'm slow at catching the words. But, it was awk'ard calling

your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like — wasn't it, Master Marner?"

"We called her Eppie," said Silas.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Spell and pronounce:—ceremony, determination, suspicion, guinea, gymnastic, jealousy, meditatively, surprise, gravity, merging, persuaded, Aaron, petticoats, recurring, succession, and Hephzibah.

Synonyms. — *contemptuous* — scornful; insolent; haughty; disdainful; supercilious; insulting; contumelious; affrontive; abusive; fastidious. *communicate* — impart; bestow; confer; reveal; disclose; make known. *accompany* — attend; escort. *determination* — decision; conclusion; judgment; purpose; resolution; firmness; resolve.

LESSON CXVII.

sub līm'er, <i>more dignified or loftier in style.</i>	au spī'ciōūs, <i>having omens of success.</i>
hāl'lowed, <i>made holy.</i>	fal'chion, <i>a short broadsword.</i>
frā'grance, <i>sweetness of smell.</i>	băṣ'ī līsk, <i>a fabulous serpent.</i>

THE MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more. O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall
fail;

Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
O, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
From Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
Hark, a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear Him, ye deaf: and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

No sign, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrims' feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleased the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabeian springs!
For Thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon Thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in Thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow Thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine,
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, Thy own Messiah reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

Explain:—"nymphs of Solyma," "dreams of Pindus," "Isaiah's hallowed lips," "see lofty Lebanon his head advance," "lowly Sharon rise," "imperial Salem rise," "Ophir's mountains."

LESSON CXVIII.

něj'es sa ry, *requisite ; essential.*

gów'ern ment, *system of polity*

in a state.

ad mǐn'is tered, *managed as*

public affairs.

prej'u dīę eš, *prejudgments.*

in ěv'i ta bly, *unavoidably ; cer-*
tainly.

eon found'ed, *confused.*

eon stīt'u ents, *those who elect*
a representative. [opinion.

ũ'na nīm'i ty, *agreement in*

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

Sir, I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults—if they are such—because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing to the people, if well administered ; and I believe, further, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other.

I doubt, too, whether any other convention we can obtain may be able to make a better Constitution. For, when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected ?

It, therefore, astonishes me, Sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does ; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear that our counsels are confounded like those of the builders of Babel, and that our States are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting one another's throats.

Thus I consent, Sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that this is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die.

If every one of us, in returning to his constituents, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavor to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favor among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from real or apparent unanimity.

Much of the strength and efficacy of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on opinion—on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors.

I hope, therefore, that, for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution, wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavors to the means of having it well administered.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Explain:—This government “can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other.”



LESSON CXIX.

en thū'gi āḡm, <i>an ardent zeal.</i>	fāst'ness es, <i>strongholds.</i>
op prēs'sions, <i>cruelties ; severities.</i>	āv'a lānḡhe, <i>a vast body of snow, ice, or earth sliding down a mountain.</i>
eor rūp'tions, <i>depravities ; debasements.</i>	pēr'ma nent, <i>continuing without change.</i>
dis sēn'sions, <i>strifes ; quarrels.</i>	rūth'less, <i>cruel ; pitiless.</i>
vēn'er a ble, <i>worthy of respect.</i>	

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

When we reflect on what has been and what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this Republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence! The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and the end of all marvelous struggles in the cause of Liberty.

Greece! lovely Greece! "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics, in fair processions, chanted the praise of liberty and the good,—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins.

Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death.

And where are the Republics of modern times, which cluster around immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guarantee of their freedom is in their weakness and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained.

When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for a valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and if we fall, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our Constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vice or the luxuries of the world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect.

The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accom-

plish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lesson of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, should betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of Republics, the inscription upon whose ruin is, "They were, but they are not!" Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven! I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion; resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of offspring, to teach them, as they climb your knees or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country and never forsake her. I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are—whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary, in defense of the liberties of our country.

JUDGE STORY.

LESSON CXX.

pǎr'a mount, <i>superior to all</i>	re fěe'to ry, <i>a lunch room.</i>
věn'om, <i>poison.</i>	[others. spā'cious, <i>roomy.</i>

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
 Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
 (Yet wanting sensibility), the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path;
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
 And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
 The chamber, or refectory, may die:
 A necessary act incurs no blame.

Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
 And guiltless of offense, they range the air,
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field,
 There they are privileged; and he that hunts
 Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
 Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
 Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.

The sum is this: if man's convenience, health,
 Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the first,
 Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.

Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
 To love it too. The spring-time of our years
 Is soon dishonored, and defiled in most,
 By budding ills that ask a prudent hand
 To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
 If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
 Than cruelty, most fiendish of them all.

Mercy, to him that shows it, is the rule,
 And righteous limitation of its act,
 By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,
 Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn!

COWPER.

Spell and pronounce:—conscious, budding, prudent, outrage, therefore, dishonored, righteous, pardoning, mercy, defiled, fiendish, sovereign, economy, extinguish, convenience, and interfere.



LESSON CXXI.

fǎr'ri er, *one who shoes horses.*

mōt'ley, *mixed up.*

shēik, *an Arabian or Moorish chief.*

gôrgē, *to feed greedily.*

ew'er(yur), *a water pitcher with a wide spout, used to bring water for washing the hands.*

TRAVELING IN THE EAST.

Near Damascus we saw many of the people *sitting* at their work. No Moslem will move when he can stand, or stand when he can sit. We observed three men in a farrier's shop, devoting their combined energies to the shoeing of a little mule. One sat under the mule's nose and held it down with the

halter; another sat with its foot turned up in his lap, and a third sat alongside while he fitted and nailed the shoe.

Even the masons' laborers must sit on their haunches to fill their baskets with lime; and a little farther on, where some new pavement was being laid down, all the workmen sat at their work, from the boys lolling on their hams, who passed the stones from the heap, to the two men who sat face to face with a great mallet between them, and in that posture lazily poised it and let it fall.

But the perfection of the art of sitting seemed to have been reached by a party of reapers in a wheat-field through which we rode. All in a long row, men and women, sat to reap, and jerked themselves forward or sideways as their work progressed. We watched them for some ten minutes, and during all that time not one of the twenty-five ever found it necessary to rise.

A MOSLEM FUNERAL.

About a mile from Sidon, we observed a Moslem funeral coming out of the city—a noisy, disorderly crowd rather than a procession. First came a large party of women, closely veiled, and howling, the hired mourners, doubtless, of the occasion. Then was borne the bier, with the body stretched on it, dressed in its best clothes, followed by a motley straggling mob of men and boys in every sort of costume, talking and jostling in the most unconcerned manner till the grave was reached.

The men then took up the wailing—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God"—repeated at the top of the voice with breathless rapidity, as if trying to drown the "lullulu"

of the women, until the whole party seemed utterly exhausted, and paused for an instant, foaming at the mouth. The body was let down on a narrow plank into the shallow grave, which was rapidly filled in, a few stones were heaped over it to protect it from the jackals and hyenas, and the mourners dispersed.

BEDOUIN ENTERTAINMENT.

The camp lay in a valley between the barest and dreariest of hills, without a shrub or a tree in sight. Among the group of twenty others of which the encampment consisted, we recognized the Sheik's tent by the tall spear planted against it.

Leaving our horses in charge of the ragged retainers who came rushing round us, we stepped across some tent-ropes, and under a large, low, black tent, open in front, found an abundant display of cushions and Turkey rugs spread on the ground.

The firstling had already been killed, and the fine flour kneaded for the feast; but we had an opportunity of seeing the whole process of coffee-making, with the serving of which our entertainment began. Over a few hot ashes and wood-ashes was placed a sort of perforated ladle, and over this was held a second smaller one, on which a few green coffee-berries were placed and roasted, each berry being singly turned as soon as it was sufficiently toasted on one side. They were then pounded and put into the kettle of boiling water and simmered for a few minutes among the embers. Delicious coffee, fragrant and strong, it was, though the supply of cups was short.

Pipes followed, till dinner was brought. This consisted of a single course, served in a huge bowl

about a yard in diameter. The bottom was filled with thin flat cakes, thinner than oat-cake, and which overhung the sides as graceful drapery. On them was heaped boiled rice, saturated with butter and soup; while the separated limbs of the sheep which had been slain for the occasion were piled in a cone over all.

The bowl having been placed in the corner, in front of us, the Sheik and his brother sat down opposite to us, but without partaking; and, turning up our sleeves, we prepared for action. Knives and forks are, of course, unknown, and we were expected, using only one hand, to make balls of the greasy mess, and devour, chucking the morsels into the mouth by a dexterous movement of the thumb. This, after a little practice, we contrived to do. An important piece of good manners was for each to have his own digging in the dish, and to keep his fingers to it alone. The meat had to be rent in strips from the bones and eaten, too, with the fingers.

As soon as the host was quite satisfied that it was utterly impossible for us to eat more, the huge bowl was lifted by two attendants, and placed a little farther to the left, where the retainers of the better class had been sitting, and watching us with eager eyes. All the rest, the rabble of the camp, sat outside motionless and silent. As soon as the second table had been sufficiently gorged, which was a very rapid process, the bowl was passed outside, and cleared in the twinkling of an eye: the monkey paws of sundry urchins being inserted from behind their seniors, and extracting large flaps of greasy cake with marvelous dexterity. Finally, the pack of poor, hungry dogs had a scramble and a fight over the well-picked bones.

LESSON CXXII.

a năth'e ma tize, *to curse.*

çĕn'o taph, *an empty tomb.*

ĕf'fi ġy, *an image, figure, likeness.*

ver bōse', *having many words.*

a pōs'ta sy, *desertion of one's principles, or faith.*

so nō'roūs, *sounding.*

en vĕn'omed, *poisoned; embittered.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Let us walk over the abbey as it is to-day. I fear that, on entering the abbey, you will at first be greatly disappointed. The grimy, dingy look of the place will vex you, particularly if you choose for your visit a dull day. I grieve to say that the dinginess is inevitable. The abbey rears its towers into an atmosphere thick with the smoke of innumerable chimneys, and laden with acids which eat away, with increasing rapidity, the surface of its stones.

And yet, as you enter the cathedral which enshrines memorials of nine centuries of English history,—as you pass under the roof which covers more immortal dust than any other in the whole world,—you can hardly fail to feel some sense of awe. And, before you begin to study the cathedral in detail, I should advise you to wander through the length and breadth of it without paying any attention to minor points, but with the single object of recognizing its exquisite beauty and magnificence.

You will best understand its magnificence as a place of worship if you visit it on any Sunday afternoon, and see the choir and transepts crowded from end to end by perhaps three thousand people, among whom you will observe hundreds of

young men contented to stand through the whole of a long service, and to listen, with no sign of weariness, to a sermon which perhaps occupies an hour in the delivery.

Here the Puritan divines thundered against the errors of Rome; here the Roman preachers anathematized the apostasies of Luther. These walls have heard the voice of Cranmer as he preached before the boy-king on whom he rested the hopes of the Reformation; and the voice of Freckenham, as he preached before Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. They have heard South shooting the envenomed arrows of his wit against the Independents, and Baxter pleading the cause of toleration.

They have heard Bishop Bonner chanting the mass in his miter, and Stephen Marshall preaching at the funeral of Pym. Here Roman bishop and Protestant dean, who cursed each other when living, lie side by side in death; and Queen Elizabeth, who burned Papists, and Queen Mary, who burned Protestants, share one quiet grave, as they once bore the same uneasy crown.

* * * * *

In walking through the abbey, to learn its general aspect, you will be struck by the bewildering multiplicity of tombs. There is not a Valhalla in the world in which repose so many of the great and good. It is this which has made the deepest impression on multitudes of visitors.

There, over the western door, with his arm outstretched, and his haughty head thrown back, as though, in loud and sonorous utterance, he were still pouring forth to the Parliament of England the language of indomitable courage and inflexible resolve, stands William Pitt. History is recording

his words of eloquence. Anarchy sits, like a chained giant, at his feet.

And within a few yards of this fine monument is the no less interesting memorial of Charles James Fox—of Fox, who opposed Pitt's public funeral; of Fox, whom he once charged with using the language of a man "mad with desperation and disappointment."

* * * * *

There are the monuments to great statesmen, to the naval commanders, to former deans of Westminster, and to the great Indian heroes. It is singular how exceedingly bad many of the epitaphs are, and how, as we approach the eighteenth century, they grow more and more verbose and futile in exact proportion as the sentiments expressed by the statuary grow more and more irreligious and fantastic.

* * * * *

Yet we should always bear in mind, that even the worst monument in the abbey has its historical significance. Its allegories, its ugliness, its obtrusiveness, are like tide-marks which indicate the height or the depth to which the taste of the age had risen or sunk.

How deep, for instance, is the significance of the fact, that, as age after age advances, the tombs seem to grow more and more worldly, less and less religious! They seem more and more to thrust on our minds the pomposities of life, and less and less the awful stillness and humiliation of death. The tombs of the Plantagenet kings and crusaders represent them lying in death, with the hands clasped in prayer across the breast. But, as time advances, the effigies gradually rise to their knees, then to

their feet. Then they deal in stately or impassioned gesticulation, like Pitt and Chatham. At last, they seem to have lost the last touch of awful reverence, and like Wilberforce, with a broad smile upon their lips, they loll in marble upon their easy-chairs!

Apart from the monuments, there are, in the nave, several graves and cenotaphs of deep interest. By the west door, is the modest marble slab which records how Jeremiah Horrox, though he died as a humble curate at the age of twenty-two, was the first to rectify Kepler's theory of the motion of the moon, and to show that it might be represented as "an elliptic orbit with a variable eccentricity, and an oscillatory motion on the line of the apsides." He was also the first to observe a transit of Venus, which he succeeded in doing on December 4, 1639, between two of the three religious services for which he was on that day responsible.

There is, close by, the bust of Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay, and the great opponent of the slave-trade. The inscription—written by Sir James Stephen—is well worth reading for the beauty and eloquence of the language. There is the grave of John Hunter, the great anatomist. Close by this is the simple rectangular slab under which Ben Jonson was buried upright, having asked Charles I. for eighteen square inches of ground in Westminster Abbey. On this stone was carved the quaint and striking epitaph, "O rare Ben Jonson," which, only the accidental expression of a passer-by, was afterwards copied upon his bust in "Poets' Corner."

Spell and pronounce:—eccentricity, enshrines, multiplicity, minor, futile, memorials, choir, indomitable, obtrusiveness, Valhalla, apses, transept, oscillatory, inevitable, miter, and rectangular.

Synonyms.—*awe*—reverence; dread; veneration. *advise*—counsel; admonish; inform; apprise; acquaint; make known; exhort. *magnificence*—grandeur; splendor; greatness; pomp; majesty of appearance. *observe*—notice; remark; perceive; attend. *aspect*—appearance; view; look; prospect.



LESSON CXXIII.

bās re liēf', <i>raised work in sculpture, or metal.</i>	in trīn'sie, <i>true; genuine.</i>
dī'a ry, <i>a daily record; journal.</i>	nāve, <i>the middle or body of a church.</i>
gīb'bet, <i>a kind of gallows.</i>	gē'ni ī, <i>the plural of genius.</i>

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—Continued.

Near the center of the nave, a slab records that the grave beneath was the resting-place, for some months, of George Peabody; and on this slab are carved the words of his early prayer, that, if God prospered him, He would enable him to render some memorial service to his fellow-men.

A little farther on, is the grave of Livingstone, which records the last pathetic words found in his diary: "All I can add in my loneliness, is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world,—the slave-trade."

There are, however, two monuments to which I must lead you before I conclude. One is the monument to Sir Isaac Newton, close beside whose grave were laid the mortal remains of Charles Darwin. The tomb of Newton is well worth your

notice, from its intrinsic beauty, as well as from the fact that it is placed above the last resting-place of one of the greatest of Englishmen.

The monument is by Rysbraeck.. Over it is a celestial globe, on which is marked the course of the comet of 1680. Leaning on this, is the figure of Astronomy, who has closed her book as though, for the time, her labors were over.

The very ingenious bas-relief below expresses in allegory the various spheres of Newton's labors. At the right, three lovely little genii are minting money, to indicate Newton's services to the currency; near them, a boy looking through a prism symbolizes the discoveries of Newton respecting the laws of light; a fifth—who (like other geniuses) has, at present, unhappily lost his head—is weighing the sun on a steelyard against Mercury, Mars, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, which very strikingly shadows forth the discovery of the laws of gravitation; at the extreme left, two other genii reverently tend an aloe, the emblem of immortal fame. Over the bas-relief, reclines the fine statue of the great discoverer, whose elbow leans on four volumes of Divinity, Optics, and Astronomy and Mathematics.

There is one more monument in the nave, at which Americans will look with special interest. It is the tomb of the gallant and ill-fated Andre. Every American knows how he was arrested in disguise within the American lines, in 1780, and, for a moment, lost his presence of mind, and neglected to produce the safe-conduct of the traitor, Benedict Arnold. He was sentenced to be hung as a spy; and, in spite of the deep sympathy which his fate excited, even among the Americans, Wash-

ington did not think himself justified in relaxing the sentence.

The touching bas-relief represents, on one side, a British officer, who is carrying a flag of truce and a letter to the tent of General Washington, with the entreaty of Andre, that, as a soldier, he might be shot, and not hung. One of the American officers is weeping.

The request was refused; but, as it would have been too painful to represent Andre's death on the gibbet, the sculptor has represented his youthful and handsome figure standing at the right of the bas-relief, before a platoon of soldiers, as though his petition had in reality been granted. The sculptor, Van Gelder, has been very successful; but the heads of Washington and Andre have several times been knocked off and stolen by base and sacrilegious hands.

The American visitor will gaze on the tomb with still deeper interest when he is told that the wreath of richly-colored autumn leaves on the marble above was brought from the site where Andre's gibbet stood, and placed where it now is by the hands of Arthur Stanley, late Dean of Westminster.

CANON F. W. FARRAR.

Spell and pronounce:—astronomy, aloe, genii, monument, allegory, comet, Venus, mathematics, currency, Mercury, Saturn, sacrilegious, ingenious, steelyard, symbolize, and Jupiter.

Synonyms. — *disguise*—conceal; dissemble; hide; secrete; mask. *justify*—defend; maintain; vindicate; excuse; exculpate; absolve. *sacred*—holy; divine; hallowed; consecrated; dedicated; devoted; religious; venerable; reverend. *relax*—slacken; loosen; loose; remit; abate; mitigate; ease; unbend; divert.



LESSON CXXIV.

hě'r'ald ry, *the office of a herald.*
 sěm'blance, *seeming; appearance.*

sčěp'ter, *a staff borne by kings
 on solemn occasions.*

mūte, *silent; dumb.*

biēr, *a wood frame for carrying
 the dead.*

rě'qui ems, *a hymn or mass
 sung for the dead.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Tread lightly here! this spot is holy ground,
 And every footfall wakes the voice of ages:
 These are the mighty dead that hem thee round,—
 Names that shall cast a halo o'er our pages:
 Listen! 'tis Fame's loud voice that now complains,—
 "Here sleeps more sacred dust than all the world
 contains."

Thou mayst bend o'er each marble semblance now:
 That was a monarch,—see how mute he lies!
 There was a day when, on his crumbling brow,
 The golden crown flashed awe on vulgar eyes;
 That broken hand did then a scepter sway,
 And thousands round him kneeled, his mandates
 to obey.

Turn to the time when he thus low was laid
 Within this narrow house, in proud array:
 Dirges were sung, and solemn masses said,
 And high-plumed helms bent o'er him as he lay;
 Princes and peers were congregated here,
 And all the pomp of Death assembled round his
 bier.

Then did the midnight torches flaming wave,
 And redly flashed athwart the vaulted gloom;
 And white-robed boys sang requiems o'er his grave;

And muttering monks kneeled lowly round his
tomb;
And lovely women did his loss deplore,
And with their gushing tears bathed the cold marble floor.

See! at his head a rude-carved lion stands,
In the dark niche where never sunbeams beat;
And still he folds his supplicating hands:
A watchful dragon crouches at his feet,—
How oddly blended!—he all humble lies,
While they defiance cast from their fierce, stony eyes.

Here sleeps another, clothed in scaly mail;
Battle's red field was where he loved to be;
Oft has his banner rustled in the gale,
In all the pomp of blazing heraldry!
Where are his bowmen now, his shield and spear,
His steed and battle-axe, and all he once held dear?

His banner wasted on the castle wall;
His lofty turrets sunk by slow decay;
His bowmen in the beaten field did fall;
His plated armor rust hath swept away;
His plumes are scattered, and his helmet cleft,
And this slow-crumbling tomb is all he now hath left.

And this is fame! For this he fought and bled!
See his reward!—No matter; let him rest;
Vacant and dark is now his ancient bed,
The dust of ages dims his marble breast;
And in that tomb what thinkest thou remains?
Dust!—'tis the only glory that on earth man gains.

And kings and queens here slumber side by side,
 Their quarrels hushed in the embrace of Death;
 All feelings calmed of jealousy or pride,
 Once fanned to flame by Slander's burning
 breath ;—
 Even the crowns they wore from cares are free,
 As those on children's heads who play at royalty.

And awful Silence here does ever linger;
 Her dwelling is this many-pillared dome:
 On her wan lip she plants her stony finger,
 And, breath-hushed, gazes on her voiceless home:
 Listening, she stands with half averted head,
 For echoes never heard among the mute-tongued
 dead.

THOMAS MILLER.

Spell and pronounce:—dirges, vaulted, supplicate, pillared, monarch, niche, defiance, averted, torches, dragon, ancient, jealousy, athwart, crouches, royalty, and crumbling.

Synonyms. — *mandates* — commands ; orders ; injunctions ; precepts. *oddly*—singularly ; strangely ; uncouthly ; peculiarly. *slander*—aspere ; defame ; calumniate ; vilify ; scandalize ; reproach. *supplicate*—beseech ; entreat ; beg ; petition ; implore ; importune ; solicit ; crave. *ancient*—old ; primitive ; pristine ; antique ; antiquated ; old-fashioned ; obsolete.

OUTLINE FOR COMPOSITION.

Subject : BURIAL PLACES.

1. Name and describe some ancient burial places ; of Egypt ; India ; Rome ; Paris ; or the Mound Buildings of America.
2. How did Pagan Rome dispose of her dead ?
3. What were the modes and place of Christian burial ? (Within, or near churches.)
4. Name some beautiful modern cemeteries.
5. Which is the most beautiful burial place in *your* vicinity ? Describe its situation.
6. Name the burial places of some great men ; of Washington ; Grant ; Lincoln ; Napoleon ; Bryant ; Longfellow ; etc.

LESSON CXXV.

hoard, <i>savings, money, or any- thing of value which has been accumulated or laid up secretly.</i>	eo quē'try, <i>attempts to attract love with the intention of deceiv- ing; trifling in love.</i>
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BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers :

There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears ;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand ;

And he said, " I never more shall see my own, my native land.

Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,

For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

" Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
around

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely ; and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.

And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars ;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline ;
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

" Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage ;

For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,

My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild.

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,

I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's
sword ;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine

On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

' Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gal-
lant tread ;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and
mine),

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“There's another—not a sister ; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye.

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning !

O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning !

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison).

I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along : I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear ;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still ;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly
talk

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine ;

But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine.”

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak ;
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed, and ceased to speak.

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled :
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land—was dead.

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown ;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to
shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON.

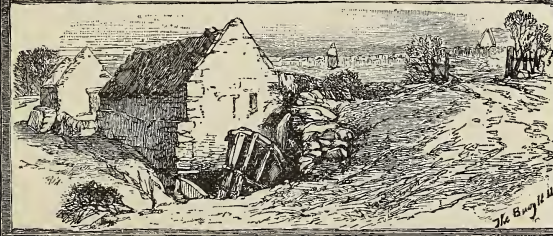
LESSON CXXVI.

sleight, *an artful trick.*mis trust'less, *unconscious.*mā'tron, *an elderly married*swāin, *a rustic lover.* [woman.]

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delayed,
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,—
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
 How often have I paused on every charm,—
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!

How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade;
 The young contending as the old surveyed;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;



GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE,

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love;
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! Sports like
these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed:

These were thy charms; but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;

For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more,
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride:
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below,—
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail:
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled,—
All but yon widowed solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn,—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Spell and pronounce:—gambol, feats, loveliest, accumulates, peasantry, usurp, unwieldy, cumbrous, allied, rural, bayed, fluctuate, varying, fagot, matron, plashy, mantling, cresses, and vacant.

FOR THE MEMORY.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

“Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge—a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place—
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.

*Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.”*

COWPER.



LESSON CXXVII.

dě'l'i ea ěy, *critical niceness.*

ě'l'e ěy, *a mournful poem.*

fie t'ľ'ťioũs, *feigned; imaginary.*

věr'sa tľe, *changeable.*

pros pěr'i ty, *success in any enterprise.*

de pěnd'ents, *retainers.*

pröm'is so ry, *containing a promise.*

se elũ'sion, *separation from society.*

u năn'i moũs, *of one mind.*

be něv'o lent, *having a disposition to do good.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Who of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! "He was a friend to virtue," says Sir Walter Scott, "and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea."

A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for a change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home.

He paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose he longs

for a change, as on the journey he looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour but that a cage and necessity keep him.

What is the charm of his verse, his style, and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you.

Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the fire, the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of "The Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe.

"We read it," says the gentle Sir Walter, "in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the characters are designed, make 'The Vicar of Wakefield' one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed."

Goldsmith's sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust,

and speak a word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that and make the children happy in the dreary London Court. While he was an under-teacher in a school, he spent all his earnings in treats for the boys. His purse and his heart were everybody's, his friends' as much as his own.

For the last half dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was in receipt of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed a part of that esteem which his country has paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for patrons and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed it. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his habits.

As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by hungry beggars and lazy dependents. If they came at a lucky time,—and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay-day—he gave them of his money; if they begged on empty-purse-days, he gave them his promissory bills, or took them to a house where he had credit.

Staggering under a load of debt and labor, tracked by reproachful creditors, running from a

hundred poor dependents, whose appealing looks, perhaps, were the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and-forty, death closed his career.

I have been many a time in the chambers of the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door; “they had no friend but him they had come to weep for.”

Ah! it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote, with heart yearning for home, those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn:

“In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life’s taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends me still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew—
I still had hopes—my long vexations past—
Here to return, and die at home at last.”

Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor

pensioners weeping at his grave! think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him! think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph! and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it.

His humor delighting us still; his songs as fresh and beautiful as when he first charmed with it; his words in every mouth; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to shine upon us; to do gentle kindness; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

THACKERAY.

LESSON CXXVIII.

măg'is tra ȝy, *office of magistrate.*

ex tēr'nal ly, *outwardly.*

serōf'u loūs, *diseased with scrofula.*

pe eul'iăr' i ty, *individuality.*

per sōn' i fi eā'tion, *act of regarding as a person.*

un equth'ness, *awkwardness.*
vēr'ēr āt ed, *regarded with respect.*

die tār'tor, *one who commands.*

ōe'eu pā'tion, *the principal business of one's life.*

sōl'e ȝismȝ, *absurdities.*

hēr'o lȝm, *courage; valor.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson was born and educated in Lichfield, where his father was a country bookseller of some eminence, since he belonged to its magistracy. He was born September 18, 1709. His school-days were spent in his native city, and his education completed at Pembroke College, Oxford. Of gigantic strength of body and mighty powers of

mind, he was afflicted with that nameless disease on the spirits, which often rendered the latter useless; and externally deformed by a scrofulous complaint, the scars of which disfigured his otherwise strong and sensible countenance.

Of all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation are concerned.

We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recall to the imagination at once, his form, his merits, his peculiarities,—nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep, impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but form an idea how he said it; and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate.

It was said of a noted wag, that his witty sayings did not give full satisfaction when published, because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr. Johnson, this has been in some degree accomplished; and, although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification as lively as that of Siddons in "Lady Macbeth," or Kemble in "Cardinal Wolsey."

Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1783, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivator. The latter part of his life was honored with general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and pre-

serving the friendship of the wise and the worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy. But Heaven, in whose eyes strength is weakness, permitted his faculties to be clouded occasionally with that morbid affection of the spirits, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness.

When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves, as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Anak; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman dictator, fetched from his farm, whose business and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation.

And there were times when, with all Johnson's wisdom and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions which he unsparingly exacted, were so great, that even his kind and devoted admirer, Mrs. Thrale, seems at length to have thought that the honor of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners was not ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favor of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good-breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company, for the time, required that he should put the necessary constraint upon himself. But, during the greater part of his

life, he had been, in a great measure, a stranger to the higher society in which such restraint is necessary.

It must be also remarked that, in Johnson's time, the literary society of London was much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, sometimes, indeed, nodding approbation, but always prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to launch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best disposition into unbecoming abuse of power.

It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character's being exposed in all its shadows as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free; an over-zeal in politics, which is an ordinary attribute of the British character; and some violence and solecisms in manners which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable.

WALTER SCOTT.

Spell and pronounce:—gigantic, gestures, shrewd, prejudices, giant, fairy, rugged, ferocity, Jupiter, sarcasm, theoretically, spleen, unimpeachable, counterbalanced, launch, and despotic.

Give synonyms for vivid, deficiency, exacted, ornament, imputed, and despotism.



LESSON CXXIX.

pēd'ant ry, boastful display of knowledge of any kind.		ēp'ie, a poetical recital of some great and heroic event.
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AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
 Barren of every glorious theme,
 In distant lands now waits a better time,
 Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
 And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
 The force of art by nature seems outdone,
 And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
 Where nature guides and virtue rules,
 Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
 The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
 The rise of empire and of arts,
 The good and great inspiring epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe needs in her decay:
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
 By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
 The four first acts already past,
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day:—
 Time's noblest offspring is the last!

BISHOP BERKELEY.

LESSON CXXX.

măn'i fěs'to, <i>a public declaration.</i>	pro serĭbed', <i>doomed to destruction.</i>
ha rănğueș', <i>speeches to public assemblies.</i>	in flăm'ma to ry, <i>tending to excite anger ; seditious.</i>
rě'script, <i>an edict, or decree.</i>	rěp're hěnd', <i>to blame ; censure.</i>

RESULTS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

We are charged with expressing joy at the triumphs of America. True it is that, in a former session, I proclaimed it as my sincere opinion, that if the Ministry had succeeded in their first scheme on the liberties of America, the liberties of this country would have been at an end. Thinking this, as I did, in the sincerity of an honest heart, I rejoiced at the resistance which the Ministry had met to their attempt. That great and glorious statesman, the late Earl of Chatham, feeling for the liberties of his native land, thanked God that America had resisted.

But, it seems, all the calamities of the country are to be ascribed to the wishes, and the joy, and the speeches of opposition. O, miserable and unfortunate Ministry! O, blind and incapable men! whose measures are framed with so little foresight, and executed with so little firmness, that they not only crumble to pieces, but bring on the ruin of their country, merely because one weak, rash, or wicked man, in the House of Commons, makes a speech against them!

But who is he who arraigns gentlemen on this side of the House with causing, by their inflammatory speeches, the misfortune of their country? The accusation comes from one whose inflamma-

tory harangues have led the nation, step by step, from violence to violence, in that inhuman, unfeeling system of blood and massacre, which every honest man must detest, which every good man must abhor, and every wise man condemn! And this man imputes the guilt of such measures to those who had all along foretold the consequences; who had prayed, entreated, supplicated, not only for America, but for the credit of the nation and its eventual welfare, to arrest the hand of power, meditating slaughter and directed by injustice.

What was the consequence of the sanguinary measures recommended in those bloody, inflammatory speeches? Though Boston was to be starved, though Hancock and Adams were proscribed, yet at the feet of these very men the Parliament of Great Britain was obliged to kneel, flatter, and cringe; and, as it had the cruelty at one time to denounce vengeance against these men, so it had the meanness afterward to implore their forgiveness.

Shall he who called the Americans "Hancock and his crew,"—shall he presume to reprehend any set of men for inflammatory speeches? It is this accursed American war that has led us, step by step, into all our present misfortunes and national disgraces.

What was the cause of our wasting forty millions of money, and sixty thousand lives? The American war! What was it that produced the French rescript and a French war? The American war! What was it that produced the Spanish manifesto and Spanish war? The American war! What was it that armed forty-two thousand men in Ireland with the arguments carried on the points of forty thousand bayonets? The American war! For

what are we about to incur an additional debt of twelve or fourteen millions? This accursed, cruel, diabolical American war!

Fox.

Spell and pronounce:—opinion, sincerity, resistance, detest, calamities, massacre, imputes, diabolical, bayonets, condemn, abhor, vengeance, obliged, incapable, ascribe, and cringe.

Synonyms. — *sanguinary* — bloody; murderous; bloodthirsty; savage; cruel. *supplicate* — beseech; entreat; beg; petition; implore; importune; solicit; crave. *arrest* — delay; stop; detain; obstruct; check; hinder; stay; apprehend. *arraign* — accuse; impeach; charge; censure; to bring to trial.

LESSON CXXXI.

ěf'flu ençe, *a flowing out.*
 in'fi nite, *boundless in time or*
space.
 ir rā'di ate, *to adorn with bright-*
ness.

e thē're al, *celestial.*
 e tēr'nal, *everlasting; endless.*
 suf fū'sion, *that which is over-*
spread.
 ex pūnged', *taken by assault.*

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

Hail, holy Light! offspring of heav'n first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproachèd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell?* Before the sun,
 Before the heavens, thou wert; and, at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.

* Job, xxxviii. 19.

Thee, I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean¹ lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene² hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled.

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief,
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equaled with me in fate,
So were I equaled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris³ and blind Mæonides,⁴
And Tiresias⁵ and Phineus,⁶ prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.

Thus with the year
Seasons return: but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expunged and razed,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather, thou celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse; that I may see, and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight,

MILTON—"Paradise Lost."

Spell and pronounce:—Stygian, sojourn, chaos, vital, Sion, re-ascend, renown, voluntary, covert, nocturnal, invisible, razed, purge, and disperse.

Notes.—1. *Orphean*—Orpheus wrote a hymn to Night, addressing her as "Mother of gods and men."

2. Milton's blindness was caused by *gutta serena*.

3. *Thamyris*—A Thracian who invented the Doric measure.

4. *Mæonides*—Homer, the blind Epic poet. (*The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*.)

5. *Tiresias*—a blind Theban prophet.

6. *Phineus*—King of Arcadia.

ON MILTON.

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
 The first¹ in loftiness of thought surpassed;
 The next² in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go;
 To make a third she joined the other two."

DRYDEN.

LESSON CXXXII.

mo răss', *a marsh ; bog ; fen.*
 eon'jured, *produced by magic.*
 quăg'mîre, *soft wet land that*
 shakes under the feet.
 vî çîs'si tûdeş, *regular changes.*
 prône, *inclined, or disposed to.*

e pît'o mēş, *brief summaries.*
 whîm'şi eal, *having odd fan-*
 cies.
 vo çîf'er oûs, *noisy ; clamorous.*
 gôs'sa merş, *filmy, web-like sub-*
 stances.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson, in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. Such an excursion in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much ; but we enjoyed the river then. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvelous.

Among the passengers on board of the sloop, was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends, and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river.

The Catskill Mountains, especially, called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit

had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain.

Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones for stars. The great Manitou, or master spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off, flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers; sometimes she would brew up black thunder storms and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep away everything.

He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck, throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question.

Sometimes they seemed to approach, at others to recede. During the heat of the day, they almost melted into a sultry haze. As the day declined they deepened in tone, their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and, later in the evening, their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvelous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions was conjured into my brain which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand aerial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world.

They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and chilling frosts and whirling snow-storms, but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when, at night, the stars beam with intensest luster or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance.

And then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation and vociferous with life! And the splendors of our summer; its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky, and its gusts

of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning, and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven, and shake the sultry atmosphere! And the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky! Surely we may say that, in our climate, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth forth His handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Spell and pronounce:—decoying, doled, haunted, proverbial, superstitious, recede, summits, luster, precipices, veteran, haze, grotesque, traffic, voluptuousness, and fleecy.

Give synonyms for propensity, amuse, legend, grotesque magical, noted, especially, torrent, question, and splendor.

FOR MEMORY.

"God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON (*on his blindness*).

"Pray: though the gift you ask for
 May never comfort your fears—
 May never repay your pleading,
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
 An answer, not that you long for,
 But diviner, will come one day;
 Your eyes are too dim to see it,
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

LESSON CXXXIII.

răt'lineș, <i>small lines traversing the shrouds of a ship like the steps of a ladder.</i>	lee, <i>the part of a ship opposite to that against which the wind blows.</i>
trăns'pört, <i>vehement emotion; rapture; ecstasy.</i>	lăsh'ingș, <i>the ropes that made the boat fast to the ship.</i>

A MAN LOST.

Off the Azores we were overtaken by a series of severe squalls. We were preparing ourselves for the coming storm, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over into the waves.

In a moment that most terrific of all cries at sea, "A man overboard! a man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship. I sprang upon the quarter-deck, just as the poor fellow, with his "fearful human face," riding the top of a billow, fled past.

In an instant all was commotion; plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter-deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern that I seem to hear it yet, shouted, "In, men! in, men!"

But the poor sailors hung back,—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprang to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed.

"Cut away the lashings!" exclaimed the officer. The knife glanced round the ropes, the boat fell to the water, rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern.

The brave mate stood erect, the helm in his hand, his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay to, to look for the lost sailor.

The captain called for a flag, and, springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal, and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it; it would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could.

I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon, between the black water and the blacker heavens, was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track.

I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew, now settling the question of life and death to themselves, and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm.

The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode on it like a duck. Every time she sank away she carried my heart down with her; and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes with horror; the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud, literally covered with foam and spray.

The captain knew that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew; he called for his trumpet, and, springing up the rat-lines, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "Pull away, my brave boys; the squall is coming! give way, my hearties!" and the bold fellows *did* "give way" with a will.

I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the lifelike boat sprang to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on a leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on; but the gallant little boat conquered.

O, how my heart leaped when she shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee-quarter, shook the water from her drenched head, as if in delight to find her shelter again.

The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good-will on a rope as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport.

As they stepped on deck, not a question was asked, no report given; but "Forward, men!" broke from the captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way.

If that squall had pursued the course of all former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off), the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to our bows.

The poor sailor was gone; he came not back

again. It was his birthday (he was twenty-five years old), and, alas! it was his death-day.

We saw him no more, and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts.

J. T. HEADLEY.

LESSON CXXXIV.

Itch'ing, <i>constantly desiring.</i>	chöl'er ie, <i>angry.</i>
con tām'i nāte, <i>to corrupt</i>	drăeh'mă, <i>a Grecian coin.</i>
wasp'ish, <i>quick to resent a slight</i>	în'di rĕe'tion, <i>dishonesty.</i>
băy, <i>to bark at.</i>	in fîrm'i ties, <i>weaknesses.</i>
[<i>affront.</i>	

QUARREL AND RECONCILIATION BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this—

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side
Because I knew the man) were slighted of.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or by the gods, this speech were else your last!

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March, re-
member

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me!

I'll not endure it; you forget yourself
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more. I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther?

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is it possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud
heart break.

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so: make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By Jupiter, I'd rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not;—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived
my heart;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourself alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves—braved by his brother—
Checked like a bondman—all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book—learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth!

I that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst
him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Which much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-tempered, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEARE—"Julius Cæsar."

Spell and pronounce:—chastisement, ides, villain, bondmen,
contaminate, venom, spleen, Cæsar, Caius, Cassius, rived
Olympus, a-weary, conned, Plutus' sheath, and ill-tempered.



LESSON CXXXV.

wāif, *anything found, or without an owner.*

Lōne Jäck, *a brand of tobacco.*

brī'er woodſ, *pipes made of brierwood.*

ěs'eort, *a person, or persons who accompany for protection.*

tōd'dle, *to walk with short steps.*

yārn, *a story or tale.*

mīs'sile, *a weapon thrown, like a bullet.*

re view', *inspection of troops under arms.*

sēr'ģěant or sār'jěnt, *a non-commissioned officer next in rank above the corporal.*

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

South Mountain towered upon our right, far off
the river lay,

And over on the wooded height, we held their
lines at bay.

At last, the muttering guns were still; the day
died slow and wan;

At last, the gunners' pipes did fill; the sergeants'
yarns began.

Then, as the wind a moment blew aside the fra-
grant flood,

Our brierwoods raised, within our view, a little
maiden stood—

A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she
seemed—

(Of such a little one in Heaven, one soldier often
dreamed).

And as we stared, her little hand went to her
curly head

In grave salute; "And who are you?" at length
the sergeant said,

“And where’s your home?” he growled again. She lisped out, “Who is me?”

“Why, don’t you know? I’m little Jane, the Pride of Battery B.

“My home? Why, that was burned away; and pa and ma are dead;

And so, I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned.

And I’ve a drum that’s not a toy, a cap with feathers, too,

And I march beside the drummer boy, on Sundays, at review.

“But now, our ’bacca’s all give out; the men can’t have their smoke,

And so, they’re cross,—why, even Ned won’t play with me and joke;

And the big colonel said to-day—I hate to hear him swear!—

‘He’d give a leg for a good pipe, like the Yank had, over there.’

“And so, I thought, when beat the drum, and the big guns were still,

I’d creep beneath the tent, and come out here across the hill,

And beg good Mister Yankee men, you’d give me some Lone Jack:

Please do—when we get some again, I’ll surely bring it back.

“Indeed I will; for Ned—says he—if I do what I say—

I’ll be a general yet, may be, and ride a prancing bay.”

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er; you should have
heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store, shook out a
generous half.

To kiss the little mouth, stooped down a score of
grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice said, "Tention,
squad!"—and then,
We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif
we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight—or else 'twas
tears that hid

Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke
a word
Till after a while, afar, hoarse shout upon the wind
we heard!
We sent it back, and cast sad eyes upon the scene
around;
A baby's hand had touched the ties that brothers
once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke again, the
work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the
screaming missiles fell;
Our general often rubbed his glass, and marveled
much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp
of Battery B.

F. H. GASSAWAY.

Spell and pronounce:—grimy, tiny, sullen, hoarse, scanty, apron, gunners, salute, lisped, prancing, and brimmed.

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